# ★ Liberty

APRIL 14, 1945 10c

**Book: BATTLE REPORT**

*Pearl Harbor to Coral Sea*
*—The Official Navy Account*

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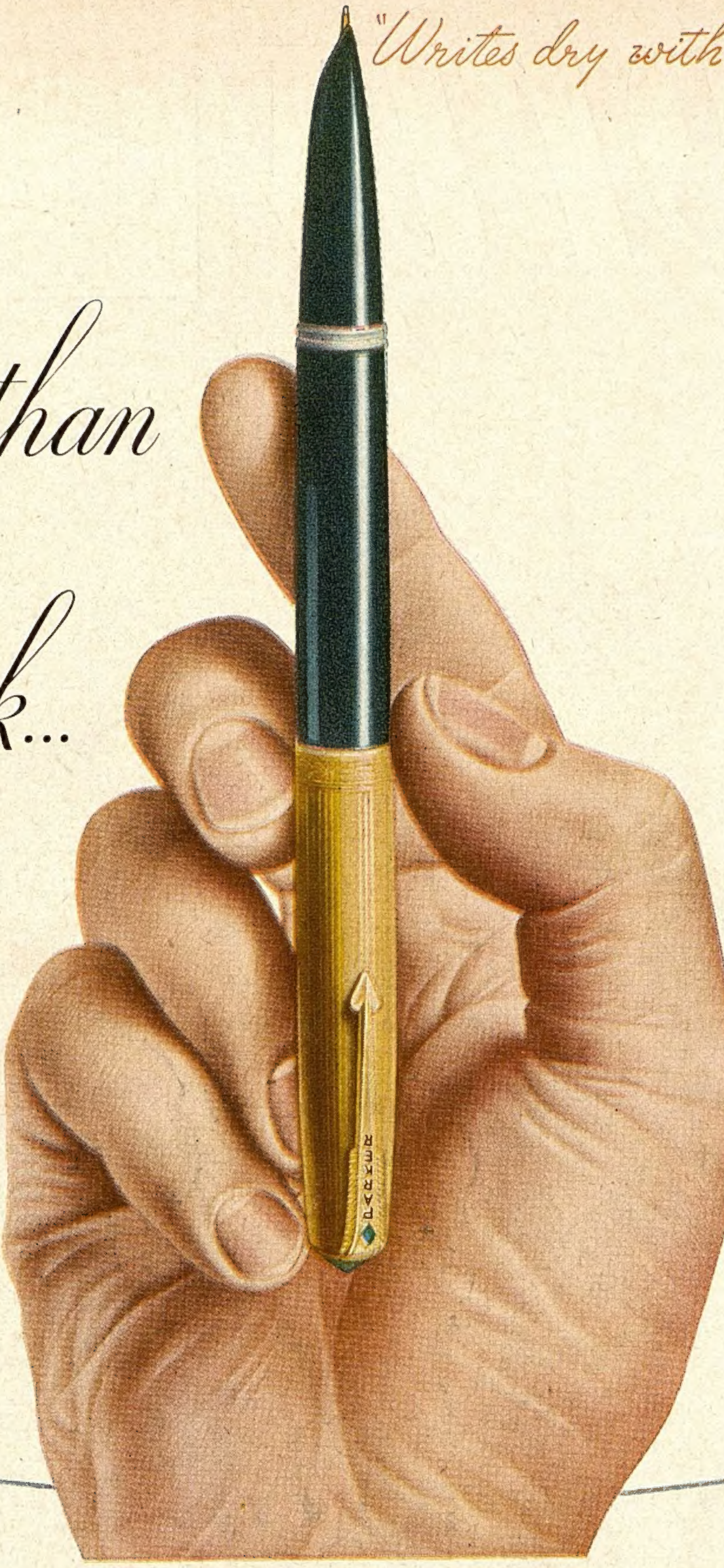
**THE PROBLEM OF FOOD:**
**CAN IT BE SOLVED?**

ION TRADE SCHOOL

# Sooner than you think... a Parker "51" may be yours!


"Writes dry with wet ink!"
PARKER

*More Parker "51's" are coming. So place a reservation order with your dealer. And perhaps sooner than you think, one may be yours!* ◆ *Then . . . as you see its ever-moist, protected point start instantly and glide without a sound . . . you'll say, "I'm glad I waited."* ◆ *And if you've filled your "51" with Parker "51" Ink . . . watch! Your strokes dry as you write! Only the "51" can use this world's fastest-drying ink. Yet it can use regular ink, too.* ◆ *This "most wanted" pen in all the world cannot be hurriedly mass produced. It must be created to the highest precision standards . . . as are the rocket fuzes and other war matériel Parker produces. So if you must wait for yours, remember . . . it's worth waiting for!* ◆ *Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00, $7.50. Famous Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.*

*The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.*

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT — BUY WAR BONDS!

COPR. 1945 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

**PARKER "51"**

# MODEL MOTHER with a STAR-SPANGLED SMILE

### Her soldier husband a German prisoner, Clare Van Syckle hides feelings behind her famous smile

LOVELY Clare Van Syckle used to model regularly for famous New York photographers. But not today. With two children to care for, and her husband, Lt. Richard Van Syckle, in a German prison camp, most of her free time is spent in war work.

Yet the strain of wartime living has failed to dim the lustre of her famous smile. Not only does she keep her own smile sparkling, she has started her 6-year-old son on the dental routine she follows. For few women realize the importance of a smile more clearly than a successful model.

Clare Van Syckle's dental "beauty secret" is this: Every time she brushes her teeth, *she massages her gums with extra Ipana*. For she knows that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth . . . and sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

**Company for supper.** Until Dad comes home again, "Jumbo" enjoys a place at table. Today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need to keep from becoming soft and flabby. So the Van Syckles rely on Ipana, the tooth paste especially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

**Win calls it "fun."** He looks forward to each session with tooth brush and Ipana because, like most youngsters, he loves Ipana's clean, invigorating taste. After brushing, he massages a little Ipana on gums to speed up circulation and help keep gums from becoming tender.

**Hide and seek on the Palisades.** Clare and young Winthrop have fun in the back yard of their Fort Lee, N. J., home. But they are in dead earnest about care of teeth and gums. Yes, gums, too. For neglected gums often signal their warning to "see your dentist" with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. As so many dentists do, yours may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

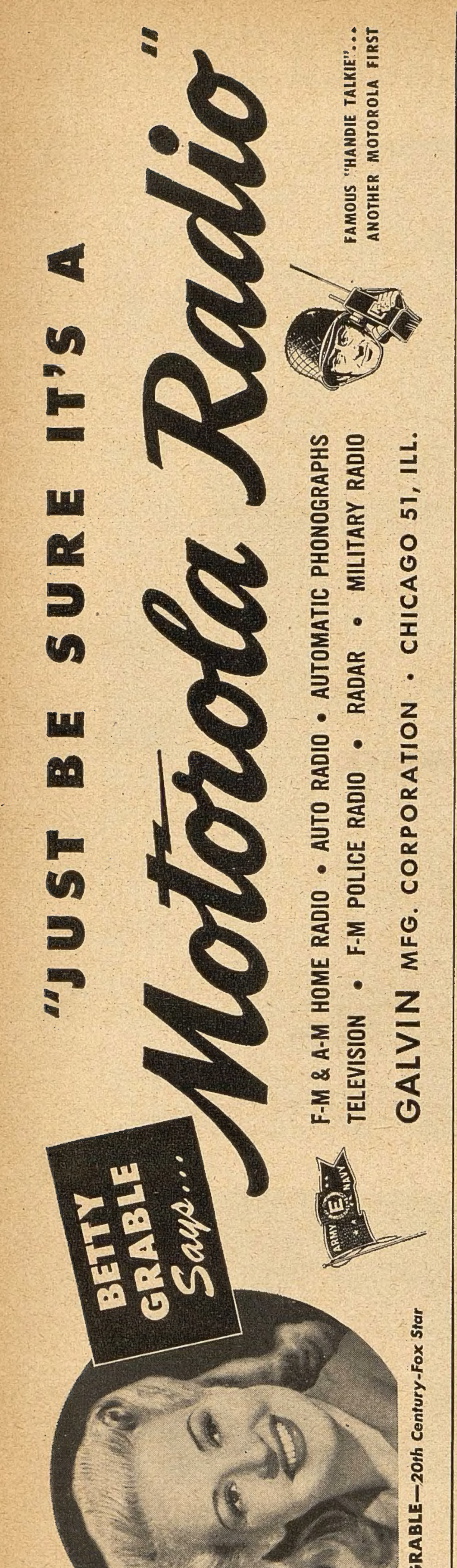
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

**Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with**

**Ipana and Massage**

**A mystery to most parents** is this typical schoolroom scene. In thousands of classrooms today, children are being taught what their parents still do not know—the importance of gum massage. A nationwide survey shows 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage and prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice . . . *for their own use.*


"JUST BE SURE IT'S A Motorola Radio"

FAMOUS "HANDIE TALKIE"... ANOTHER MOTOROLA FIRST

F-M & A-M HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO • AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS
TELEVISION • F-M POLICE RADIO • RADAR • MILITARY RADIO
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

BETTY GRABLE Says...

BETTY GRABLE—20th Century-Fox Star

# In This Week's Liberty

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*The Webster Family—No. 6*
*Painted by Jay Nourbel*
*(See Page 75 for Story)*

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For exquisite daintiness a new safeguard

# Now Kotex contains a deodorant

## It's locked in . . . so it can't shake out

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Containing a Deodorant
Kotex
Kotex

NOW you get this new protection for your charm, your daintiness—at no extra cost to you.

A deodorant is locked inside each Kotex sanitary napkin to help keep you fresh, lovely, confident. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on!

There are *so many* important reasons why you should always insist on Kotex:

(1) *Patented, flat tapered ends* of Kotex mean no bulges, no revealing lines.

(2) You get lasting comfort, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*

(3) The special *four-ply* safety center gives you extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting.

(4) Only Kotex has three sizes—Regular, Junior and Super Kotex—for different women, different days.

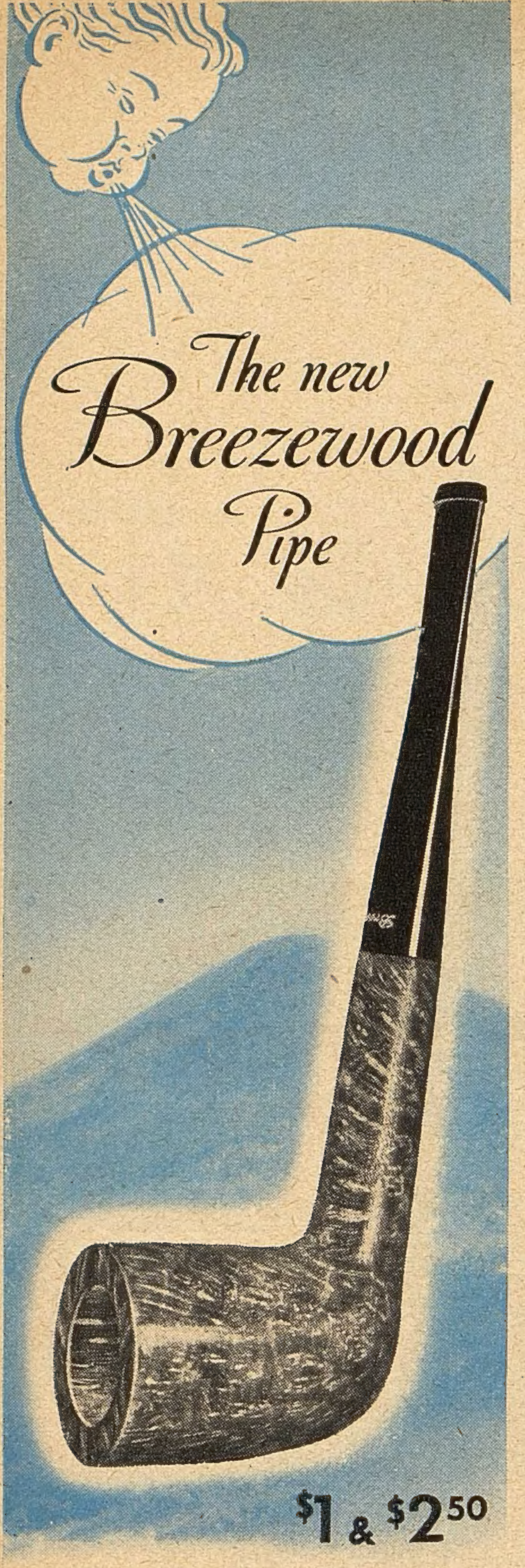
(5) And now this extra safeguard—the new deodorant in every Kotex napkin.

No wonder most women simply won't be satisfied with any other brand!

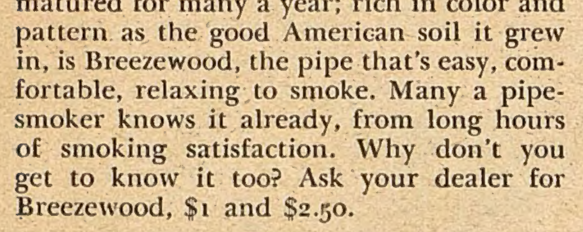
**More women choose KOTEX***

**than all other sanitary napkins put together**

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**Light as the breeze** blowing on America's mountains, where this Breezewood slowly matured for many a year; rich in color and pattern as the good American soil it grew in, is Breezewood, the pipe that's easy, comfortable, relaxing to smoke. Many a pipesmoker knows it already, from long hours of smoking satisfaction. Why don't you get to know it too? Ask your dealer for Breezewood, $1 and $2.50.



No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter!

**Free your Hands for Other Tasks.** The new Breezewood pipe is pleasant to keep in your mouth. Doesn't fatigue you when your hands are busy.

THE BREEZEWOOD PIPE COMPANY
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20, N. Y.

# VOX POP

## "The Voice of the People"

### COCKEYED SCOTCH?

Cleveland, Ohio—I notice that E. E. Thomas (February 24 Vox Pop) is slightly miffed about Shane using French and Scottish words in his Crossword Puzzles.

I can always manage the French words, but the Scottish are something else again; at least, Shane's brand of Scotch. The trouble with me is I am Scottish-born, and when I use the correct word in answer to the question, I find I am like Moses when the light went out. As, for example, Shane gives "one" as the correct word for "own" (February 24). The answer should be "ain," but that throws the puzzle out of kilter. I wish Shane would publish a glossary of *his* Scottish vocabulary.—*George Herd.*

How about "ane" for "own"? That was Shane's answer—not "one."—Vox Pop Editor.

Reading, Pa.—Why complain about "bawbees," Scotch for "ha'penny"? No Scotch dictionary is needed for that. I discovered it in Webster's. I find Ted Shane's Crossword Puzzles very interesting and educational. Regardless of weather conditions, I will walk several squares to buy a Liberty.—*S. L. Wentzel.*

### NATION-WIDE PARTY?

New Guinea—In printing Corporal Josten's letter concerning current plans for V-Day celebrations back home (October 21), you gave a very true picture of how servicemen, especially those overseas, feel about the subject. Some of them are actually furious about the prospect of civilians using V Day as just another reason to throw a nation-wide party.

The thing that makes us all feel so bitter about it all is the fact that while the folks at home are celebrating the big day, millions of us will still be marooned on foreign shores. If they have so much excess energy, why don't they spend it building a couple of new troopships to get us home sooner?

It seems mighty strange to us that the climax of our sacrificing some of the prime years of our life and living in the hell of destruction for so long amounts to nothing more than tin-horn tooting and gaiety at home, where the only contact with what war is like is through the newspapers.

We read that with the termination of hostilities, the era of overtime pay and high wage scales will end. If the civvies looked at V Day in that light, would they still dance and sing—or would they sit down and weep? After some of the things we've heard, we're convinced it would be the latter.

Real, sincere gratitude is never blown through a tin horn. It is shown in the tears of a mother's happiness at the return of her son; in the expressions of love and yearning on the faces of our wives and sweethearts. That is the type of demonstration we would like to see and read about. Dancing and singing can never be more than a cheap display of superficial thanksgiving. I think a lot of World War I vets will agree with me when I say that the culmination of the most horrible war in our history calls for something more dignified than being placed in the category of a New Year's Eve celebration.—*Lt. Snyder.*

### CENSOR GONE ASTRAY?

Watertown, Conn.—I noticed on the Liberty's cover for February 3 that the letters from P. F. C. John Garmon were censored by the naval censor. Does the Army not censor its own mail?—*Marjorie Reynolds.*

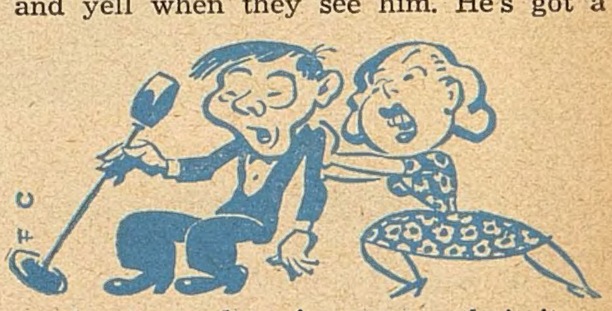
Look more closely. P. F. C. John Garmon is in the Marine Corps, not the Army. Therefore his mail is censored by a naval censor.—Vox Pop Editor.

### HE ALSO SERVES

Hazel Park, Mich.—My brother has just read us Old Sarge's column for February 17, and we are pretty displeased with the marines who wrote in about Frank Sinatra not doing so much for servicemen as Bob Hope.

Well, boys, we think he has done just as much as Bob Hope, and we also think his morale is as good as yours. He's trying to keep up your morale, but you don't do a very good job for his.

It's not Frank's fault that girls swoon and yell when they see him. He's got a good voice and you've got to admit it.



Bob Hope can join the merchant marine, too, you know, so why pick on Frank?

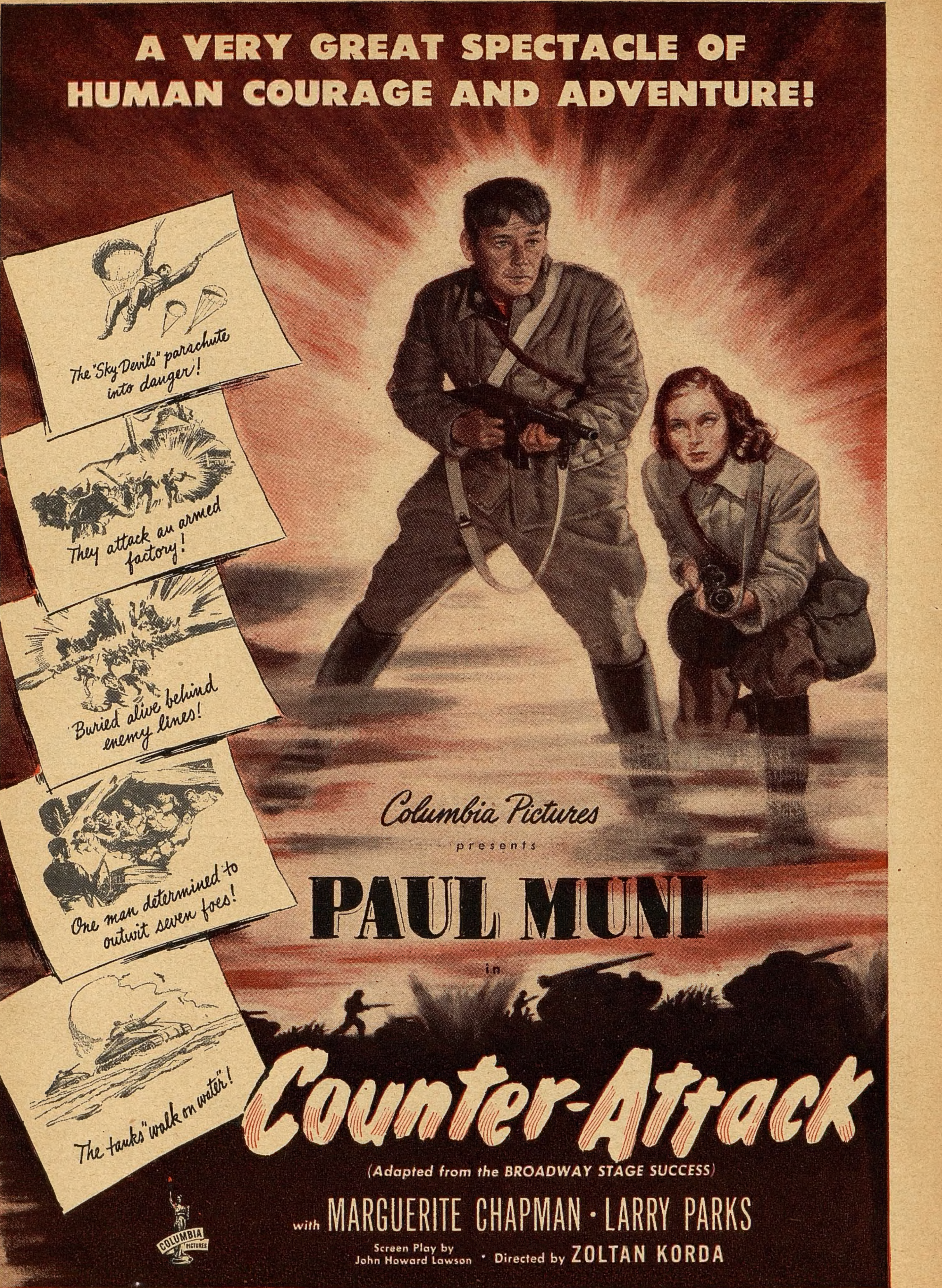
Boys, I know you're fighting for us, but so is Frank, in a different way. He's done a lot to keep you going, so let's keep him going, too.—*Mary Melligan.*

### HEITLAND RINGS THE BELL

New York, N. Y.—As a regular reader of Liberty, I am naturally interested in your illustrations, but I'd never been especially excited about one until I saw the whiz by W. Emerton Heitland, who illustrated The Mystery of Naugatuck Island, by Jack Goodman and Albert Rice (February 17). I don't know what there is about it—the coloring, the drawing, or both—but it certainly is different. Can we have

(*Continued on page 8*)

# A VERY GREAT SPECTACLE OF HUMAN COURAGE AND ADVENTURE!


The "Sky Devils" parachute into danger!
They attack an armed factory!
Buried alive behind enemy lines!
One man determined to outwit seven foes!
The tanks "walk on water"!
COLUMBIA PICTURES

Columbia Pictures
presents

# PAUL MUNI

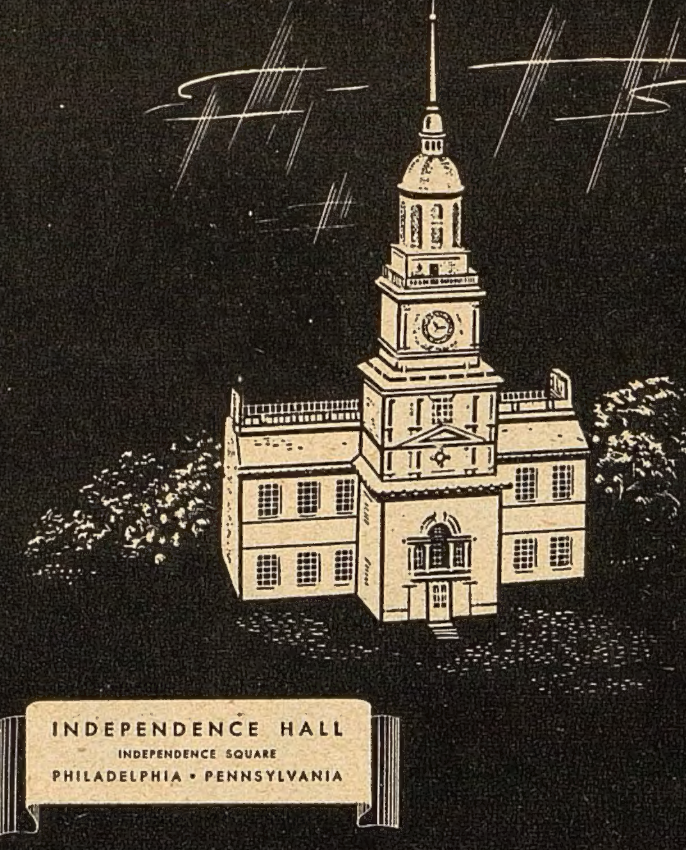
in

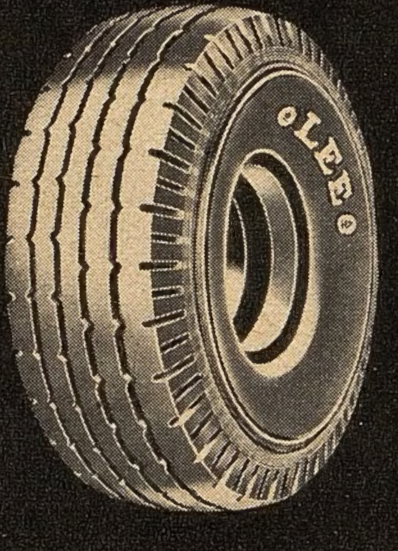
# Counter-Attack

(Adapted from the BROADWAY STAGE SUCCESS)

with MARGUERITE CHAPMAN · LARRY PARKS

Screen Play by
John Howard Lawson · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA





Thirteen miles from "Independence Hall" where on July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed, LEE of Conshohocken enters its sixty-first year.

Such is the value of association. LEE DeLuxe tires are known as a superior product even in the far corners of the world, associated in prominence and prestige with the industrial and historical life of Philadelphia.

WE ARE PARTICIPANTS IN THE OWNERSHIP AND OPERATION OF NATIONAL SYNTHETIC RUBBER CORPORATION

LEE of Conshohocken

DIVISION OF
LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION

(Continued from page 6)

more illustrations by this artist? I hope so. And, incidentally, whoever picks your book condensations is doing a fine job. Thanks for Wind in the Sahara (February 10) and many other good ones.—*Richard Covrell.*

## HE KNOWS HIS NEW ORLEANS

TAMPA, FLA.—It is now midnight and I have just finished reading your condensation of Royal Street, by W. Adolphe Roberts (February 24). I was born and reared in New Orleans. Having reached the age of seventy-six, I have little hope of ever returning to my birthplace, and I can live only in the memories that remain to cheer me. Such stories as Royal Street do just that.

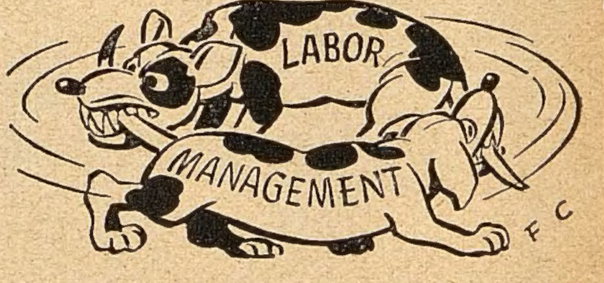
I wish to say that I have never read a more accurate word picture of the times and places connected with the old Creole city. I have a severely critical viewpoint when reading a story, especially as my profession is that of proofreader for the Tampa Tribune, but in this particular case I found no fault, either in composition, plot, or description. I have read numerous articles and stories having their locale in New Orleans, and found many crammed with inaccuracies. This story is entirely free of them.

I would be delighted to read the complete volume, after enjoying so much your condensation. It was a fine piece of editorial work.

Thank you for the pleasure you have given me, and congratulations on your success in rehabilitating Liberty.—*George Parke.*

## PAX VOBISCUM

BRISTOL, PA.—After reading Sylvia F. Porter's timely article, Can We Avoid Another Depression? (March 3), I could not help but think that whatever basic ideas are proposed for peacetime stability, they must first have the prerequisite of co-operation between labor and management.



Since the war, manufacturing has increased and methods of production have improved to a great extent. Will an adjustment be made by giving labor shorter hours and a respectable living wage? If not, all our planning is for naught. The present-day policy of "dog eat dog" existing between labor and management must be abolished to realize harmony and unity for the postwar era.

I believe when labor and management agree to co-operate with each other, and each shares in the fruits of accomplishment, we will have no depressions, postwar or at any other time.—*Luther S. Fritch.*

## LISTEN—THE ALIEN BRIDES

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—We read with interest Charles Gordon's article, When G. I. Joe Takes an Alien Bride (February 17).

We are two New Zealand girls, married to brothers in the U. S. Navy. We do not consider that our husbands took on a

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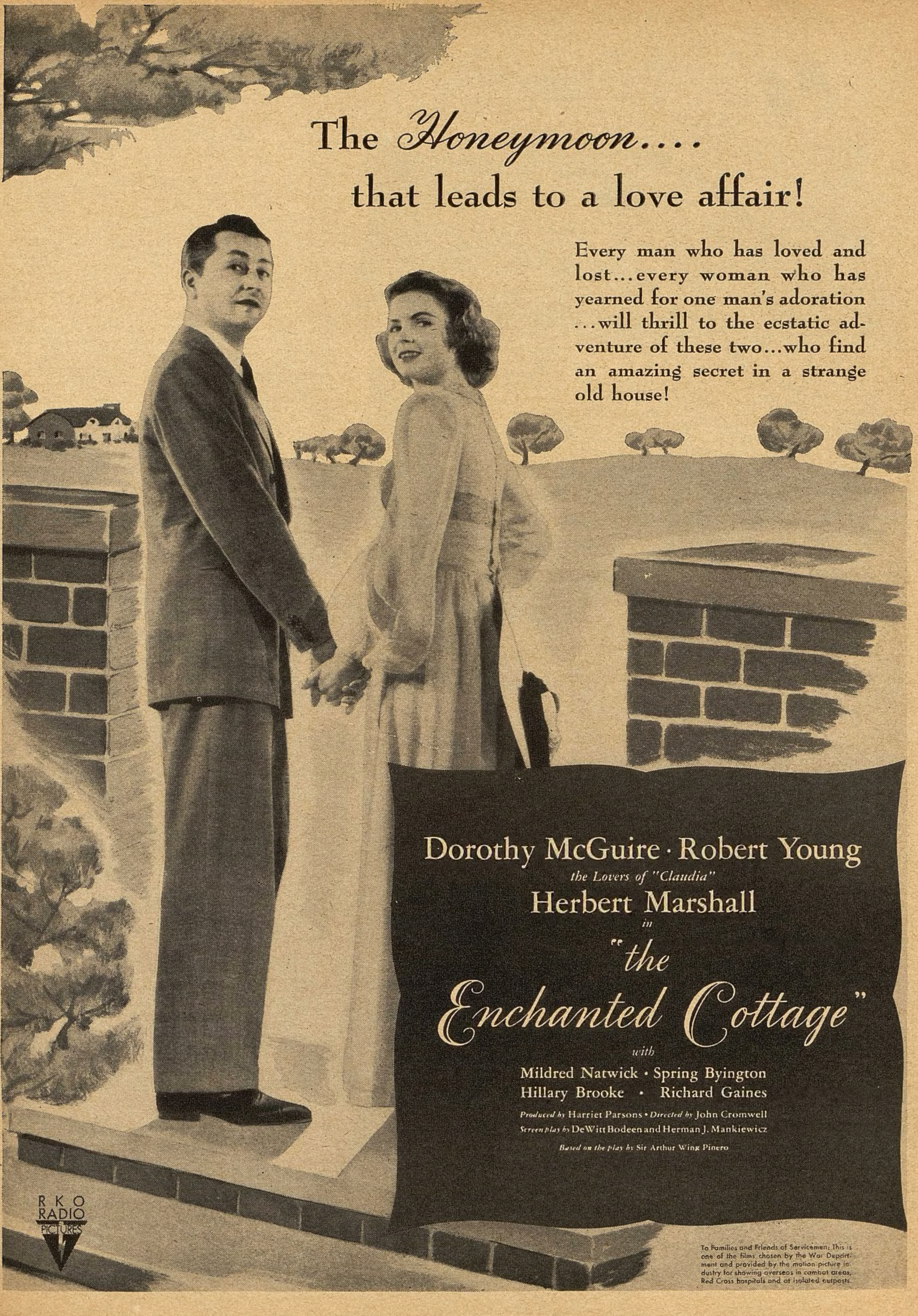


# The *Honeymoon*....
# that leads to a love affair!

Every man who has loved and lost...every woman who has yearned for one man's adoration ...will thrill to the ecstatic adventure of these two...who find an amazing secret in a strange old house!

Dorothy McGuire · Robert Young
*the Lovers of "Claudia"*
Herbert Marshall
*in*

## "the Enchanted Cottage"

*with*
Mildred Natwick · Spring Byington
Hillary Brooke · Richard Gaines
*Produced by* Harriet Parsons · *Directed by* John Cromwell
*Screen play by* DeWitt Bodeen and Herman J. Mankiewicz
*Based on the play by* Sir Arthur Wing Pinero

RKO RADIO PICTURES

To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.

You'll make better coffee —automatically!

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Automatic

**No more guesswork with the new G-E Automatic Coffee Maker—coming, after victory! Just set it and forget it!**

The *only* completely automatic glass coffee maker! And what a beauty! See how it "dresses up" a coffee table. And see how quickly—how easily—you get flavorful coffee!

- **Here's all you do.** Put in the correct measurements of water and coffee. Then, just push a little button. This marvelous G-E Coffee Maker *automatically* does the rest. G.E.'s exclusive Brew Compensator lets you make as little as two cups, as many as eight . . . with the same grand, full-bodied flavor every time.
- **Always hot, too!** This G-E wonder cuts itself off when the coffee's "done," but keeps it steamy-hot until you're ready for it!

**You can own** this G-E Automatic Coffee Maker, as soon as war demands permit. Watch for it! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

**TUNE IN:** "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p.m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., E.W.T., CBS.

**FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS**

**Automatic Coffee Maker**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

(*Continued from page 8*)

tough assignment when they married us. We admit we went through a certain amount of red tape, but this was simplified by our husbands' common sense and by the assistance of the American consul. Our husbands understood before they married us that we would not be American citizens, but this caused them no heartache whatsoever. A New Zealand girl (or any alien bride) is just like an American bride. Her one ambition is to make a happy home for her husband and children. As for the hostility of the boys' parents, we saw nothing of it. We have been welcomed with open arms by our in-laws and have never been made to feel that we are different in any way from an American girl.

When G. I. Joe takes an alien bride, it is the wife who has the headaches. She has to travel to the States, sometimes with children, under wartime conditions. In order to get here, one of us traveled for seven weeks, and the other for four, though in peacetime the journey takes only two to three weeks. However, these are just little things compared with the happiness we will share after this war.

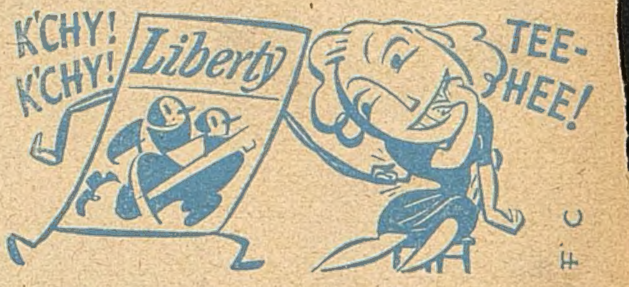
If this is the tough assignment the G. I.s are taking on, we consider them lucky fellows. We are married to two of the happiest and proudest sailors in Uncle Sam's Navy.—*H. C. and J. R. Baker.*

## RIB-TICKLING STORIES

Toledo, Ohio—Boy, oh boy, oh boy! What a story! What a rib-tickler! What a tonic for the old jittery war nerves!

What am I raving about? I Can't Sleep! the short short by Ernest Lehman (February 24), of course.

Please, Mr. Editor, Mr. Publisher, and gentlemen of the staff, give us some more of this sort of firewater. We sure could use it. And the delightful story, Stars Fell on Private Maidstone, by Captain James R. Webb, runs a close second.—*Mrs. Frieda Corman.*


K'CHY! K'CHY!
Liberty
TEE-HEE!

## BOTH ON THE BEAM

San Diego, Calif.—I have just read the February 3 On the Beam, by Wayne Parrish.

I've worked on the Navy's PB4Y-2 for about six months, and all those I've seen have a metal nose plate instead of a gun turret. I'd like to know which is correct. —*Reba Stennett.*

Either is correct. Models are currently being produced with both metal noses and nose gun turrets.—Vox Pop Editor.

## A HUSBAND BY ANY OTHER NAME

Camden, N. J.—I have just read Liberty Goes to the Movies for February 24. Shame on you! Weren't Aunt Sissy's husbands all called John in the book, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn? Or did Hollywood change it to Bill?—*Norma Leopold.*

Hollywood *did* change the name to Bill—why, we don't know. But Liberty wasn't dreaming at the movies.—Vox Pop Editor.

# "Put plenty of seashore in it!"

PENN MUTUAL INCOME PLANS

"You see, I'm making up a package of items for my own future. For there's a great day coming, full of gayety and sunshine and comfort. I'm going to do exactly what I want to do—my Penn Mutual Income Policy will give me the means."

More than ever before, smart business girls are setting aside each month a small sum to take care of their future income. When they reach the age of 55 or 60, they will have monthly checks coming in for the rest of their lives, whether they keep on working or not.

Your Penn Mutual Underwriter can explain to you in detail the Retirement Income Policy and other forms of insurance as well. A friendly conversation with him will clarify your whole financial picture. Whether your need is income for yourself or money to leave to your loved ones, he can help you set up a plan that will fit your specific requirements and make the future secure.

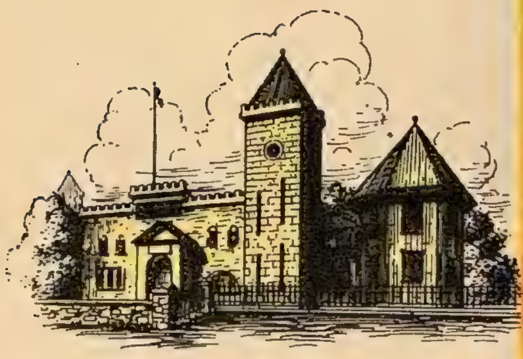
BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

**THE PENN MUTUAL**
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1847

**Your Life Plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter**

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR & SONS, INC.)

● A good name *and* great riches are united in **OLD TAYLOR.** For in this hearty, full-grained bourbon, a creator of many noble whiskies found the one most worthy to bear his name. In Frankfort, today, the favorite distillery of the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. still stands. And not a drop of any whiskey has it ever produced save **OLD TAYLOR**—the mellow delight that so completely satisfies those who know bourbon at its best.



Kentucky Straight
Bourbon Whiskey

**Bottled in Bond—100 Proof**

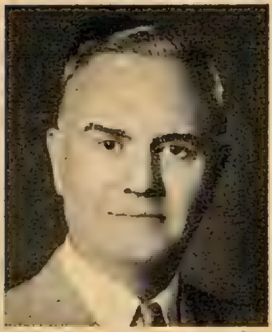
**National Distillers Products Corporation**
**New York**

*The Master's Choice*

**SIGNED. SEALED AND DELICIOUS**

# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

## SELF-MADE MAGNATE



"DRIVE straight ahead with a positive mental attitude"—that's Harry Bullis' formula for success and it's paid off well. At eleven, he was selling papers in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Today, in his fifties, he's president of General Mills and a leading citizen of Minneapolis, Minn. In true Horatio Alger style, he worked his way through the University of Wisconsin, was a captain in World War I, came home to learn the flour business from the bottom up. A top food expert, an officer and director of the N. A. M., he's a man who knows how WE CAN ALL HAVE BETTER FOOD AND MORE OF IT.

## FROM ROVER TO WRITER

LIKE his troubadour in . . . YOU DON'T BELONG TO ANY WOMAN, author Bertram B. Fowler has roamed over much of the world—doing odd jobs from his native Canada to Central America; shipping out of ports from New Orleans to Liverpool. Three years overseas with the Canadian infantry in the first World War cured him of roving and turned his fancy to writing. But first he had to catch up on his neglected education. Then he launched into newspaper work. A free-lance writer since, he's taken time out to travel through the United States and Canada, lecturing on the Co-operative movement.

# NEXT WEEK

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THE MAN WHO WILL SUCCEED STALIN
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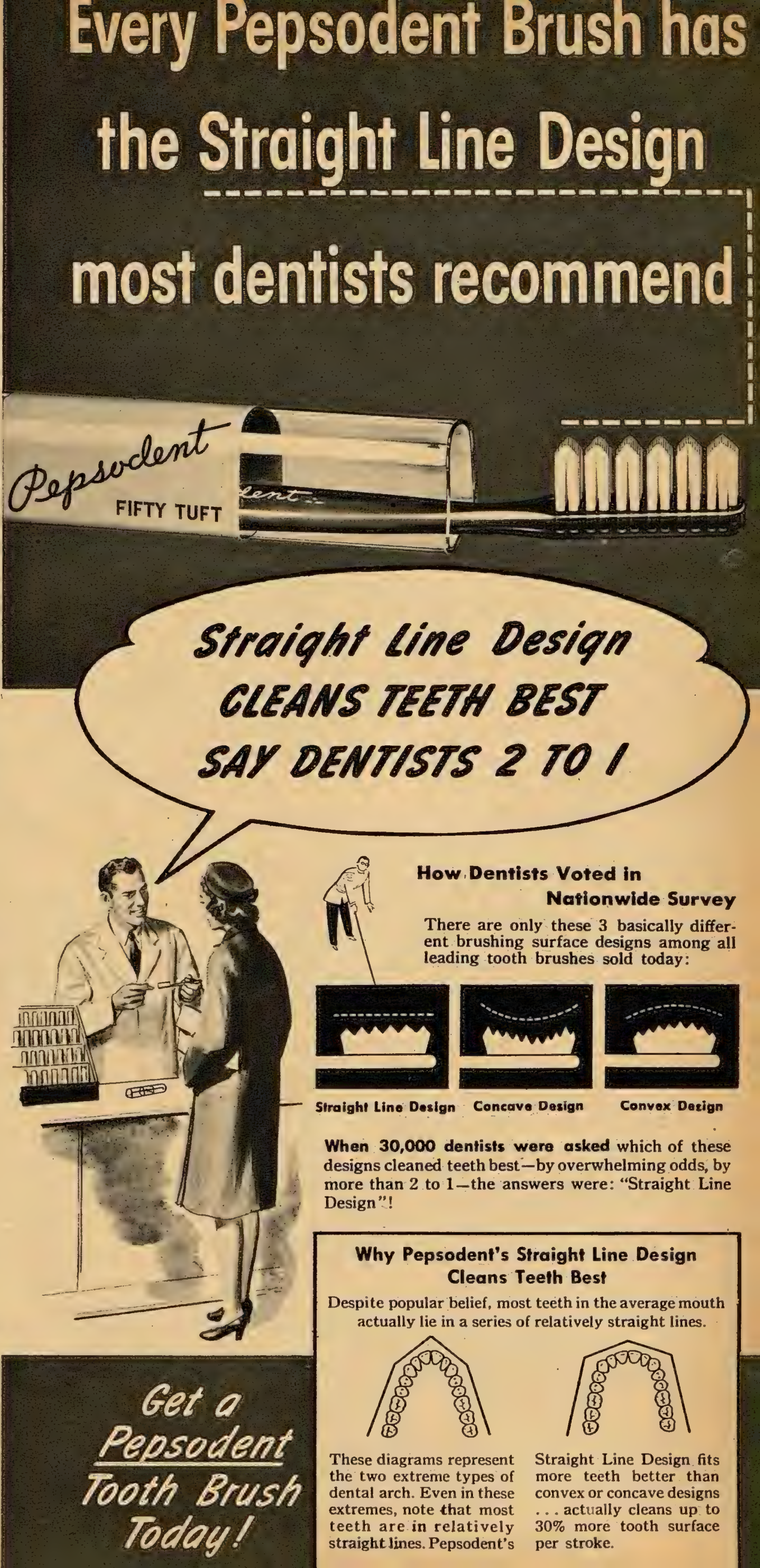
HE smashed the Nazis at Leningrad, closed Russia's fist on the Baltic, organized the first Soviet army to break into Germany. Who is he? Let William van Narvig introduce you to THE MAN WHO WILL SUCCEED STALIN. . . . Ted Shane tells the wacky story of TWO LIKABLE LADS LOADED WITH LAUGHS, Olsen and Johnson, the loudest, craziest, and richest sons of fun in show business. . . . In TAILOR-MADE VEGETABLES, Priscilla Jaquith describes science's latest hybrids that are tailor-made for modern convenience. . . . THEY DREAM OF HOME, by Niven Busch, Liberty's Book Condensation, recounts the adventures of an oddly assorted group of veterans who, bound together by the ties of battlefield comradeship, come home to face civilian life together.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OFFICIAL ARMY AIR FORCES PHOTO

Three of the A. A. F.'s new A-26 Douglas Invader bombers, flown at Florence, S. C., by combat crews of the First Air Force's 56th Combat Training Wing.

# ON THE BEAM

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

### Ocean Hops Today—and Tomorrow

An airplane departing from one side or the other of the Atlantic every thirteen minutes. Or more than fifty-five airplanes each way over the Atlantic every day.

That's the present volume of today's transatlantic flying by the Army's Air Transport Command.

Add the Navy, Canadian, and British planes, and the departure time will probably be close to one every ten minutes, or 144 crossings a day.

Compare a departure across the Atlantic every thirteen minutes with the days before the United States entered the war, when the arrival of a transatlantic airplane was a news event.

And the Atlantic is only one part of the world-wide intercontinental flying that is now being done by Army and Navy airplanes.

The North Atlantic airway is about as busy as any airway in the world. Airports along the way are busy terminals, with planes arriving and departing in completely routine manner. Flight crews leave their homes in the United States, fly perhaps to Scotland, drop into a North African city, and are back in a matter of a few days, with various rest periods along the way.

One domestic air line operating for the Air Transport Command has seven departures a day from an east coast airport. Another domestic air line has about the same number. And the Army itself is flying an increasing number all the time. Not all of the planes that depart each thirteen minutes are transport planes; some are bombers being ferried across for aerial operations. But a fair estimate would be that a transport plane leaves one side of the ocean or the other every twenty minutes.

And thus has the "tough" Atlantic been conquered. A great many of the pilots are young men whose training dates back only a few years. They are as accustomed to walking down the streets of a Scottish town one day and down those of an African town the next as they are to strolling down Fifth Avenue in New York. Our transatlantic pilots now number high in the thousands.

When the veil of military secrecy is lifted and the full story of transocean flying can be told, some big surprises will come of it. There's no mystery to hopping the ocean any more. Today's eastbound flight averages about eighteen hours. With the new Constellation four-engined transport going into service soon, the time will drop to about twelve hours. It isn't a dream any more—the promised hourly departure to Europe for civilians is coming up!

### A. A. F. Growth Since Pearl Harbor

Recently General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, made his annual report. It was packed with information from cover to cover, but perhaps nothing can illustrate more sharply the tremendous growth of the A. A. F. than the following comparisons:

In the first year of the war the A. A. F. dropped 10,203 tons of bombs on enemy targets. In 1943 the total was 194,755 tons. But in 1944 the total reached 1,082,818 tons.

In the first year the A. A. F. flew 26,900 sorties against the enemy. In 1943 it flew 364,910 sorties. But in 1944 the total was 1,271,784.

In the first year about 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition were fired in aerial operations. In 1943 the approximate total was up to 53,000,000 rounds. But in 1944, 226,038,613 rounds were fired.

In 1938 the aircraft industry produced 5,500,000 pounds of airplanes. In 1941 it produced 82,656,000 pounds. But in 1944 the total weight of airplanes produced was 962,541,000 pounds.

Conclusion: The A. A. F. started in the war almost from scratch. Airplane building, organizing, and training occupied most of 1942 and 1943. By 1944 the A. A. F. could hit its stride. Its part in the global air war didn't really get under way until the past year. What if our 1944 aviation resources had been available on December 7, 1941?

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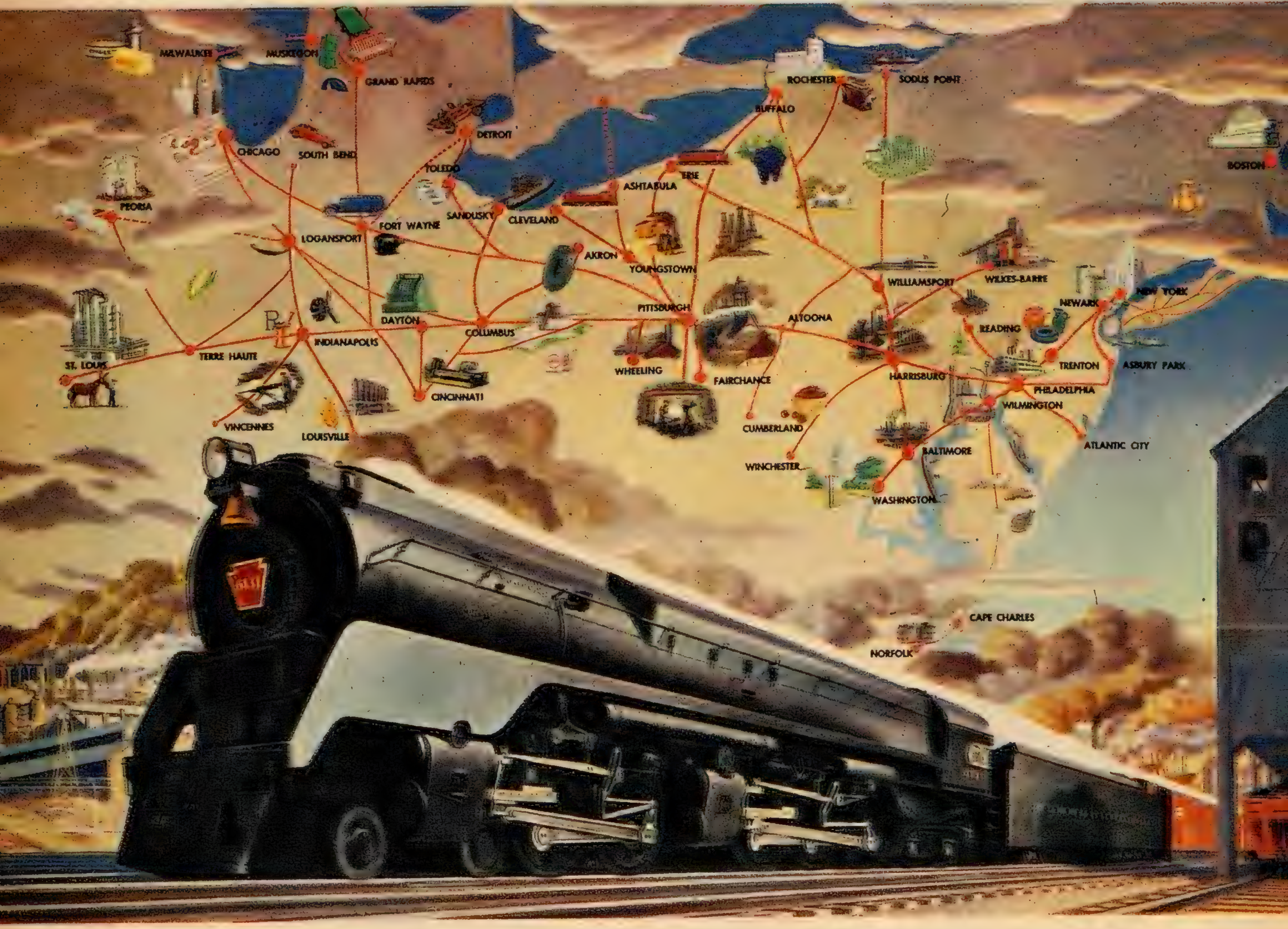
# AN ASSEMBLY LINE *26,000 miles long*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That's *one* way to look at the Pennsylvania Railroad system—as a vast assembly line, now principally devoted to war transportation—26,000 miles of railroad facilities, crossing and criss-crossing a territory in which live half the people of the United States.

Over it flow coal to make power, light and heat . . . ore to produce steel . . . steel parts of a thousand different shapes and weights . . . rubber and textiles to manufacture tires . . . tanks, trucks, weapons, war materiel in abundance—in fact, most anything you can name, tiny or large. Add your food, too—for this mammoth assembly line handles what you eat, from field, cannery, packing plant to market.

Lump all these materials, parts, commodities together—call them *freight*—and here's what this Pennsylvania Railroad assembly system moved in the region bounded on the west by Chicago and St. Louis and on the east by New York and Norfolk in a single year, ending Nov. 1, 1944—287,000,000 tons! An amount equal to more than four tons for each of the 65,000,000 persons living in the 13 states and the District of Columbia, served by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD**

*Serving the Nation*

**BUY UNITED STATES**
**WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**

★ *51,234 entered the Armed Forces* ★ *573 have given their lives for their Country*

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

In some countries famine is always prevalent. In all countries there are some people who are never fed adequately. Yet there is enough food in the world for everyone. A food expert suggests how —

The pathetic plight of this starving Chinese mother and her child is that of millions in the East.

# We Can All Have Better Food and More of It

### BY HARRY A. BULLIS

**President, General Mills, Inc.**

IN the total cost of living, the largest item is the cost of food. In the United States and Canada, expenditures for food make up about 25 per cent of the family budget. In normal prewar times in England, Germany, and the Netherlands, the proportion spent for food was higher, between 30 and 35 per cent. From these lower levels it has ranged up to 50 per cent in Italy, and to 70 or 80 per cent in India and China, in times of famine approaching 100 per cent.

Until about the beginning of the nineteenth century, hunger (visible or hidden) was the usual state of the greater part of mankind. The English economist Malthus, writing in 1798 and voicing the opinion of many economists of that time, held that this would always be so—that world population would increase faster than world food supply unless held in check by war, pestilence, or famine. But since then the scientific knowledge of agriculture has greatly increased. Also there has been increasing use of power machinery. Largely as a result of those developments, the United States, Canada, Australia, and Argentina do not have widespread food shortages. When people go hungry or are inadequately nourished in these countries, it is not usually because of actual shortages of essential food products, but because of lack of purchasing power or lack of knowledge of food values. Instead of food shortages, these countries in peacetime are more likely to have surpluses, which may result in low prices for agricultural products and hardship for the farmers.

However, even during peacetime in some countries, such as India and China, chronic food shortages affect the greater part of the population; and in all countries there are some people who never are adequately fed.

The fact that there have been persistent surpluses of certain foods in this country has given rise to the idea that the shortages in other parts of the world could be corrected by sending our surpluses where they are needed. But the problem is not so simple as this. It would not be true to say that when the war is over, people everywhere can be satisfactorily fed simply by disposal of our surpluses. However, it should be possible within a few years after the end of the war for many peoples of the world to be better fed than they were before the war.

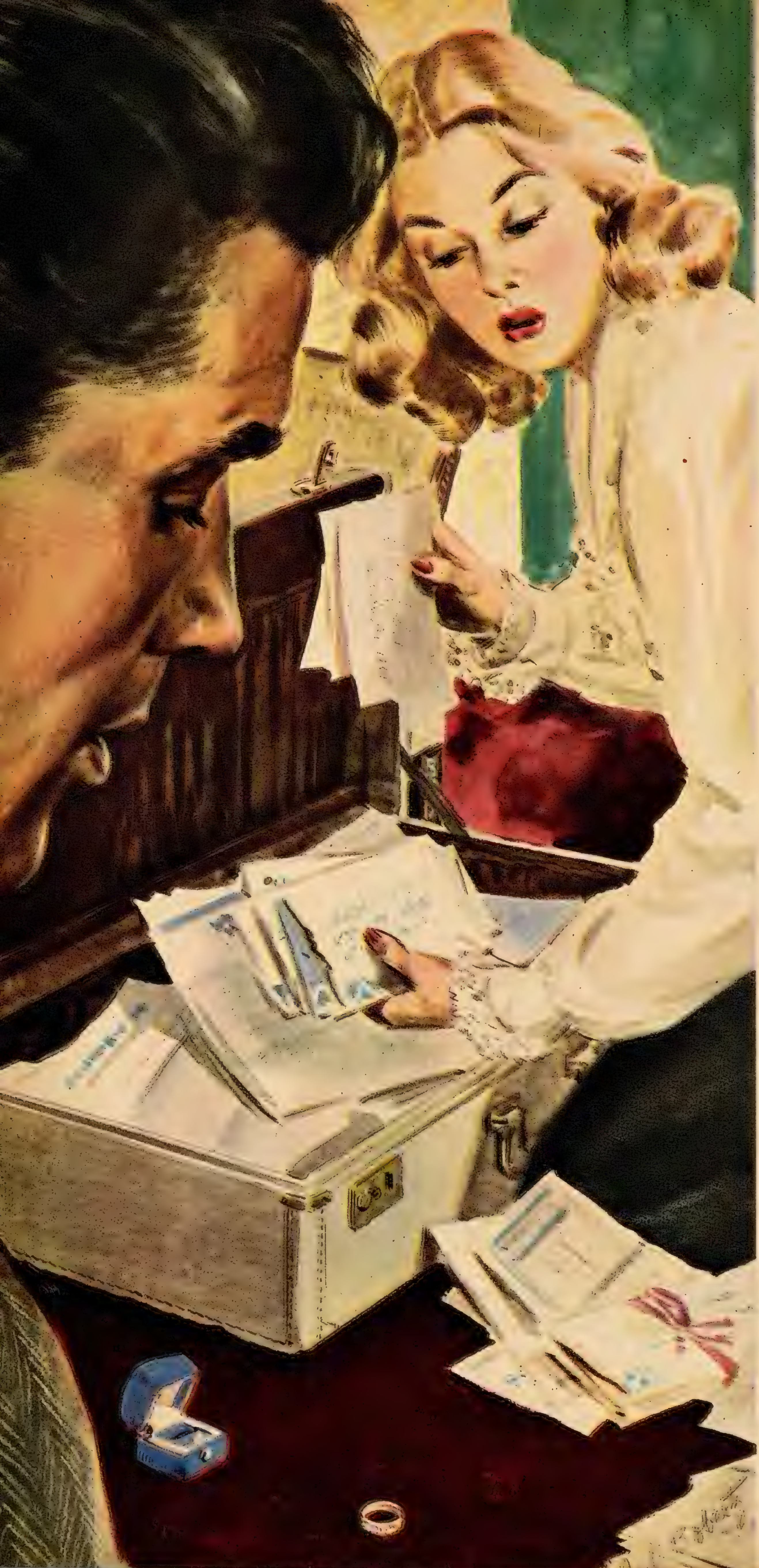
In order to understand how this would be possible, it is necessary to consider the reasons for the huge differences between food supply and population in different parts of the world. Why in two thirds of the world is the food supply inadequate for the population? Why in the remaining one third does the food supply exceed the needs of the population and embarrass and dislocate the economy?

Take, first, the case of the United States. Since this country gained its independence, the proportion of the population engaged in agriculture has been reduced from 95 per cent to approximately 20 per cent. That reduction has been made possible by the tremendous increase in production per farmer per man-hour. This increased production is partly the result of labor-saving machinery, partly the result of greater scientific knowledge regarding agriculture. As a consequence, the people of the United States have been better fed than they were when a larger proportion were engaged in agriculture. There has actually been more food per capita for the population as a whole.

Because a smaller proportion of the population could produce enough food for all the people in the country, a larger proportion was available for employment in industry and services. Meanwhile industrial efficiency was increasing rapidly. During the twentieth century, average production per man per hour has quadrupled. This entire development improved the country's material well-being and provided increasingly greater opportunities to each rising generation. This rise in material welfare attracted great immigration from Europe, which contributed to the rapid increase in population—an increase of from less than 4,000,000 in 1790 to about 138,000,000 at the present time (including armed forces overseas).

Another important factor in the population increase was the high birth rate during the time when the population was largely agricultural. As the proportion engaged in agriculture decreased, and the people released from the farms moved to the cities, the *rate* of population growth decreased. The urban population became a greater proportion of the whole, and without exception in the Western World, cities have lower birth rates than rural districts. As the rate of increase in population declined, however, the productivity of agriculture and industry continued to increase, so that the standard of living of the people continued to rise.

(*Continued on page 64*)



### By

### WARE TORREY BUDLONG

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

UNTIL he said good night, Anne was at peace. The garden was dark and cool around her, the steps were safe and familiar under her feet. She was marrying Andy tomorrow, and all the halts and turnings lay behind her. She was blessedly content, because he was so right.

And the quick dark joy that broke through her when he kissed her was like a spray of excitement, with a steady deep current close below. Then he finally let her go.

"Good night, Anne," Andy said slowly. "Tomorrow night I won't say good-by—"

As swiftly as that, peace was snatched away from her. She was remembering Phil's voice, years back, the night before another wedding, saying, "We'll never have to say good-by again."

She fought against the memory with nightmare slowness. Tonight was Andy's. Tonight belonged to her and Andy. She turned to him now, and his hands closed tightly on hers.

"Don't let me remember," she said with a desperate urgency. "Andy—don't let me remember—"

"We can't forget, can we?" he said. "Darling—we're here—"

"Yes," she said gratefully, "we're here. You're here," and she held on to him. They would be married tomorrow, they were starting a new clear road.

"We'll make a good life," Andy said, and just the calm sureness of his voice could rest her.

"Yes," she said again. "I know it." As long as she looked ahead, everything was safe. She must not let herself look back.

They didn't speak again, because there was nothing that needed saying. Their only good-by was the slowness with which they moved apart, their fingers hating to let go, and each knowing how the other felt. He walked away, his footsteps muffled on the grass.

In her own room, she looked around at the bare chests and tables. Nearly everything was packed.

The dressing-table drawer was still open, where she had stopped sorting over jewelry boxes when Andy came. She had been fooling herself before; she had been putting off the time when she had to open the blue velvet box.

Now she went straight to the drawer and took out the blue box. She opened it and stared down at the ring, a wide platinum band with chunky gay flowers engraved on it—her wedding ring, Phil's ring.

It seemed so long ago, that wedding in the rectory garden, that it was hard to remember the girl she had been that day. She had been excited about the wedding;

It lay there on the rug between them —Phil's ring. Andy stared down at it. "For God's sake, Anne—"

**They were as much in love as two people could be—but between them was the ghost of the man she had married first. The tender story of a**

# Second Husband

she had been sharply conscious of how she felt, but not of what Phil might be feeling. Incredible, that she had been married as young as that. Incredible to have ever been so young, so young that everything she touched was gay.

She had put the ring away in its blue box the day she knew that she loved Andy. She hadn't put it away sadly, because she couldn't feel sad about Phil. She always remembered him laughing.

THEY had had such a short bright marriage. Just a few weeks in the little house, new weeks that didn't seem real yet. And when he had gone into the Army, very soon after Pearl Harbor, Phil had still been laughing as he said good-by.

"We've had fun," Phil said, just before he swung on the train. "Smile for the soldier, Lovely—"

And she had smiled, and then laughed with him as he raced after the moving train and pulled himself aboard. That was the good-by she remembered; not the snatched moments of his leaves.

The telegram from the War Department had taken away more than Phil. It had taken away all that gay breathlessness, with fun just around the corner. It had taken away the magic formula she had believed because she was young: that nothing bad could happen to her.

Elena, her older sister, the only family she had—Elena had come to stay with her for a week, after the news of Phil's death. But Elena had her own life in her home three states away. So Anne had sent Elena away again, after a week, and gone on living in the little house, alone.

After the first aching hurt was dulled, she had floated somehow into a curious backwater of feeling. She worked at the library, she went on with the war work she had started, but nothing mattered sharply. And the little house never felt like a home for always; it was a place to wait, till she found her way on.

The ring slipped in her fingers, and Anne pulled herself back from remembering. She put the ring back in the blue box and closed the lid. It was remembering that made the trouble, when she was with Andy. Like that minute on the steps.

But—what would she do with the ring? She stood there in startled indecision. She couldn't throw it away—it hurt even to think of that—it would be like denying that Phil had ever lived. But you couldn't get married to a man with another man's wedding ring rattling around in your pocket. Finally she put it in her big suitcase with a lot of papers she had to decide about some rainy day.

She had just started tackling the dressing-table drawer again when the knock came on her door. Did she have to talk to Elena—tonight? But that was silly. Elena had come on for the wedding, and she was all set for a long sisterly talk tonight. Well, it would be a short sisterly talk.

"Come in—" said Anne.

Elena walked in with that slow way of hers. She was taller than Anne, and dark, with brown hair drawn back soberly, so that when they stood together, Anne with her bright short curls looked even younger. Elena's one beauty was her eyes, deep brown eyes that always brightened when she looked at Anne.

"How's Andy?" Elena said now. She moved aside a pile of blouses, sat on the bed, and Anne dropped down beside her.

"Andy's perfect," said Anne, with a grin for her earnest tone.

Elena smiled back, nodding. "You two are going to be a good team. One of the real ones, Anne."

Anne leaned back, relaxing. She could think out loud to Elena.

"We're so happy now, we've got to go on being happy," she said slowly.

Elena looked across at her. "What's wrong, Anne?"

"I can't stop remembering," Anne said.

AND yet it wasn't a bad kind of remembering, she thought. As time had passed, the sting had faded slowly from her memories of Phil; only the bright things were left. She remembered his voice when he said, "We've had fun." She remembered so many flashing carefree times with him. It all belonged back there, before she had really waked up, before she read the newspaper stories of the war with troubled earnestness.

"Is it wrong, Elena, to keep on remembering Phil?"

Elena asked, "What does it do to you?"

"It's funny," Anne said. "I never feel disloyal to Andy—when I remember Phil."

And that was true. When Andy had come back to town with a medical discharge, and she had grown to know him, she had felt no moment of wrongness toward Phil. She had to go on; everybody had to go on; and Andy was asking her to think of him.

"Everything is new for Andy," she said aloud to Elena. "He hasn't been married before. It's all shining new for him. But—I try so hard just to think of Andy, just Andy and me. And then something comes along—he says something or does something—and I remember that very same thing with Phil. What'll I do, Elena? It isn't fair to Andy—when I love him so terribly much."

Elena was turning her blue dressing-gown cord over and over in her hands with tightening nervous fingers.

"I can see—how Andy might mind—some kinds of remembering," she told Anne slowly. "I've never said much about it, but Jim is—possessive."

Anne was used to thinking of Jim as her brother-in-law and not puzzling about his relationship with Elena. She studied her sister now, recalling signs of strain between them.

"You mean Jim is jealous?" she asked frankly.

"That's not the half of it," Elena said with fervor. "Why, Anne, you know I'd never look sideways at another man. But Jim is always getting sore at the way someone joked with me, or my dancing twice with the same man. I mean—I guess men are that way sometimes about their wives, wanting to own them entirely."

"Maybe that's right," Anne said. "And Andy is proud. He wouldn't come right out with something, like Jim. Elena—"

Elena looked up then, with that swift warming of her brown eyes. "Anne dear—you know how I want everything to be perfect for you. And you and Andy are perfect together. You mustn't let anything go wrong."

With swift warm urgency she added, "Don't ever let him mind—that you've been married before."

It sounded simple when Elena said it, but Anne wasn't so sure how to go about it.

"Don't you worry," she said aloud. "We'll be all right, Elena."

Elena stood up. "You always seem such a little girl to me, Anne."

"I'm twenty-four," Anne said with a swift grin. "And Andy is almost thirty. We're practically middle-aged."

"Idiot," Elena said, with a quick rumpling hand on Anne's curly head. "Bless you and good night, dear."

SHE was gone, and Anne lay back and pulled a pillow under her head. The picture of Phil in uniform caught her eyes, standing there on the highboy in its silver frame.

Somehow she wanted that picture along in her new life. It wasn't as personal as the ring. There ought to be a place for it. Well, she'd take the picture along and find a place for it somewhere. Andy wouldn't mind—would he?

And then suddenly she thrust the whole problem away. After she was married, it would all be easy. She was mid-point now, and the past was still close. But when she was Andy's wife, there would be no room for anything else.

The next day at noon, when she stood with him before the altar, she forgot everyone else, even Elena beside her, and Andy's father, who had come by plane to stand beside his son. She was conscious of nothing but the look on Andy's face. And when he slipped the thin simple platinum circle on her finger, she saw only the way his fingers closed about her own.

The silence after the benediction closed them in together. Andy bent to kiss her,

(*Continued on page 70*)

# Nervous in the Service?

### By MARJORIE AVERY

***—Not the WACs. For close to two years now they've been doing a man-sized job in England and France. Meet the girls who have finally broken down the prejudice against women in the armed forces***

A WAC telephone operator in Paris was having trouble completing a call by phone. She was new to France and there were some things about the war she still didn't understand. The call was switched to the radio and she was given the routine warning: "Be careful. Remember—the enemy is listening."

Flustered, the WAC retorted quickly, "Oh, it really isn't that important. I'll call again when the enemy isn't listening."

The story is told wherever members of the Women's Army Corps are stationed in the European Theater of Operations—and the WACs tell it chucklingly on themselves. They can afford to, for they know that, actually, they are doing the jobs assigned to them by the U. S. Army quietly and competently.

Today there are more than 6,000 WACs serving in the ETO. Approximately half of them are in Britain. The rest are on the Continent, scattered in groups and detachments wherever Army headquarters are set up outside the actual combat zone.

What are they doing and how are they faring?

For the most part, the Army's women are satisfied. They're happy they joined the WAC and proud that they have been sent abroad. They've been in Europe long enough now for the big thrill to be over. The excitement of new places and foreign customs has subsided. Loneliness, boredom, restrictions, and lack of many civilian comforts are endured cheerfully.

Forgotten is the controversy over their usefulness to the armed forces. The WACs, originally recruited to work in clerical jobs, motor-vehicle operations, and communications, now perform vital tasks in 239 specialist fields—and the list is growing. Forgotten, too, is the slur campaign aimed against them by some of the opponents of women warriors.

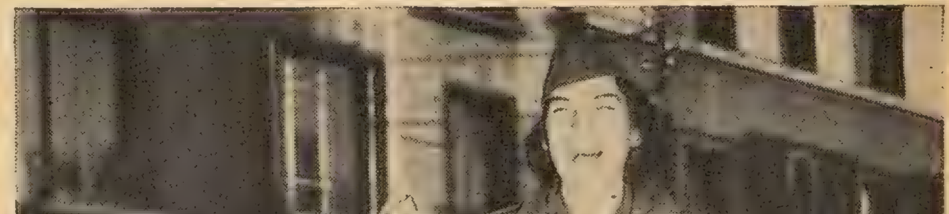
Very few of those assigned to the European theater have given up and gone home. When the corps was made an actual part of the Army in September, 1943, a few women dropped out. Some were unable to pass a new and more rigid physical examination, some were not recommended for re-enlistment, and some were no longer interested. The result was a tightening of the ranks, a gain in prestige, and a vast enlargement of opportunities. Sickness has sent a few WACs home. Some have died from natural causes. Some have been wounded by London's buzzbombs and have earned the Purple Heart. A few have married overseas, perhaps prompted by the advice in the WAC song (composed last winter in England and sung to the tune of Pretty Baby): "If you're nervous in the service, tired of Spam and powdered eggs, have a ba-bee . . . have a ba-bee. . . ."

But the majority of those khaki-clad women who started streaming across the ocean to Britain in July, 1943, are still at the jobs they came over to do. And they will remain at their posts until the Army sends them elsewhere.

Disgruntled G. I.s like to murmur that the Army favors the WACs as women. In truth, there's little discrimination. In the European Theater of Operations they live under the same conditions as other headquarters troops. Their billets are where they can find them: in old schoolhouses, abandoned champagne factories, evacuated public buildings, or in tents. In Paris they are usually assigned to hotels, but strictly under Army regulations.

As a WAC private said, "Home is where the first sergeant tells you it is. Five of us live in a double room with three beds, two cots, a table, a dresser, two big chairs (for the big sergeants) and two straight chairs (for pfc.s). There are five helmets, five gas masks, five duffel bags, ten barracks bags, five musette bags, five sets of overcoats, raincoats, utility coats, and various uniforms. We also have shelter halves, tent poles, mess gear, twenty blankets, five sets of assorted shoes and galoshes plus garter belts and an occasional war-torn girdle. It's a wonderful sight when we all get up at the same time."

WAC in the field. Pfc. Helen Carlson scrubs her clothes in her French billet.



WAC at work. Pvt. Jennie York, cousin to famed Alvin, handles mail in France.

PHOTOS FROM U. S. ARMY, INTERNATIONAL

WAC sightseeing in Paris. The sudden impact of Paris on the feminine soul hidden beneath the severe WAC uniform was startling.

The first WACs landed in France on July 14, last year. They came in a huge troopship, wearing helmets, carrying sixty-pound packs, blankets, and gas masks. A steel gangplank was lowered so they could stumble onto the landing craft instead of climbing down the ship's ladder, but the concession was made more to the commanding colonel's nerves than to any lack of acrobatic ability on the part of the WACs. Packed like sardines in the landing craft, they were run onto the beaches and marched up the long sandy road to their rendezvous.

Every month the Army finds more jobs that WACs, as women, are especially suited for or do particularly well. Two WAC officers and three enlisted women are now running the only internment camp for enemy women established by the U. S. Army in France. In charge are Captain Martha Cliff of Chicago and First Lieutenant Grace Auer of Detroit. The latter is WAC provost marshal, temporarily transferred from Paris for the job.

There's a traveling WAC mess team, composed of two officers and fourteen enlisted women, who journey up and down behind the lines, helping with the eternal problem of feeding troops. They show mess sergeants new ways to heat rations without building fires, how to serve appetizing and varied meals from the same old supplies, what to do when there's nothing but chili to last for seven days. This mess team is a pet project of the chief quartermaster, Major General Robert M. Littlejohn.

First Lieutenant Elaine R. Dickson of New York, who managed exclusive dress shops in Palm Beach and Southampton, is now a clothing courier for all women serving in this theater—WACs, nurses, and Red Cross personnel. It is her job to get proper clothing to members of the forces who are far from any Army sales stores. She does it with the help of Private First Class John Donald of Oklahoma, who drives a clothing truck, with his gun ready beside him on the seat. On the truck is a crew of four: a fitter, a former dress designer, a cashier (who doubles as machine gunner), and a combined fitter-storekeeper.

Before Lieutenant Dickson's traveling store and tailor shop arrives at an installation, all units in the area are notified that the "Quartermaster WAC" is on the way. By noon nurses begin to arrive in jeeps, ambulances, and trucks from field and evacuation hospitals.

Usually a tent is cleared for their use. Or, if buildings are available, a room is set aside. The fitters stack their guns, remove helmets, drape tape measures around their necks, fill their mouths with pins, and go to work. On one occasion the Red Cross tent was the only space available, and a USO show was scheduled to take it over at three o'clock. That gave Lieutenant Dickson & Co. two and one half hours to alter uniforms. They were just finishing when the actors arrived with stage props and moved in to the noise of whirring sewing machines.

IN Paris, WACs are running a prisoner-of-war information bureau, working with enlisted men and French interpreters. They record and file information on American p. o. w.s in Germany. Names and addresses of American prisoners gleaned from Nazi propaganda broadcasts, added to information from the International Red Cross, are checked against existing data. An over-all picture of our p. o. w.s in Germany is kept up to date. The WACs have information on living conditions in prison camps, know whether or not prisoners are receiving packages and mail. They keep tabs on the number of American chaplains and Medical Corps officers in each camp, and on the general health of prisoners.

In charge of the bureau are First Lieutenant Gretchen H. Kroch, who was an assistant bookstore manager in Chicago and Milwaukee before the war, and First Lieutenant Gertrude Auerbach of Palo Alto, California, a fluent German scholar. With them are Sergeant Margaret Kentopp, North Bergen, New Jersey, who was a student at Fordham before she joined up; Corporal Eddythe Wharton, Johnson City, Tennessee, a social-science teacher; Corporal Ruth Rosen, New York City, former advertising copywriter; and Corporal Margaret Van Atta, Princeton, New Jersey, stenographer.

Besides obtaining and recording information, they are working on plans to speed up repatriation of American p. o. w.s after the war. This is in strong contrast to the lack of planning that resulted in muddle and delay at the end of World War I.

There is also in the European theater a handful of WAC statisticians and typists who prepare the final plans for releasing Army supplies. And there is one WAC artist assigned to the U. S. Engineers.

The account of unusual jobs the Army women are doing could be strung out indefinitely, but it wouldn't tell how WACs in the ETO live, what they think, and how they feel.

In England, things go on about as they would at home. WACs do their work, make friends with civilians, go to shows and dances for recreation.

In France, the bitterness of the war and the language barrier have created a different situation. Except for a few WACs who have made friends with French families, the women are largely thrown on their own resources as far as recreation is concerned.

(*Continued on page 75*)

# Decline and Fall of the Roman Umpire

It started just like any other feud between a pitcher and an umpire. But then a dame moved in for a fix, and it turned into a fiasco

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

### BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

"NOT Mazotti!" Marty Winkler shouted incredulously. "You're not gonna stand there with your bare face hanging out and tell me *that* about eagle-eye Mike Mazotti! C'm'on now, Gabby. I been in the Pacific twenty-fi' months, but I still got a little bit of sanity left."

"Look, kid," said Gabby Weeks, wiping a beer glass with his apron. "I told it to you once, and that's the way it is. Whaddaya want from me? This ain't no time to be gabbing about baseball. There's snow on the ground. They're breakin' each other's heads with hockey sticks over at the Garden. I don't even remember how much dough I lost on the Series—that's how far away we are from baseball. So whaddaya want from me?"

"Gimme another beer," said Winkler. "Geeze, that's a hot one. Mike Mazotti, the ravioli kid, the best damned umpire in the major leagues . . . Why, that guy had such sharp eyes he could thread a needle no-handed—"

"Let's talk about somethin' pleasant, kid," said Gabby. "Tell me about what you did to them dirty little monkeys."

"Don't change the subject, Gabby." Winkler took a gulp of beer. "Give. And from the beginning, please."

"O. K." Gabby shrugged in defeat. "But I don't swear it's the McCoy. It's two years now, and I only picked it up from the sour grapevine. It ain't the way the sports writers told it."

"That's good enough for me," said Winkler.

"You remember Benny Slater?"

"Nnh, nnh." Winkler shook his head.

"Real name René La Touche. A Frenchy. Changed his handle to Benny Slater 'cause he thought it would go over better with the bleachers. A southpaw. Had a delivery looked like he was puttin' his foot through a wall every time he let go."

"Oh, yeah. Yeah."

"WELL, Slater and Mazotti got into one of them feuds. No one seems to know what really started it. Mazotti, you know, come over here from Rome when he was a kid, and they say this Frenchy Slater made a few nasty cracks when Il Douche done the stiletto job on the belle France. One thing, as the sayin' goes, led to another; they slugged it out a couple a times underneath the stands; and after that it's only natural Slater should feel Mazotti is an umpire who is deliberately callin' 'em wrong against him whenever he happens to be workin' a game Slater is pitchin'."

"Mazotti couldn't call one wrong even with his eyes closed," Winkler broke in.

Gabby ignored him. "Now, this Benny Slater is one of them lefties with a terrific fast ball and no control, and he's got that hot Frenchy blood in him and it don't take nothin' at all to make him blow his top and get chased to the sprinklers. It don't take more than maybe the bases bein' loaded and the count bein' three and two and him puttin' one right down the middle and Mazotti callin' it low and outside, for him to go berserk, and then they hammer the hell outta him easy. And it ain't only when Mazotti is workin' behind the plate. When Mazotti is workin' the bases, Slater is convinced everybody is beatin' out hits that were infield outs by maybe a yard, and he's just burnin' up inside."

"If Mazotti was calling them wrong," Winkler said, "how come Slater was the only guy who could see it?"

"I ain't sayin' Mazotti was callin' them wrong. I'm sayin' Benny Slater claimed he was. But nobody'd listen to him. After all, them eyes of Mazotti's are known from here to St. Looey and back. If somebody tells you Perfessor Einstein is addin' two and two together and he ain't gettin' four, are you gonna listen?"

Marty Winkler tried to say no while the beer was still pouring down his throat, and the result was a negative gurgle.

"Maybe it was what they call psychologic. You know." Gabby tapped his forehead. "Up here in the head. Maybe Slater only hadda *think* Mazotti was puttin' the finger on him. Whatever it was, it boils down to this: Benny Slater knows he will never be anything but a bum in a ball park as long as Mike Mazotti is workin' around him in a undertaker's suit, so the only thing to do is get rid of the guy."

"O. K., O. K., c'm'on," Winkler said. "How'd it happen to Mazotti? Give out."

"Well, there's this girl Dorothy—"

"Ah, hah!"

"A knockout of a dame, sellin' tickets at Loew's State, and it's lucky they lock them dames in a cage—that's what kind of a looker she is. This Dorothy is the personal property of Benny Slater, who is aimin' to marry her as soon as he can establish himself securely in the major leagues. So he goes to her with a little proposition: 'Be a good girl, honey. Do what I tell you. Make the acquaintance of this louse, Mazotti. You will find a way. Be nice to him, but not too nice. Play up to him, wrap him around your little finger, and when I give you the go-ahead, coax Mazotti into calling them very, very wrong against a certain stinker by the name of Benny Slater. Don't ask questions, honey. Just do as I tell you.'"

"Hah, I can see it already."

"All right, then. You tell it to me. Go ahead."

"C'm'on, Gabby, I'll shut up."

"All right, then. The dame does as she's told. She wangles an introduction to Mazotti when he's in town at the Astor for the second Eastern trip. She goes to work on him fast, and you know what a sucker Mazotti always was for dames. A couple o' weeks later, Slater has someone tip Judge Landis off that umpire Mazotti's eyes ain't kosher, and, sure enough, Slater finds out Landis is sending Bill Klem up to sit in the press box for a week to give Mazotti the once-over. Slater gives the go-ahead to Dorothy, who gives the needle to Mazotti, who really goes hogwild against Slater out there on the field. Slater pitches twice that week, and Mazotti calls them like he's blindfolded. Strikes become balls, third strikes become foul tips, and Slater loses with a grin on his face and his eyes toward where Klem is sittin'.

"The next game is the first half of the Sunday double-header, Slater pitchin' and Mazotti workin' behind first base, the poor slob. In front of fifty thousand people he digs his own grave without knowin' he's doing it, just on account of a dame. Slater becomes the first guy who was ever knocked outta the box by a succession of infield outs; but that's what happened, because Mazotti kept callin' the runners safe when it was pretty plain they was out by a mile. Slater walked to the showers smilin' with satisfaction, and the next day Klem goes back to the judge and tells him Perfessor Einstein is addin' two and two and gettin' five. The next thing you know, there's a quiet hearin', and then little stories in the papers about Mike Mazotti, the famous umpire, bein' released from the majors because of ill health, and the poor guy winds up as an umpire in the Piedmont League."

"A DIRTY rotten shame!" Winkler shook his head sadly. "And I suppose with Mazotti gotten rid of, Slater went on and had a terrific season."

"As a matter of fact," said Gabby, "he went to pieces, blew fifteen in a row, and wound up the season in the bull pen."

"How come?"

Gabby shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe he threw himself out. Maybe he never had nothin' on the ball in the first place. Personally, I think what did it was that dame of his runnin' off with Mazotti and marryin' him, Piedmont League or no Piedmont League."

"Hah!" Winkler said triumphantly. "Didn't I know it, though?"

"It serves that Benny Slater right, the louse," muttered Gabby Weeks.

"You mean losing the dame?"

"Nah. I don't mean her. She couldn't 'a' been much good anyway. I mean, after all that finaglin', all that trouble he goes to, what does he get out of it? With them fifteen games he blows, he gets his release, no one wants him, and he's waived right out of the big time."

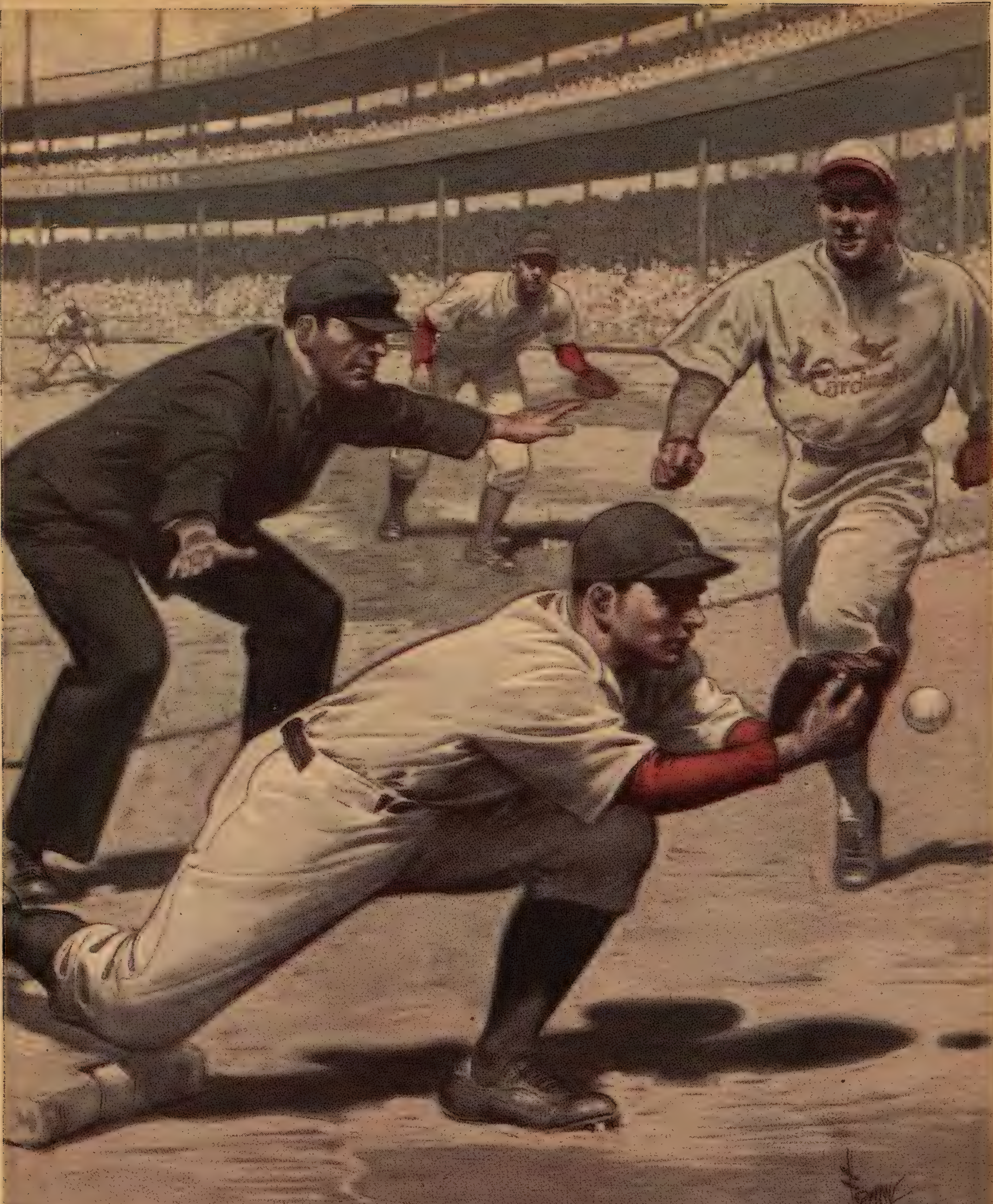
"He got off easy," Winkler said. "He still hasn't got what's coming to him."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Gabby. "I read the other day where he finally got himself a job and signed up for next season. He's gonna pitch for the Norfolk club."

"Hey!" Marty Winkler shouted.

"Right," said Gabby, grinning. "The Piedmont League."

THE END



"In front of fifty thousand people he digs his own grave without knowin' he's doing it, just on account of a dame."

# BLACK MARKET ON WHEELS

### BY VICTOR BOESEN

With 3,000 passenger cars wearing out every day, the scramble for those that are still running is at fever pitch. The black market in used cars makes all others look lily white—and the man behind it is YOU

A LOS ANGELES citizen wanted to deal his sedan in on a station wagon. Since no new cars had come off the line for three years, there was some delay in finding something that suited his fancy.

When he finally succeeded, his appetite whetted by the lesson in scarcity, he had no strong objection to what the station wagon's owner proposed to do to him. The station wagon would cost the gentleman his sedan, mutually valued at $1,400, and $3,000 besides, or a total of $4,400.

It was a deal. Each man got what he wanted and went away happy, spared by ignorance or indifference from any troubling reflections over the one thing wrong with the transaction: that the federal war-price ceiling on the station wagon had been violated by about $1,500.

Far from being novel, this incident typifies a fast-growing black market in automobiles throughout the nation, a black market which was so far out of hand near the end of 1944 that the OPA leaped into action with special measures to stamp it out before it could blow the lid off the entire price-control structure.

According to R. L. Polk and Company, statisticians for the automobile industry, the count in passenger cars on the road has fallen from nearly 28,000,000 at the time of Pearl Harbor to just a little more than 24,000,000 today, a drop of nearly 14 per cent. Now these are being retired at the rate of 3,000 a day, and the rate will accelerate as the survivors become older.

Under these conditions of diminishing supply, the scramble for possession is approaching hysteria. The traffic is by-passing the dealers—who claim they are still clinging valiantly to the regulations—and is pouring into the more lucrative channel of the private black market.

There are some shady characters in many of the operations, for the opportunities here make the racketeer in such relatively penny-ante commodities as cigarettes a piker by comparison. These do business curbside and in the cocktail lounges; but the chief offender is John Public himself, the fellow who works at a job all week and goes to church on Sunday. All but 650,000 of the nation's passenger cars are in his hands, and he is already accounting for more than half the volume of turnover.

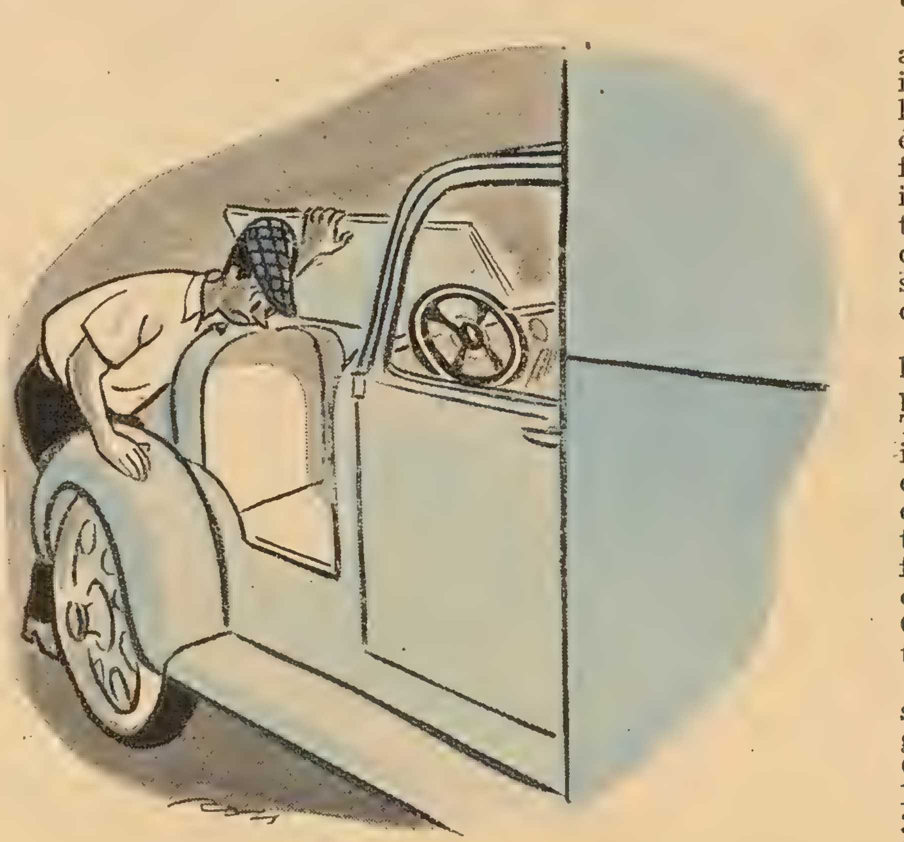
When the ceilings went into effect, July 10, 1944, the value of his car was fixed at what that model had been bringing the preceding January, when prices were already well into the foothills of inflation. So his jaloppy is worth at least what he paid for it months, or even years, before. He may resist the temptation to sell, but when a fellow down the street dangles an extralegal $50 or $100 before him, often much more, he frequently succumbs. The car must go.

Then he may find the taste of these easy dollars so pleasant that he will soon be seeking the means for making more of the same. The replacement car he buys may cost him most of his profit on the first sale, but he will make this up, with liberal interest, by delaying resale until the operations of the wide fraternity of which he will now be a member and the diminishing supply force prices still higher. So the vicious spiral continues.

Caught in the squeeze between John Public's operations and the OPA ceilings, the legitimate dealer complains that he is losing ground fast. As California goes in this situation so may go the nation, for California is the world's largest automobile market. The Golden State has a greater volume of cars than any other state, 600,000 more than New York, and the highest number per capita. It has more cars today than at the outbreak of war.

In Los Angeles, hub of the trade, a haze of fumes hangs over Automobile Row along Figueroa Street. Loud-speakers blare. Salesmen are crusty and well tailored. And anyone with other business in the neighborhood somehow hesitates to park his car too near.

But all this activity is not a mark of wartime profits in the making, say the dealers. It is merely evidence of a more vigorous scratching to survive.



One fellow bought a used car that was all used up. It didn't have a motor.

This is necessary despite the most robust market in history. In the Los Angeles OPA district of eight counties, cars are changing hands at the rate of nearly 30,000 a month; but less than half of these are passing through the area's 1,500 dealers. The major share is being handled by John Public.

Moreover, the cars that are brought into the public market place are the dregs of the trade: ancient vehicles or badly battered specimens of more recent models. These require heavy investment in repairs before they qualify for resale under the warranty for which the dealer may add $100 or 25 per cent, whichever is greater, to the price he paid for the machine. The difference between his repair costs and what the OPA allows him to add for the warranty, good for thirty days or 1,000 miles, whichever accrues first, is his profit.

To get hold of the cars that allow the maximum spread between these two points—that is, the later models in good shape—Los Angeles dealers are daily spending a small war loan in newspaper and radio appeals to the public to bring them in.

But they don't come. One large dealer puts out $500 a day in these appeals and the mountain brings forth a mouse: a single machine of vintage 1941, the last year of manufacture. He used to get seven a day before the ceiling took effect.

And this solitary car that now straggles in, though young, is usually so badly done in by the incomparable rigors of the chase in Los Angeles that it costs as much to put it back into shape as it would to recondition a much older one. The dealer in question estimates that the average expense of restoring these comparatively new but sick and scarred machines is $150. The cars of this same age which he used to get cost him only twenty-five dollars to refurbish.

The closest most of the good automobiles get to the dealer now is the curb alongside his establishment. The owner goes in and explains that he has had six offers, each more than the dealer is quoting. (He probably has, too.) Then he comes out and drives away, and after a while, somewhere, another clandestine deal is made.

Assorted and severe penalties have little or no effect on the pursuit of these illegal profits. The violator could draw a year in jail, a $5,000 fine, or both, on each count against him. The court could make him ladle up three times the amount he overcharged for the car, either to the buyer or to the U. S. Treasury via the OPA, according to who brought the suit.

There are several devices to snare the culprit, but he is still getting away—or was until the OPA began its current drive last December 4. Up to then, only 300 violators had been cited in the Los Angeles district since the ceiling was established.

There is a document called a

certificate of transfer. This is a record of the transaction, showing the price charged and so forth, which the seller gives to the buyer. Both sign it, and the buyer presents it to his gasoline-rationing board in applying for fuel. The buyer's board records the information and sends the original on to the seller's board.

Thus both boards have a record of the deal—or, at least, that is the theory. A seller who has knowingly stuck the buyer for more than the ceiling is likely to be coy about setting the fact down in black and white. The buyer isn't likely to give him away, because the buyer usually is under the impression, gently encouraged by the seller, that he is equally culpable. As a matter of fact, the buyer isn't, unless he plans to use the car commercially. OPA wishes more people knew this.

Then there was the used car that laid its motor in the street like an egg.

PHOTO FROM CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

The booming black market in used cars makes "Caveat emptor" the rule—let the buyer beware.

And even if the buyer knows he is in the clear legally, he still isn't likely to complain. The OPA estimates that only about 10 per cent of those overcharged report the fact. Buying a car is a man's biggest single expenditure after investing in a home. He makes his selection carefully, but once he finds what he wants, nothing can hold him. A rooking of $200 is likely to cause only a shrug of the shoulders in these times of scarcity.

However, if the secret of the phony entries in the certificate of transfer should leak out, there could be an embarrassing sequel, irrespective of what could happen to the seller for breaking the price laws. The information in the certificate is for federal authorities, and making a false affidavit to the U. S. government has been known to visit ugly consequences on the offender: a $10,000 fine and ten years in prison.

If that is cold sweat breaking out on your forehead, there isn't much comfort in the fact that no such fate has yet befallen an offender. It is just possible that the enforcement boys may soon make an example of somebody.

To find out who is falsifying the certificates, investigators are making the rounds of the rationing boards and pulling out for scrutiny a certain proportion of the documents on file. If you paid more than ceiling for your car but somehow the certificate doesn't show it, it would be a waste of time to fib to the investigator when he calls; he probably knows what you paid.

Here is how he knows. In all likelihood, the fellow you bought your car from had first canvassed the dealers, who took his license number when he refused to sell for ceiling and turned it over to the Better Business Bureau. The Bureau checked the license number with the state motor vehicle bureau to learn the owner's name and address, and relayed this information to the OPA.

Since then he has been a marked man. When enough time has passed for him to sell the car and the certificate of transfer to reach his rationing board, an investigator drops around for a look at the document to see who the buyer was. The certificate may look innocent, but the investigator has good reason to believe, from his knowledge of what the fellow had been asking for the car, that there is more to the transaction than meets the eye. That's why he called on you.

The seller may not have been to the dealers. He may have confined himself to individual prospects, of which there were almost certainly several before you. And one of these could have turned him in.

After the potential violator is revealed, efforts are also made to block him. The chances are that, failing to get his price in the public market, he will advertise his car in the newspaper classified columns. All automobile ads in these columns are regularly referred to the Better Business Bureau by the newspapers before they run them. Those found by the Bureau to match the names of persons who have asked too much for their cars are rejected. An ad is likewise refused if it is submitted by someone who has already sold the annual limit of three cars which the state allows the individual without a dealer's license. The Los Angeles Better Business Bureau has a file of 25,000 names in these two categories.

The owner seeking an overceiling price for the one car he is selling attempts to elude this vigilance by quoting a legal figure in the ad, baring his real intentions when a prospect goes for the bait. This may work if he hasn't spread around what he wants for the car—and if the guy who calls on him doesn't happen to be from the OPA.

The technique of evasion used by the citizen who has already sold the year's quota of three but is still at it, and who therefore is probably a professional chiseler on the licensed dealer, is to shift his printed location among diverse addresses and telephone numbers. The Better Business Bureau is on to this and knows how to deal with it.

Then there is the man who can't be bothered to file a certificate of transfer with his rationing board. He gets his gasoline the same way he gets his car—on the black market; so why stick his neck out with a document that will get him something he doesn't need?

So many chiselers are getting away with so many dodges that the dealer is being pushed against the ceiling with a force which is beginning to tell. How it is telling varies according to whose story one listens to, the OPA's or the dealer's.

The OPA men riding herd on southern California say that a few dealers are conscientiously sticking to the rules and would sooner go out of business than break them, but that on the whole the industry is pretty badly out of line. This is severely challenged by the dealers, and their story will be heard farther on.

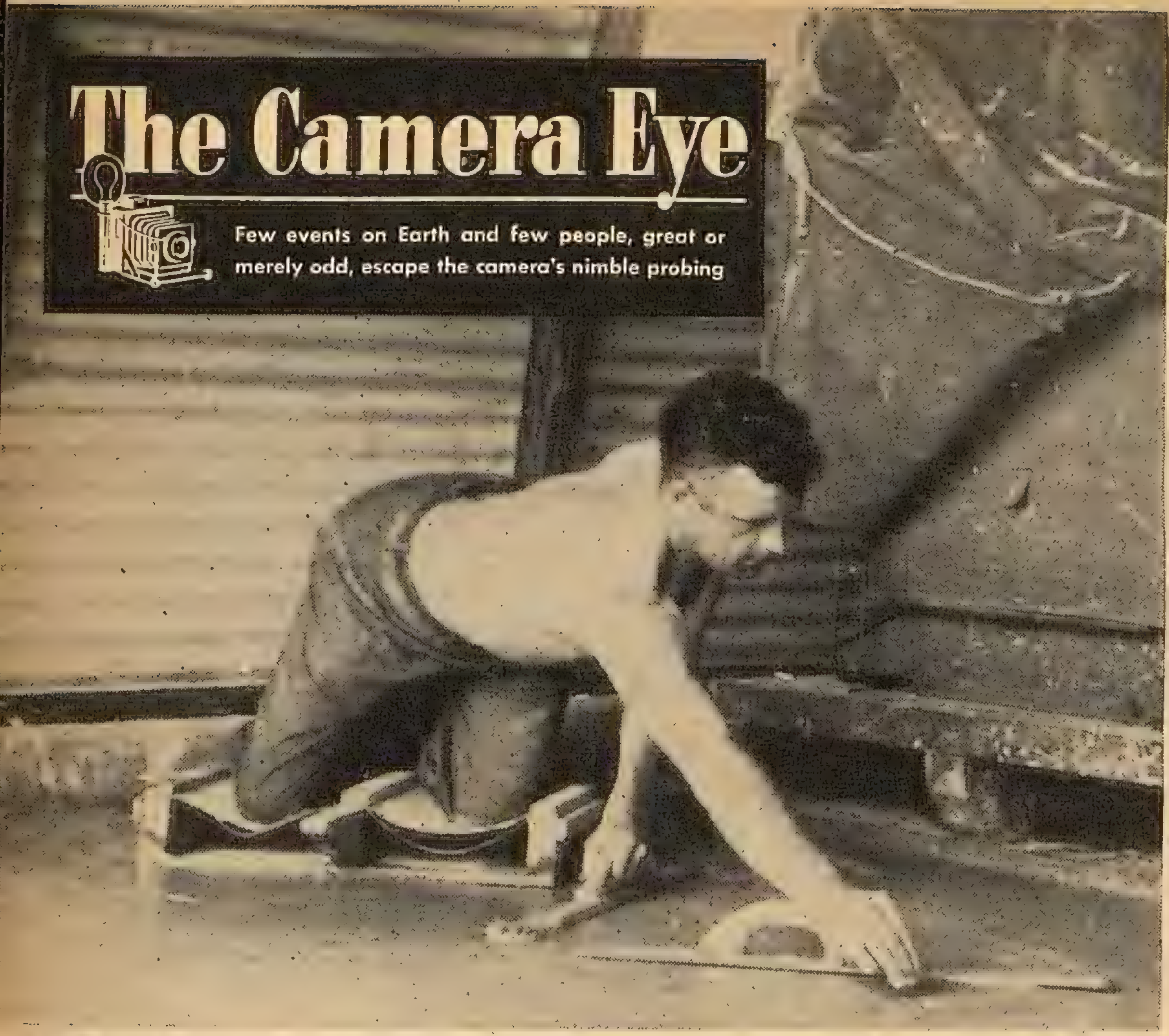
The OPA's allegations do not refer to the new-car outlets, which as such are quiescent for the duration. The new-car dealers who are turning over a few secondhand machines in the meantime are keeping scrupulously within the rules.

In support of their contention that the used-car men are out of line, the OPA men exhibit a list of twenty-five different types of violations which they allege are practiced by these harried dealers. These include refusing to sell without a trade-in, refusing a reasonable allowance on a

(*Continued on page 80*)

# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



**PRACTICAL**—Rhode Island's Rep. John Fogarty, of the House Naval Affairs Committee, learns naval affairs the hard way. He joined the Seabees, worked a month in the Pacific at such tasks as setting concrete bases of Quonset huts.

**EAST IS WEST**—as far as the old army game is concerned. G. I.s and their Chinese comrades don't speak the same language, so—during a noonday stop on the Ledo-Burma Road—they start a crap game, let the dice do the talking.

**INTERIOR DECORATION**—By which we mean both Cheryl Walker and what she is doing. She's stripped down to bare essentials, redecorating her Hollywood apartment.

U. S. MARITIME SERVICE

**ADOLF HITLER**

SURRENDER DAY

**MENU**

Persian Rug Supreme, *Broadloom Sauc*

★

Cream of Chenille, *Reine Margot*

★

Axminister Steak, *Yankee Cut*

Potted Hooked Oriental

★

Candied Fiber Squares

Bath Mats Tapestry

★

Mixed Navajo Salad, *Russian Dressing*

★

Apple Pie a la Doormat Frozen Serap

★

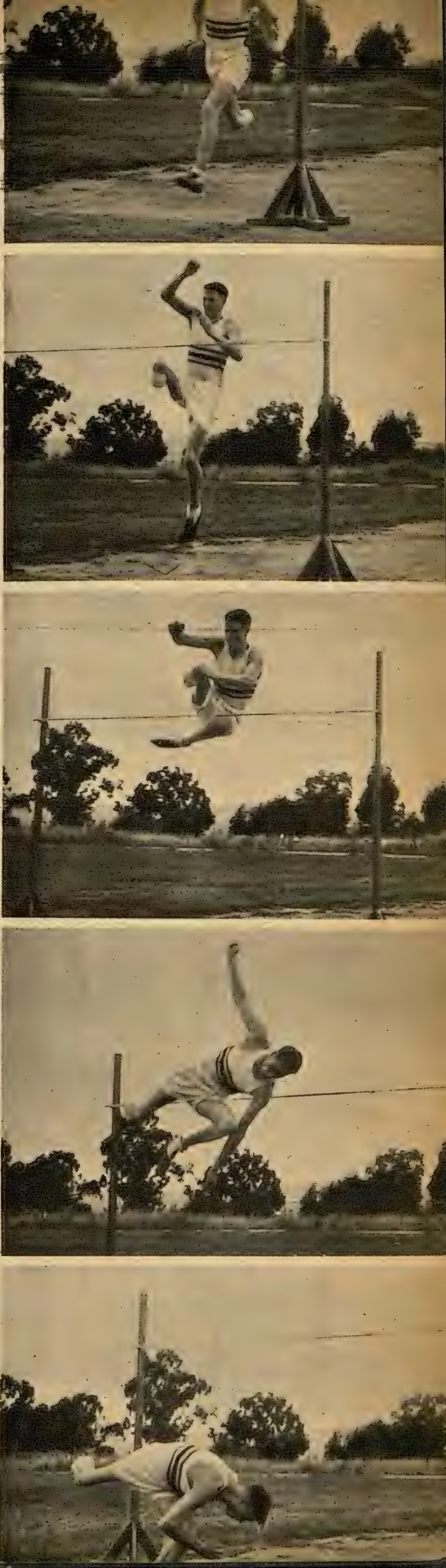
Bitter Tea

Carpet Tacks Petite Metal Strips

**YUM!**—Here's the dinner the U. S. Maritime Service Cooks & Bakers School is getting ready to serve Hitler on Victory Day.

**SOCIAL NOTE**—It was tea for two—or else—when Mary Connell entertained at her home in Council Bluffs, Ia., recently. The guest of honor had a terrible time.

**AT EASE**—Admiral William F. Halsey, Commander of the Third Fleet, relaxes after a swim off a Pacific island. He had come ashore from his flagship to attend a beach party.



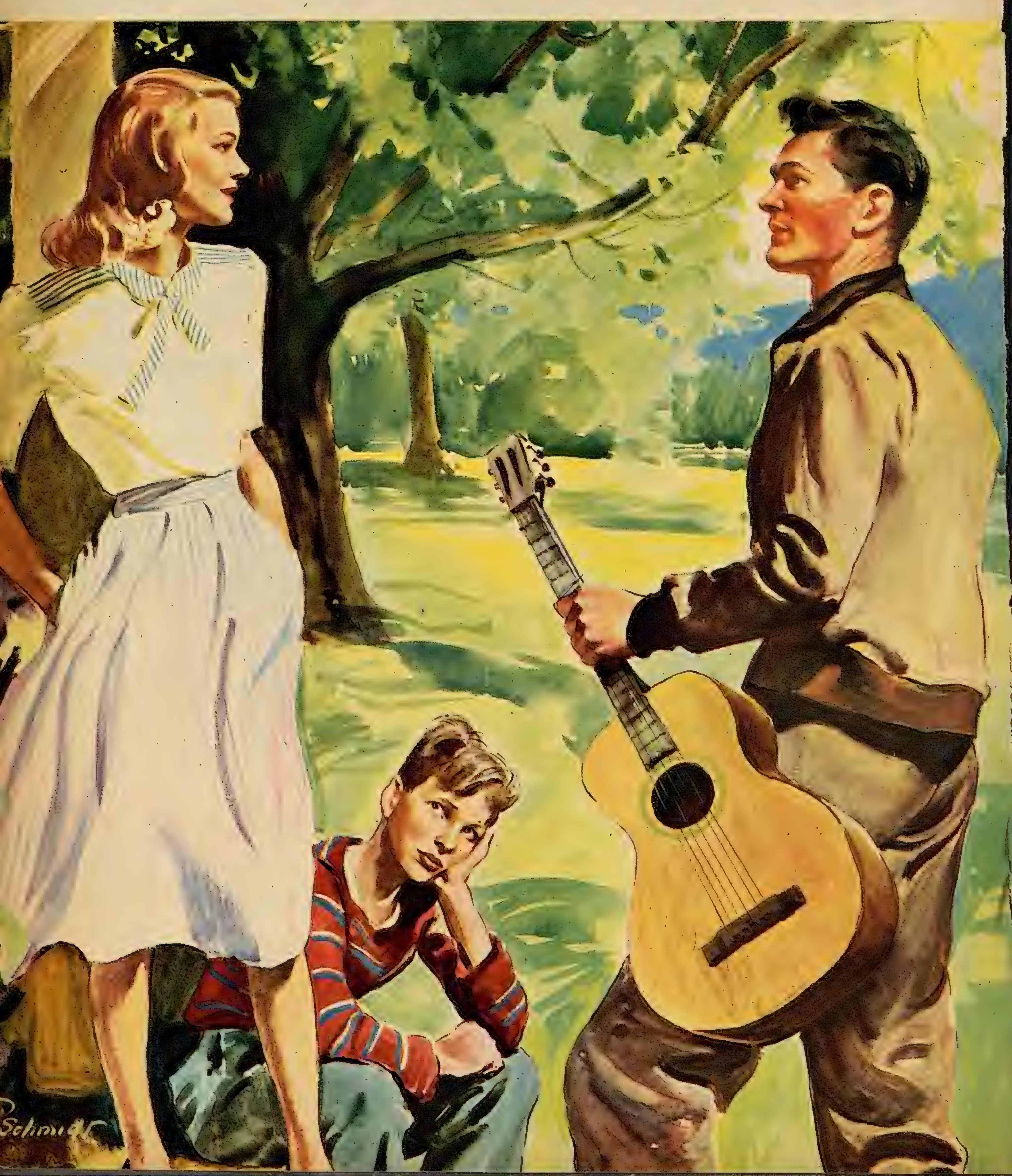
**HIGH JUMPER**—J. A. De Villier, one-legged athlete of Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa, will take life's hurdles in high. Already he has made himself a champion high jumper and is able to clear the bar at 5 feet 7 inches. He skips along on his run, launches himself over the bar, and takes the shock of landing on his good left leg.

**SPIRIT OF '45**—Three happy Pfc.s—Paul Kumler of Duncannon, Pa.; Lawrence Totsky of Mayfield, Pa.; Stuart Rouse of Kinston, N. C.—with guns and ammunition taken at Gurzenich, Germany.

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

"You have the beauty of song," Uncle Dan said. "Give it up for a beautiful woman and you'll die just as dead as if you were ready for the undertaker • •



# ...You Don't Belong to Any Woman"

I REMEMBER that I went trout fishing with Uncle Dan that morning. We went out of the house and across the lumberyards to the millpond to try for the trout where the water was deep and dark just above the millrace.

The sun was just rising above the tops of the spruces and pines, bathing the far shore of the pond in a clear bright light, while leaving us in the deep shadows. The sound of the millrace was the hushed roar of rushing water. A doe and a fawn came out of the woods on the far side of the pond to drink, their coats shining like burnished copper in the sun. They lifted their heads alertly and the water dripped from their muscles in globules of shining silver.

Uncle Dan looked at me and gave me one of his slow warm smiles. He was a strange man, Uncle Dan, and one that I loved to be with always. He was tall and lank, with deep-set eyes in a weathered face, and a wide tender mouth that I never saw tighten in real anger.

As a very young man Uncle Dan had gone away to sea. He traveled pretty well over all the world, I guess. But when my grandfather died, he came home to run the big lumberyards and the sawmill. Whatever he thought of those earlier days, I hardly knew. But sometimes, when we sat quietly on a log together, or on the porch in the evening, watching the long shadows creep across the lumber piles, his eyes would take on an aloof expression and I would guess that he was remembering some far-off place.

The deer swung around lithely and bounded off into the dark of the woods as Uncle Dan whipped his line out to the edge of the log raft where the water swirled toward the millrace. The big trout struck with a lively splash and then churned the water to a silvery froth as Uncle Dan fought him in toward the shore and the landing net.

Marge, my sister, was working in the kitchen with the hired girl when Uncle Dan and I returned with the big mess of speckled trout. Marge kept house for Uncle Dan. Even to the eyes of a small brother, she was the most beautiful creature in all the world.

She was a tall girl, as graceful and supple as the deer we had seen at the edge of the pond, and as golden as the doe had looked in the sun. Her hair was red gold and her eyes so deep a blue as to be almost violet. But for all her golden beauty she had a mind of her own. A week after Uncle Dan had brought Marge and me to live with him she was the acknowledged mistress of the house.

**I took a quick look at Marge's face and knew that her beauty was as tangible as a blow to Nick.**

Now she took the trout that we had cleaned at the pond, rolled them in corn meal, and dropped them in the sizzling bacon fat. At the same time she ordered us to wash and get ready for breakfast.

When we went in to breakfast, Bill Ardley was there. Bill was Uncle Dan's foreman, a big slow-voiced young man with a diffident smile and an equally shy manner. But he knew more about the lumber business than anyone else around. What's more, he could get more work out of a gang with that soft voice and manner of his than any man I've ever known.

I don't believe that there was any understanding between him and Marge at that time. But it was pretty generally accepted that one day the two of them would get married and have a share in the lumber business.

AFTER breakfast the two men went off to the mill. The gang was piling out of the bunkhouse, fanning out to their jobs in the mill and yards.

I went to the village to run some errands for Marge. Then I carried drinking water from the spring and lugged wood in for the kitchen stove. After that I sat in the shade of a lumber pile. That was when I loved Salisbury the most. The sun, now high in the sky, brought out the full redolence of freshly-sawed lumber. It was a perfume that pervaded the whole of the little town. You could no more escape it than you could escape the high-pitched whine of the saws. All other sounds—the voices of the men at work, the rattle of wagons on the road, the lowing of cows in the distance, and the lazy mellow chime of cowbells—were heard against the background chant of the saws.

Late in the forenoon even the shrill whistle of Old 68, blowing for the road crossing on the far side of town, was muffled by the song of the saws. Hearing it, I got to my feet and walked over toward the station to see if any men would get off Old 68. For, though 68 was the way freight, the train crew used to let anyone ride who was looking for a job in the sawmills along the line.

Old 68 pulled to a stop with the caboose just opposite me. I looked along the train to see if any men were swinging down from the boxcars. There were none, and I was a little disappointed, for I had heard Bill say that he wished a few more hands would come along.

Then, as silence fell, broken only by the wheezing pant of the old freight locomotive, I heard a man in the caboose singing. It was odd that it was that particular song that I first heard him sing. He was singing in a soft rich baritone, strumming an accompaniment on a guitar. And the song he sang was that old ballad, I Know Where I'm Goin'.

I held my breath, listening to the song against the background of the singing saws. He sang:

"'I know where I'm goin',
And I know who's goin' with me.
I know who I love,
But my dear knows who I'll marry.'"

When he stopped singing I breathed softly, waiting. But there was no more singing, and I felt cheated, thinking I might never hear him sing again.

Then the door of the caboose opened and a man came out carrying a battered suitcase with a guitar swung over one shoulder. His old felt hat was pushed far back on his head. Under its brim his hair was black and crisp. He had dark eyes that seemed to be laughing all the time, and his wide mouth looked as though it never stopped smiling.

He waved a hand to the train crew and called out, "Thanks for the ride down."

The conductor came out on the caboose platform behind him and said, "The thanks are all on our side, stranger. That was the sweetest singin' I've heard in a coon's age." Then he added, "It's that big white house straight across the lumberyard. If Dan Willard hasn't a job for you, he'll know who has."

When I heard that, I raced back across the yard, my heart pounding with excitement. The singer with the guitar was coming to our place and I knew he'd get a job. And I'd hear him sing again.

I was sitting on the steps of the front porch when he came into the yard. His smile was a gay salute as he said, "Good morning, Bub. Is your dad's name Dan Willard?"

I shook my head. "That's my Uncle Dan. He's over at the mill right now. But he'll be coming home for dinner most any time now."

He dropped his battered suitcase. "I'm Nick Dorsey, lookin' for a place to work and eat for awhile. Mind if I sit down beside you and wait for your uncle?"

He sat down, swinging the guitar across his knees. His long, lean hands ran along the mute strings as though caressing them.

I WATCHED the laugh wrinkles pucker around his eyes. "You ever heard any cowboy songs, Bub?"

As I shook my head, I guess he saw the plea in my eyes, for he plucked at the strings and drew forth vibrantly mellow notes. Then he began to sing in a sort of crooning voice. There was magic in his voice and in his hands. I closed my eyes and it was no longer bright noonday beside the lumberyards. Even the song of the saws seemed to fade away. I could see it as I had read it in books, the black

*(Continued on page 61)*

PHOTO BY NICKOLAS MURAY

**Ten years ago ice was just something you put in highballs, but today ice skating is a hundred-million-dollar business. Here's the baby-faced blonde who helped to make it so—Sonja Henie, Inc., Skates & Glamor**

IT'S hard to say which end of Miss Sonja Henie is the more gifted—especially since she's not too bad in between. Not only is she the greatest woman figure skater ever, and one of the world's most remarkable athletes, but that Dresden-doll-like head contains one of the best business brains this side of a junior Morgan partner. As for the territory between, those who have looked it over have declared the legs superior to Grable's, and say that Miss H. doesn't exactly need skates to get by.

Today Sonja Henie, Inc., Skates & Glamor, is an international cartel on ice. World figure-skating champion ten straight times and Olympic champion three, Miss Henie has helped build the ice-skating business from peanuts to about $100,000,000 a year. And she herself grosses about $2,000,000 in the Ice Show she founded and in which she stars.

She is copartner in that show, and in the one that has been running for five straight years at the Center Theater, Radio City, New York 19. Her yearly take in Hollywood runs into six large figures and she has a part interest in International Pictures, the new film company which has just made It's a Pleasure—her ninth picture. She picks up some odd chicken feed in royalties from Sonja Henie dolls, skates, and sportswear. She recently acquired $750,000 worth of the New York Yankees ball club, as copartner with her husband, Dan Topping, millionaire sportsman, now a Marine captain in the Pacific. And when Topping entered the service, he turned the affairs of his pro football team, the Brooklyn Tigers, over to Sonja! Besides all this, she does her own investing. She is practically the only big Hollywood star without an agent.

How does this miniature Napoleoness do it? Weighing a mere 109, five feet two inches in height, with a No. 4 shoe and a twenty-one-inch waist, she's hardly as big as a minute. The answer is sheer grit, determination, lots of practice, inexhaustible energy, and plenty of Norwegian fish pudding. Sonja rarely gets out of condition. To her, life has always been a challenge, and she approaches it as she used to approach Olympic contests: by never undervaluing herself. "People never put a higher price on you than you put on yourself," she says with a vigorous shake of her golden curls. The Henie price tag is in seven figures, and it's hardly a rumor that she can cut $ signs with her skates.

At thirty-two, when many athletes are seeking quieter pastures, Miss Henie shows no sign of fading. After twenty-five years of almost constant physical strain, she still scoots out on the white ice at top speed

# Monopoly on Ice

### by Ted Shane

and for sixty minutes—she times everything to the exact second—puts on a demonstration that calls for the stamina of a football player. She never misses a performance. She takes chances, too. Should she hit a jettisoned bobby pin or matchstick during one of her terrific spins, she might easily break a pretty leg. Should her partner drop her during the adagio number in which she's hoisted over his head and carted around on one hand while he skates backward—boom—it'd be like a stock-market crash.

Sonja, however, has taken a few tumbles in her time. Once she fell down while performing for King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway. "But I bounded up so qvik," she says, "they tot it is part of the number." She's had a couple of more serious falls. Last year a photographer in Indianapolis exploded a flash bulb in her face as she was sailing backward in her hula number. It blinded Sonja and she kept on going into the arena aisles, knocking herself out. The music played on and she lay there in a grotesque heap for three minutes. Then she leaped up and completed the number.

Once, in Chicago, someone stuck a skate in between hers and she fell, then rose with a five-inch cut in her knee. She skated off with a bootful of blood. During a picture she was making, the chorus bumped her and she sprawled in a layer of black ink lying atop the ice to give it unscarred high lights. It took weeks of bleaching baths to get her white again. In view of all this, it is undoubtedly more than ordinary caution that prompts Sonja to carry $4,000,000 in insurance and to insure her legs for $50,000 at Lloyd's.

IT is not on skates alone that Sonja is athletically proficient. A few years ago the Norwegian government gave her a gold medal for a pentathlonic ability at skating, skiing, riding, swimming, and tennis. Had she pointed her cap differently, she might have been champion at any of these other sports. Sonja herself tells you without modesty that her skating today is better than it ever was. Others can do many of the things she does on skates as well—but few can do all of them. Before Sonja, figure skating was largely the making of scrawls with skates; today it's ballet on ice.

When I asked Sonja in her dressing room backstage at Madison Square Garden in New York City how long she thought she could go on skating, she shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know," she confessed. "As long as dey fant me."

Judging from the way the audience cheers and whistles when she darts out on the ice, it might be for years.

Should the Henie leg and glamor slip, however, there is the acute Henie business sense to fall back on. A few years ago some Seattle promoters bigheartedly offered Sonja $20,000 for three nights in that town. They'd heard how dumb baby-faced blondes were. All they got was the iced Henie shoulder. One night alone at Madison Square Garden had netted $28,000 to split with her ice-show partner, Arthur M. Wirtz. Another time, irked by the Henie corner on the Henie product, the rink owners of the hemisphere tried to gang up on her. "You skate for $500 a night," they said, "or you don't skate." So she didn't skate. That is, until they met her figure: 50 per cent of the gross, with the rink owners paying overhead, talent, and exploitation. Which is merely justice. Ten years ago ice was something you put in highballs. Today, because of Sonja, hundreds of rinks have been built the world over—including about twenty in California.

There is little about ice that Sonja doesn't know. She keeps her dimples and pretty nose in everything. She hires her own casts and musicians. She plans her shows, dreams up new numbers, O. K.s wardrobes, selects music, trains skaters, and helps mount the whole thing. She knows what costumes should cost, how much a stadium should rent for, and what to pay electricians. She knows the profit on the Sonja Henie coloring books, jewelry, and on that plush-covered souvenir she soaks you fifty cents for at her shows. A smart salesman, she has brother Leif (Lafe to you) bring buyers to her shows on passes. There they see the new Sonja Henie skating creations, designed mostly by Sonja, in actual demonstration by the Sonja Henie skating gals. Thus is the Sonja Henie Skateswear line sold.

She has a traveling staff to handle the problems of the 100 people—count 'em—in the cast and the weekly show expenses of $50,000. The staff includes a secretary, accountant, hair stylist, and office force to help her write letters, keep up appearances, bale the dough and truck it to the bank. Leif and wife come along, as does Mama Henie, who still cleans Sonja's white skating shoes before every performance.

Miss Henie also has an eye to futurities. Back in 1940 brother Leif was in Oslo, the Henie home town, on a visit. Sonja got a hunch and cabled Leif to sell the big department store their late father owned there. Sonja didn't like the look of things in the war. Leif sold the store and not only brought home a holdful of Norwegian moola but also $400,000 worth of hardware Sonja had picked up as trophies in amateur competition. Leif got them aboard the S. S. Bergensfjord, the last boat out before Nazi occupation. They now rest snugly in several rooms in Sonja's Bel Air home in California and are so numerous they take about three days to polish.

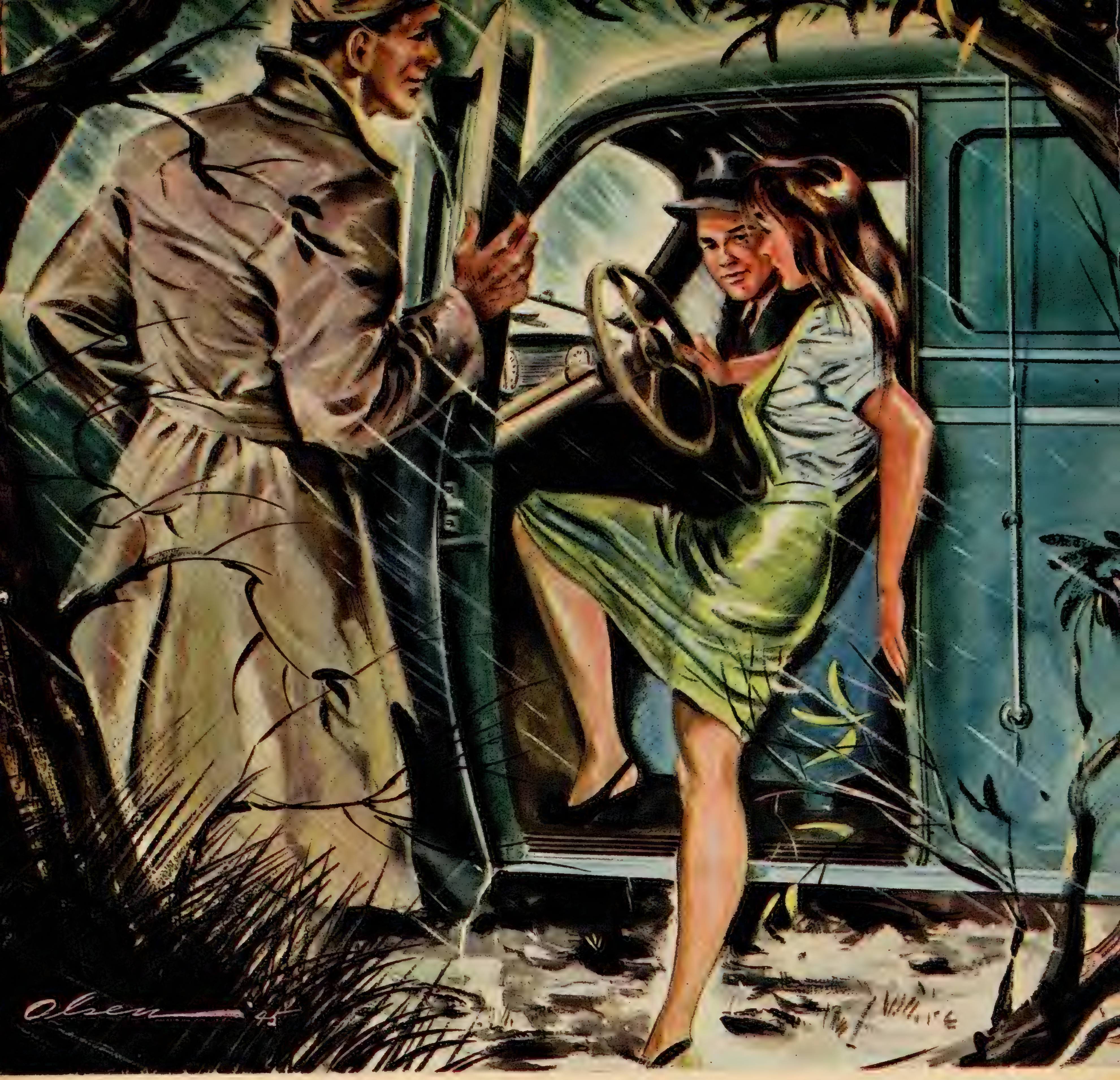
Gossip always makes performers stingy, and there are stories that Sonja is a penny pincher, that she doesn't tip, that she has her first buck on ice. These have been around since the days she was accused of demanding certified checks as an amateur, and they are hard to believe.

She pays skaters well, if not astronomically. They get fifty dollars up, are encouraged to earn more by mastering specialties, and split $10,000 bonus money if the tour's been good. (This year it grossed more than $2,150,000—best yet.) I was present when a $1,000 check went to the March of Dimes from Sonja. She likes to throw parties for the "kids," as skate chorusters are known, and she gives diamond bracelets to stand-ins. She doles out passes by the thousands to Norwegian sailors; and for years she's been sending delicious fish puddings, each and every day, to a Brooklyn home for Norwegian t. b. victims.

Born during a spring blizzard in Oslo, Norway, on April 8, 1913 (without skates on), Sonja won her first championship at the age of eleven. The Henies immediately dedicated their lives to her. Tutored privately, mentally and pedally, at fourteen Sonja was world woman champ. From there on it was all smooth ice. Only once has she been defeated: in 1924 she came in last in the Olympics. In 1936, Maribel Vinson, the American champ, made a daring bid for the Olympic judge's eye by appearing in a "darling rose velvet with

*(Continued on page 66)*

Here's the form — both on and above the ice — that has made Sonja famous.



ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

**A week ago he was bored with his job as an airways inspector—but here he was with a criminal, a stranded girl, and a landslide on his hands! The thrilling story of a stormy ride to Reno**

### BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

IT'S a federal offense to monkey with an airways beacon. Dick Haynes, airways inspector, had left his CAA truck on the muddy road below Site 6. He was climbing the hill to the light tower when he noticed that the door of the beacon shed stood open. He swore, his lean young face tightening with dismay. This three-day storm had kept him working the clock around. Now, on top of his other headaches, he had prowlers to contend with. And he was the guy who was bored with his job, a week ago.

He turned and ran down the wet slope to his light sedan-delivery. From the dash compartment he took his .45 automatic; an airways mechanician is empowered to arrest anyone damaging airways equipment.

Turning, he climbed the wet hill again, his slicker swishing about his long legs.

> "It's all right, miss. I'm under arrest, but it's just a case of burglary. You're safe with me."

He reached the beacon shed. Through the open doorway he saw a man bent over the fuel lines at the back.

Dick said, "You can look now, chum. You're under arrest."

The man jumped as if a live wire had been applied to his backside. He was slim, young, fair-haired. His clothes were wet, but obviously good.

Though startled, he said steadily enough, "I was trying to get a few gallons of gasoline. My car ran dry and I'm stuck."

"Don't you know that breaking into an airways beacon shed will get you five years in a federal penitentiary?"

The man's good-looking face went white. Dick felt a hot flush of guilt: as if he himself were committing some crime. Angrily he told himself not to be a dope; a guy monkeying with a beacon might cause it to go dark. And *that* might cause a plane crash and the snuffing out of a dozen lives.

"Look," the man said, his eyes sick and pleading. "I'll be glad to pay you a fine. I've got a hundred dollars—"

Dick cut in angrily, "Save it for a lawyer! Come along."

They climbed down the hill, gusts of rain lashing them.

From a locker in the truck Dick took a chain and a padlock. He ordered the man to slide onto the seat and put his arms behind him. Dick looped the chain snug about the thief's wrists, and locked them tight against the seat support.

"I don't like playing Gestapo," Dick said, "but I'm too damn busy to stand guard over you."

Done, Dick climbed up to the beacon tower again. He was a Civil Service employee of the CAA, listed as an airways mechanician, and his job was maintenance of the beacons set every fifteen miles on the sector of federal airway between San Francisco and Reno.

HERE, at Site 6, Dick set to work. With lithe practiced ease he clambered to the service platform of the tower. When he saw what had happened to one side of the double-end rotating beacon, he uttered an excited whistle. This was one for the book! During the storm the wind had reached seventy-mile-an-hour force. A mallard duck had been arrowing along with that wind and had hit the twenty-four-inch light as squarely as if aimed, breaking the lens and five-hundred-watt bulbs.

Dick dug out the remains, murmuring, "So you went out like a light, my feathered friend." He screwed new bulbs into the sockets, then switched on the current.

The two-million-candle-power beams, bright in the storm dusk of midafternoon, turned a two-spoked wheel of light through the glinting rain. And the two red course lamps, pointing the line of flight east and west, flashed in dot-dash code the identifying number of Site 6. Dick tested the automatic changer, to make sure that the stand-by bulb would function if the working bulb went dark. The changer tested O. K.

This one was easy, so the next one's going to be tough.

Done, he hurried down the slope to the truck. His eyes narrowed thoughtfully as he looked at his prisoner. The man had good control, but there was a pinched whiteness about his lips.

"My name's Satterlee," the prisoner said. "Say, about my car. Could we tow—"

"Sorry. I'd do it, in spite of regulations. But I got an emergency job ahead, and minutes count."

Dick drove the light truck through the deep ruts of mud to the highway, and turned east on the wet concrete.

But almost at once he had to slacken speed. A creek overflow up ahead had put five inches of water on the highway.

Rounding a curve, Dick jammed on the brakes.

A woman stood in the water on the road, waving frantically. Nearing her, he saw a car tilted precariously off on the shoulder, hopelessly mired.

"Can you help me?" she asked as he opened his door.

He saw that she was young—slim and redheaded and young. She's soaked through, he thought; her make-up's run and her clothes are plastered to her like washrags, and still she's pretty. He stepped out of his car.

"Quick, get in," he said. "You're practically begging for pneumonia. We'll send a tow truck from Reno for your car."

"Thanks ever so much!"

She started to slide in under the steering wheel, and froze, blurting a startled, "What in the world—"

She'd seen Satterlee, seen his wrists chained together. Quickly, before Dick could reassure her, Satterlee spoke up:

"It's all right, miss. I'm under arrest, but it's just a case of burglary. You're safe with me."

"But—"

"Quick!" Dick insisted. "You're getting soaked. Climb over the seat, in back. Better shed your dress and shoes and pull on my overcoat. I've got some bourbon you'd better drag at, too."

# A PICK-UP FOR *Reno*

She climbed into the back and Dick started the car moving immediately.

Satterlee asked, "Could I have a pull at that bourbon?"

"Sure. Just a pick-up you want, or an anesthetic?"

"Just a pick-up. I'm cold, not panicky."

Dick took the bottle from the dash compartment. Presently the girl slid onto the seat between them, curling her bare feet under her. Dick's overcoat was tight around her.

"I was *so* wet and *so* cold!" she admitted. Her clear voice was very attractive. Dick gave her the bottle. She took a gulp, choked, and laughed.

Dick reached back, got his lunch box and set it on her lap.

"MY name's Ellen Truman," the girl said.

"I'm Dick Haynes."

Satterlee said nothing.

"What man-sized sandwiches!" she exclaimed. She was unwrapping Dick's lunch. "Couple summers ago I worked as a fire lookout in a forestry tower. I used to make myself sandwiches like these."

"Where was that?" Dick asked.

"Angeles Forest, down south."

"Ever ride the Mount Lowe Railway?"

"Have I! 'In all the world, no trip like this!' " she quoted, and laughed. "We'd go to Rubio Canyon, take the incline railway to Mount Lowe, then hike over to Mount Wilson, visit the observatory, and stay overnight. Next morning we'd hike down to Sierra Madre."

"I've made the trip a dozen times myself," Dick said. "I grew up in Altadena."

"Why, I lived around the corner from you, then, in Eagle Rock. Remember the Montrose fire?"

"Didn't see it, but I remember the flood that poured through Montrose as a result of the fire clearing off the watershed. For a mild climate, California weather cuts some lethal didos at times."

"Just the same," she said, "I've lived in the East, and when it comes to heat waves, floods, and cyclones—"

"—I'll take earthquakes," Dick chimed in with her.

They were climbing the Donner grade now. Dick peered ahead, straining to see through the pouring rain. The girl handed him a sandwich. She offered to hold one to Satterlee's mouth, but he refused with a nervous jerk of his head.

She remarked, "A hot dish of clam chowder would go good."

"I'd settle for an abalone steak at the Grotto," Dick said.

Satterlee sat in stubborn, stony silence.

"Why the rush to Reno, Miss Truman?" Dick asked then.

"Not for a divorce. To get married."

"You can get married in California."

"After a three-day wait. I'm a social worker, and I've got some five days' accumulated leave. Our plan is to meet in Reno, get married, and spend the five days at Lake Tahoe."

"Then back to the social work. That's one long heartache, isn't it?"

"Oh, no. My job is a constant lift of heart! You see, I investigate people who want to adopt a baby, and such people are most always grand persons."

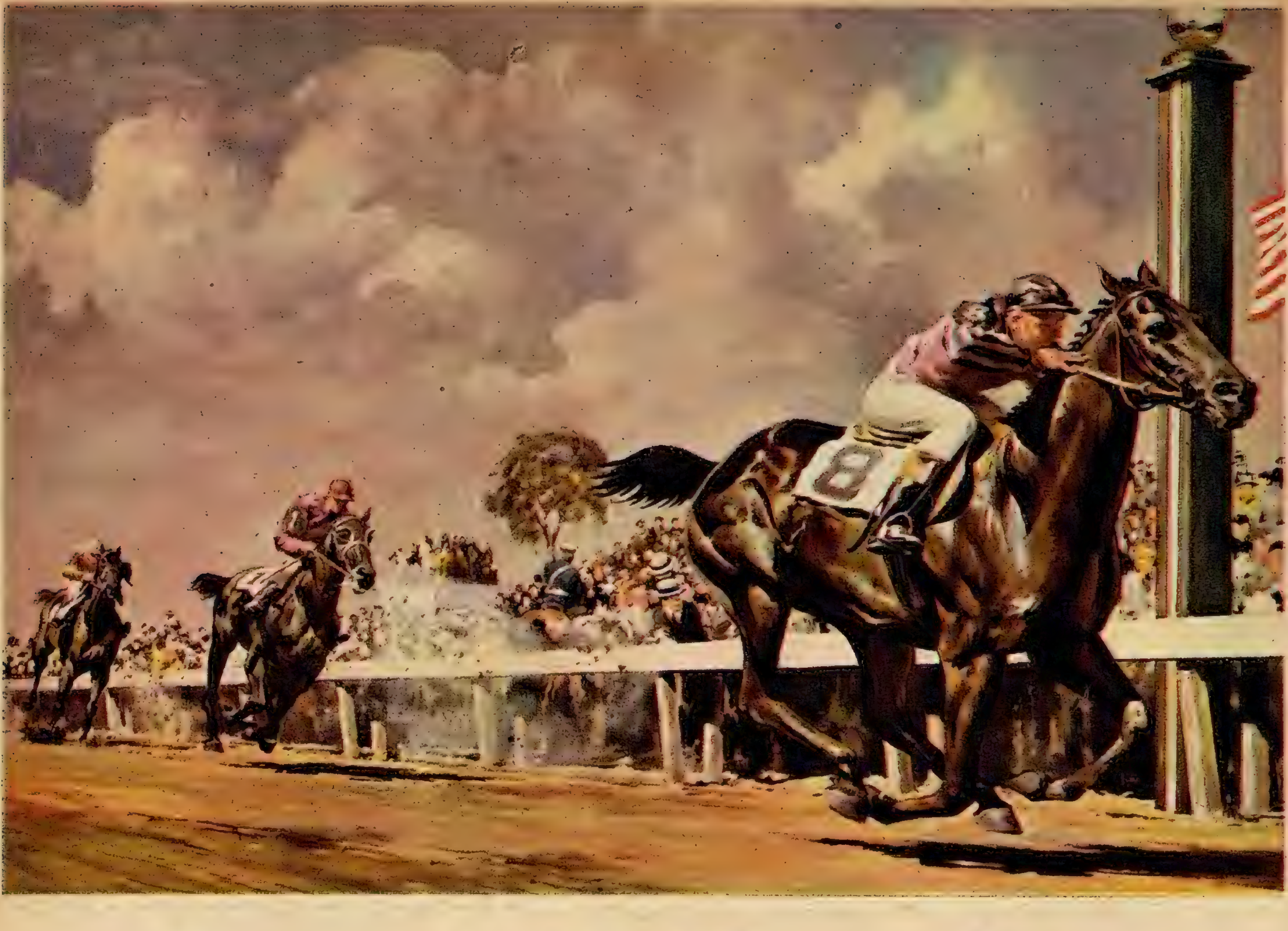
There was a glow on Ellen's own face as she spoke.

Beacon 7 was off a side road just ahead. Dick turned off the highway and stopped.

"When I finish here, we'll rush straight to Reno," he promised.

As he got out, he glanced at Satterlee's hands, to make sure they were still securely locked together. They were. But what Dick saw almost made him blurt out in amazement. All this time Satterlee had

(*Continued on page 52*)



# When records fell at Churchill Downs

***Remember*** the 47th running of the Kentucky Derby? That sensational race of May, 1931!

They're talking about it yet, down Louisville way!

Twenty Grand, slow to begin, took command in the stretch, drew away fast and finished an easy winner. Sweep All was second. Mate, third.

And the time? 2:01 4/5 — shading the old track record!

Did you follow the thundering hoof-beats on that momentous day?

*Maybe you were listening in — with a Sparton!*

Many Spartons of that year are still in use—still bringing their owners the best in sportscasts, music, news and entertainment.

***After the Victory is won,*** there will be new and finer Spartons — radios and combinations with FM, of unsurpassed performance. All in beautiful cabinets created by America's leading designers!

They will be sold *The Sparton Way* — through only *one* retail dealer in each community, who has the exclusive sale of Sparton products.*

That is your assurance of highest quality at lowest possible cost.

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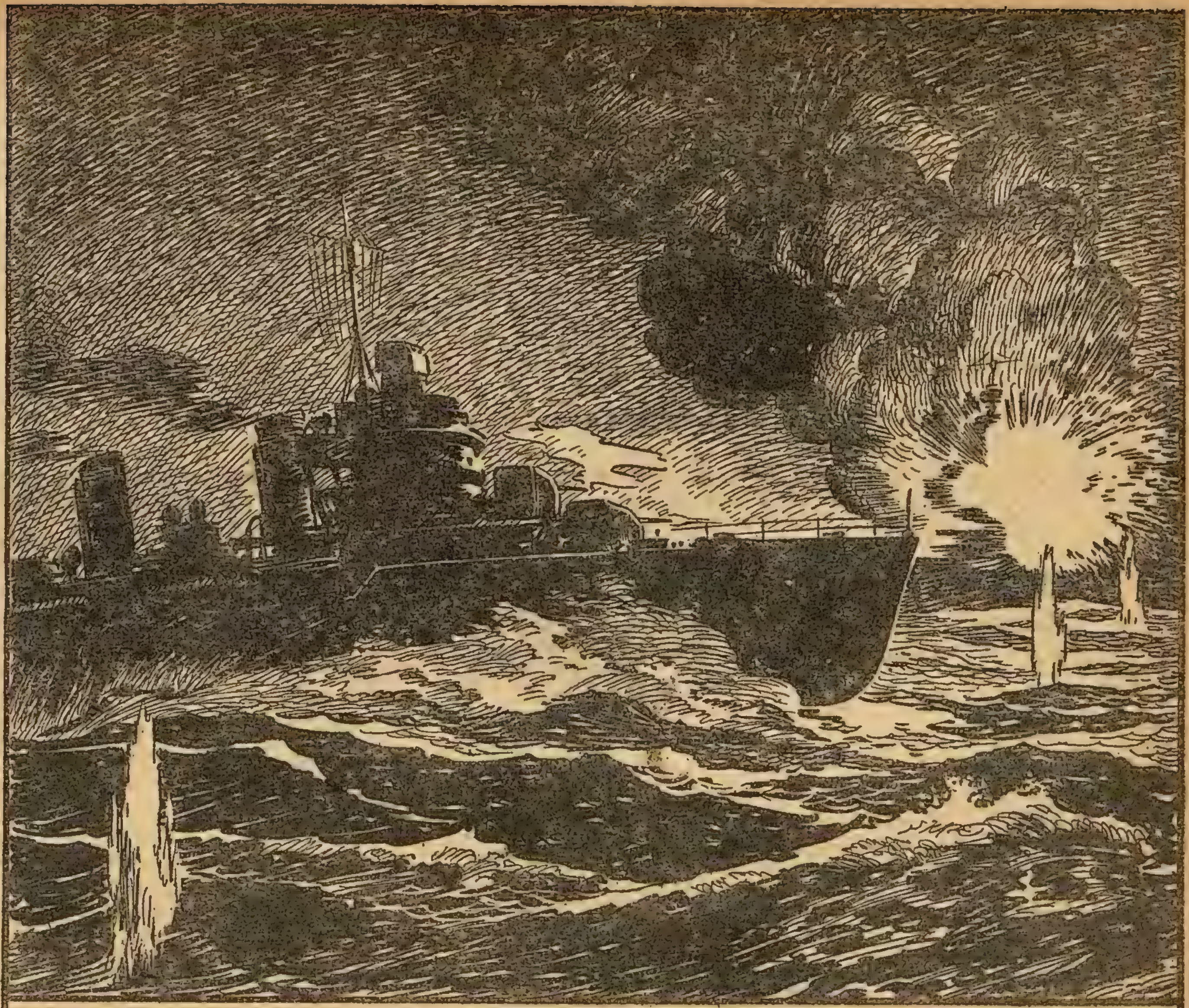
***THE SPARTON WAY**— Sparton radios and combinations will be sold The Sparton Way—a simplified method of bringing to your home better radios at lower prices through only *one* retail dealer in each community.

*The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan; Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario.* Precision Builders Since 1900 — Radios and Other Electric Home Products—Automobile Horns, Sirens and Warning Signals.

**The comeback of our Navy from the disaster of Pearl Harbor to the brilliant turning point of the Battle of the Coral Sea is the most dramatic chapter of American history since Valley Forge. This is the forthright story, from official sources, of how the miracle was achieved.**



# BATTLE REPORT

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

**By Commander Walter Karig**
***and***
**Lieutenant Welbourn Kelley**

*ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER*

THE destroyer Ward was standing in for Pearl Harbor the night of December 6, 1941, having completed her first patrol under Lieutenant William Woodward Outerbridge's command.

He recalls that he felt the usual nervousness of a young officer not yet wholly accustomed to his first full command, and so he dozed fitfully.

Two minutes before 0400 Ensign L. F. Platt, U. S. N. R., notified Outerbridge that a blinker signal had been received from the mine sweeper Condor, informing the Ward that she had detected a suspicious object in the darkness to the westward of her sweep area, and that she believed it to have been a submarine.

Outerbridge immediately ordered the ship to general quarters.

The Ward searched for nearly an hour, combing a wide pattern and with all topside hands on lookout. No sound contact was made, no suspicious craft or object was sighted.

When the ship was secured from quarters, Outerbridge returned to his cot. He was again awakened, this time by Lieutenant (j. g.) O. W. Goepner. "Come on the bridge, captain! Come on the bridge!" he was shouting. On the bridge, Outerbridge followed Goepner's excited directions: Off the port bow was the target ship Antares, towing her cumbersome raft to Pearl Harbor, and between ship and raft was a smaller object which had no right to be there.

Goepner explained that the object had been first sighted to port as Ward and Antares came abreast, and that he had ordered the destroyer's course reversed to bring it to closer view.

"Go to general quarters," instantly ordered Outerbridge. "Go to general quarters—and bear a hand!"

One look at the suspicious object, and he knew that it was a submarine conning tower; he knew, too, it was unlike any submarine's silhouette with which he was familiar. And with that, Antares blinker-messaged her suspicion that she was being followed.

Outerbridge rang up full speed and ordered the helms-

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man to come hard right and to head for the submarine.

"Load all guns and stand by to commence firing."

Over the battle circuit came the word: "Number one gun manned and ready, sir . . . Number two gun manned and ready. . . ."

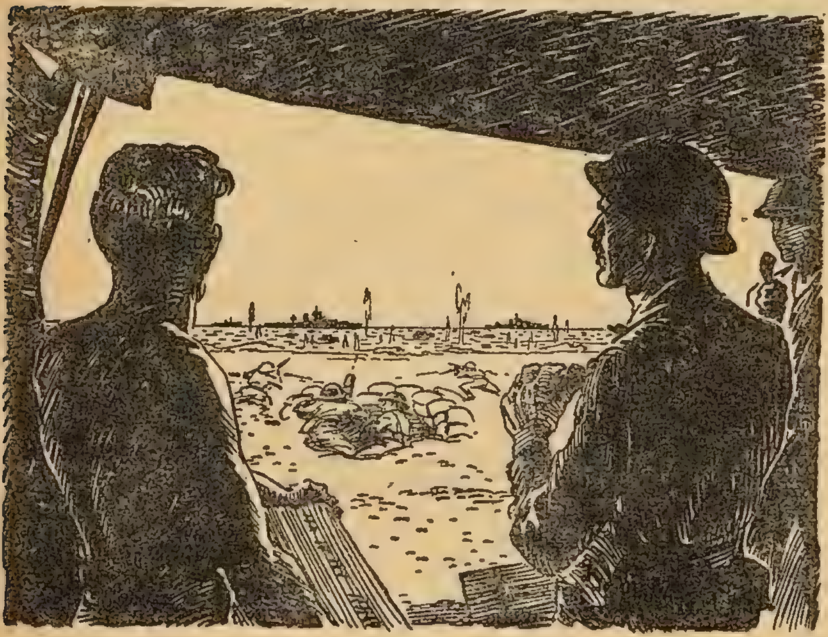
"Stand by to drop depth charges," ordered Outerbridge, and he told Goepner to fire when ready.

When the Ward was within a hundred yards of the submarine, Goepner said, "Commence firing," and number one gun in the bow of the destroyer loosed the first shot in the war of the Pacific.

"I let go the first charge just as the sub started under," chief torpedoman Maskzawitz said later. "The second charge was already in the water when the first one exploded. I think the sub waded directly into our first charge."

There was no doubt in the mind of anyone topside that the submarine had been sunk.

The Ward now began a methodical search of the restricted area. Caught in the level rays of sunrise, a fishing craft was sighted where it should not have been—a motor-driven sampan out of Honolulu which put on all speed as Ward charged down upon it. But the sampan quickly abandoned hopeless flight and hove to, wallowing in the water as the destroyer surged alongside. Three Japanese came to the rail, two with their hands in the air and one waving a white flag. The prize taken by Ward was turned over to a Coast Guard cutter that had joined the pursuit, and Ward proceeded with her task of combing the harbor entrance, dropping depth charges on every suspicious echo her sonic apparatus raised.



"I suppose we killed a lot of innocent fish," Outerbridge now remarks, "but there is a chance that we got one other submarine."

The Coast Guard cutter, with the sampan in tow, was heading into the harbor mouth when Ward's lookouts passed the word of an extraordinary number of airplanes over Pearl. With that, pillars of black smoke rose up inland, and, seconds later, the reverberations of tremendous explosions boomed across the water.

Then an airplane screeched out of a dive, and Outerbridge saw a black cylindrical object hurtle from it toward the cutter and its captive. The bomb fell astern of the sampan, its explosion demolishing a skiff that was in tow, but what Ward's men were looking at were the vermilion disks on the plane's wings. "I knew then," Outerbridge says, "that all hell had broken loose."

ON the last day of peace in the Pacific, on December 6, 1941, Japan's Navy was already stronger than the combined Pacific fleets of the nations she was to make her adversaries.

To the initial advantage of numerical superiority, Japan added the priceless ingredients of tactical position and surprise attack.

Nobody kept an exact play-by-play account of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. No official scorekeeper was posted. No officer or man detailed himself to act as a recorder of what went on. The urgency of the moment centered upon fighting the attackers. The record of the battle is the summation of the stories of hundreds and the statements of officers, dictated while the harbor still bubbled with air escaping from the hulls of sunken ships.

By noon of December 7, 1941, the U. S. Navy's base at Pearl Harbor lay hidden, crippled, under a heavy blanket of the smoke of war.

In an attack lasting one hour and fifty minutes the Japanese had brought a major disaster to the U. S. Pacific Fleet. Had the Japanese decided to follow up their attack with a fleet invasion, they would have found not one battleship capable of opposing them. And yet all but one of those ships rose from their presumed graves in one of the most extensive salvage operations the world has ever known.

HOW long the Japanese had been preparing the war in the Pacific is a question only time and the victory of the United Nations can answer. Certainly the simultaneous attacks on the morning of December 7, 1941, were the execution of plans long in preparation, minute in blueprint attention to detail. Fleets and armies cannot be destroyed over millions of square miles on the decisions of a moment nor yet of a month.

Pearl Harbor, and all the other barriers westward from there, opposed Japan's ambition. There were, however, other islands representing not America's might but America's sovereignty in the Pacific, and upon those, too, Japan pounced.

The Japanese immediately struck at Midway Island, a part of the Hawaiian chain, 1,100 miles from Pearl Harbor. They struck at Wake Island, 1,000 miles west of Midway. They struck at Guam, 1,300 miles from Wake; and they struck at the Philippines, some 1,500 miles southward from Tokyo. Of all the Pacific territory under U. S. protection, the Japanese most wanted the Philippines; and in all these places, save one, the American flag was foredoomed to be dipped and removed in favor of the white-and-crimson banner of the Rising Sun.

The one exception was Midway. . . .

Darkness came to Midway that night at about 2000, or 8 P. M., after a half hour's twilight. But the moon rode high, and soon after nightfall the Midway group, composed of Sand and Eastern islands, became bathed in moonglow.

Since Midway in time is two hours behind Pearl Harbor, the island had been awaiting Japanese attack since the first radio warning from Hawaii that morning at about 0630 Midway time.

At 2130 the waiting was over.

Lookouts in the communication tower spotted orange flashes to seaward southwest of the island, out of range of the shore guns. There was a mighty splash in the lagoon, and towers of smoke and water shot skyward as the shells from the distant Japanese ships exploded.

A quick wink of orange to the southwestward proclaimed another salvo on its way. This time fire had been raised, and the shells burst on the beach and near the defense establishments on the islands. A third flash of orange, and the salvo was on. The shells skimmed over the dunes and onto the hangar. The hangar began to blaze brightly, making a perfect target of every object.

Then it became clear why the spotting had been so accurate. Two Japanese ships were seen closing in at high speed, their guns suddenly blazing as they came. The leading ship was a destroyer. The trailing ship was a light cruiser or one of the heavy destroyer leaders so similar in appearance to some types of Japanese light cruisers. They had observed, and corrected, the first salvos from the distant task force.

On the shore of Sand Island a searchlight stabbed the moonglow and lighted up the destroyer, the Japanese battle flag at her main truck. Simultaneously shore batteries went into action. The engagement was brief, for the Japanese "poured on the coal" and got out of there. But they did some damage before they escaped.

Salvos blasted the searchlight out of existence. Several buildings were hit by shellfire.

One Japanese salvo crashed into the command post of

First Lieutenant George H. Cannon, U. S. M. C., commander of a battery. Lieutenant Cannon was riddled by shrapnel. Both of his legs were broken and his pelvis was crushed. He was bleeding profusely, but he refused to leave his post. It was there he died from loss of blood.

Cannon's battery did not stop firing at the retreating Japanese ships. This was attributable in good part to the work of Corporal Harold R. Hazelwood. The blast that killed Cannon wrecked the command post switchboard and it also shattered Corporal Hazelwood's left leg, but Hazelwood quickly repaired the switchboard and re-established communication with the guns before allowing himself to be carried away.

Corporal Dale L. Peters was checking communications in the hangar tower when that building was hit by the third Japanese salvo. The blast blew him through a window onto the hangar roof. Shocked and dazed, he clambered back into the tower and attempted to go below to help fight the fires. Peters opened the wrong hatch, and in the smoke and flames he fell fourteen feet upon a group of men working below. They revived him, whereupon he joined them in the urgent task of removing large aerial bombs from the burning hangar.

The retiring Japanese did not get away without damage. The destroyer in the lead was hit three times and the trailing cruiser at least twice. Both ships were raked by heavy machine-gun fire, and inevitably many of their personnel topside were killed or injured. Both ships retired at their best speed.

Midway was not to become a serious target of Japanese attack until half a year had passed. This delay is one of the major mysteries of Japanese strategy. If the Japanese wanted to take Midway they would have found the island defenses at their weakest in the first few days or weeks after Pearl Harbor.

And Japan did want to take Midway. That was proved early in June of 1942 when a large-scale attack was launched, and Japan suffered one of the worst defeats in modern naval history.

COLONEL WALTER L. J. BAYLER, U. S. M. C., had arrived on Wake as December was beginning, to supervise installation of radio and electronic equipment as part of the island's belated defenses. Also a passenger on the seaplane tender Wright was Commander Winfield Scott ("Spiv") Cunningham, U. S. N., to take over command of all Wake's naval activity. They were greeted by Major James Patrick Sinnot Devereaux, U. S. M. C., commander of Wake's ground forces. On Thursday, December 4, Major Paul Putnam flew in from the Enterprise with his twelve Grumman fighter planes, known officially as Marfitron 211, Marine Fighting Squadron 211.

Sunday, December 7, was a quiet day on Wake. That night most of the pilots and ground crew went over to the civilian construction camp for a free movie show. (Of course, when it was Sunday on Wake, the Pearl Harbor calendar said Saturday.) Monday on Wake, though, was different.

After the first Japanese bombing raid that day only four of the Grumman F4F-3 fighter planes were left. Then two of these were lost as the hopelessly outnumbered Marine aviators went up on mission after mission. Occasionally only one plane was able to take off. But the Marine ground crews performed wonders.

The Marine gun crews performed equally prodigious tasks. Major Devereaux took it for granted that as the Japanese bombers came over each day until December 20, after their 700-mile trips from the Marshalls, they took pictures of the defense installations below. Therefore, after standing at their posts all day, the men labored far into the night, setting up their antiaircraft armament in new positions so that they would not be blasted when the Japs aimed for the old locations.

The 1,200 civilian construction workers presented a problem after the first bombs fell. On the day after the first raid, Colonel Bayler had to explain patiently to nearly 200 of these workers why they could not be enlisted in the Marine Corps.

There was of course little likelihood that Wake would be captured, he explained to the men. But in that unlikely event, there would be no way for the workmen to prove that they were bona fide members of the Corps. They would have no protection under the Geneva Convention for prisoners of war, and after capture would immediately be shot out of hand as snipers or guerrillas. As civilians, they would be accorded certain privileges of care and comfort accorded by all civilized nations to captured noncombatants.

Nevertheless the marines had to keep an eagle eye on the construction workers to prevent them from joining the fight willy-nilly. They did help in many legitimate ways. They supplied the Marine fighters with food. They built bombproof dugouts near the landing strip. They brought water to the fighting men, and they helped with the wounded.

By December 20, Wake Island had settled down to a harried and unpleasant existence, which, nevertheless, was beginning to seem normal. The Japs were expected to come over and drop their bombs at about the same time every day. There was the constant sharp lookout for a landing attempt from the sea. There was the usual plane patrol above the island, made up of all the planes able to fly; too often one lone patched-up Grumman fighter.

Wake had its chin out and its fists ready—after the Jap invasion attempt on the 14th, Major Devereaux had replied to Pearl's query as to what was needed with his famous message: "Send us more Japs."

And so on December 20, when a Navy flying boat made a call at the island, it was decided that Colonel Bayler should return to Midway, as specified in the original orders which sent him to Wake on temporary additional duty. Colonel Bayler had been on Midway only a few hours before he learned that he had left Wake just ahead of the Japanese landing.

"The last two dispatches from the island command to Pearl Harbor were received in the closing minutes of the fifteen-day siege," he wrote. "The first reported the enemy had effected a landing on the island. I could imagine Spiv taking up his pencil, frowning a little, while Captain Wilson waited for the text he was to transmit. The enemy was on the island. O. K. But perched in the small trees or snugged down in the sand were a lot of sharpshooting marines still able to squeeze a trigger. Spiv's brow must have cleared as he remembered them and wrote firmly: 'The issue is in doubt.'

"We know from earlier reports that the Japs, on the last day, sent over an enormous number of heavy planes which subjected the whole island to an incessant, merciless bombing. The second and last dispatch revealed that at least some part of the battery came through the bombing intact. The report said more ships and a transport were moving in, and ended with the statement that two enemy destroyers had been disabled.

"Those closing words told the story of how Wake Island had gone down with colors flying and guns shooting."

AS in the case of Wake, efforts to strengthen the defenses of Guam were delayed until too late, despite Japan's provocative fortification of two technically demilitarized islands less than 100 miles away. Literally, the Navy and Marine Corps personnel on Guam were "under the guns." Japanese reconnaissance planes had mapped and photographed the island down to the last inch.

The first landings by the Japanese were accomplished at 3.30 on the morning of the 10th, Guam time. The bluejackets and marines fought every step of the way as the invaders aimed their drive at Agaña, the island's principal village. The defenders were hopelessly outnumbered and many were captured or killed.

Japanese troops ran riot throughout Agaña, and the Japanese officers made no effort to control their men until they had finished with their looting. A Japanese Navy captain stalked into the nurses' quarters in the hospital compound, seated himself, and asked if the nurses had had any news about the war. The nurses would not give him the satisfaction of learning that they had had radio reports of the attack on Pearl Harbor, so they replied in the negative.

"So sorry to tell you," said the Japanese naval officer, "all your fleet sunk. All your ships on bottom. No more."

Shortly after the arrival of the Japanese, the military and civilian casualties began to arrive at the hospital.

The Japanese had taken over most of the hospital facilities, leaving one ward for the use of the Americans and natives.

"It was probably the most amazing ward I'll ever see," declared Ensign Leona Jackson of the Navy Nurse Corps. "We had war casualties there, and native men, women, and children; we even had a Caesarean section by way of variety. Some of the men who had surrendered had been required to strip off all their clothing except their shorts, had been searched, evidently had been required to kneel at the feet of the Japanese, and had been bayoneted in the back. That was typical. Any of the natives that got in their way had been bayoneted, without regard to their age or sex."

The five Navy nurses on the island maintained a calm exterior, but they admitted to themselves that they would not be surprised at any moment to find themselves lined up before a firing squad, or worse.

The American prisoners were kept on Guam until January 15, when they were packed aboard a merchant ship and taken to Japan. The prisoners had not been allowed to take any extra clothing with them—they were assured by the Japanese that they were going south—and they landed in Japan shivering in the frigid temperature of winter.

On the whole, however, the five Navy nurses received treatment that was not too bad, although the Japs were surly and short-tempered immediately after the Doolittle raid. The nurses were repatriated on the first trip of the S.S. Gripsholm, after a captivity of a little longer than six months. American military prisoners captured in the Philippines were to tell a different story—those who lived to talk about it.

THE first victory by a U. S. Navy vessel over a Japanese fleet unit on the high seas was scored by U. S. S. Drayton, a destroyer. She was serving in the screen of the Lexington task force near Midway when the Japanese first struck. The Drayton, also known as the "Blue Beetle" because of a peculiar experimental color she at one time wore, then went on a decoy mission as a detached portion of the force which set out on the thwarted effort to relieve Wake. By December 21 the ship was back at Pearl Harbor, her officers and men goggle-eyed at the destruction that met their eyes, but cheered by the extensive repair and salvage already under way.

The Drayton was given time only for refueling and taking on provisions. Then her skipper, Lieutenant Commander L. A. ("Abe") Abercrombie, U. S. N., got orders to convoy a job lot of four ships southward to Palmyra and Christmas islands—two old four-piper destroyers turned into fast transports, a surveying ship, and an inter-island steamer.

Shortly before three o'clock on the afternoon of December 24, Abercrombie was on the bridge with Commander George C. Kriner, U. S. N., commodore of the destroyer division of which the Drayton ordinarily formed a part. A young soundman named Farrell came rushing out of the box which contained the sound gear. What followed is best told in the words of Abercrombie himself.

" 'Captain, do you see anything on the port bow, bearing 120 true?' he demanded excitedly.

"I picked up my binoculars. 'Not a thing.'

" 'Well, sir, it must be a sub then, 'cause I have a good sound contact.'

"I turned to the officer of the deck. 'Send all hands to battle stations.'

"Dutch Kriner sent an emergency submarine contact signal to the convoy; they snapped smoke from their funnels and bore out sharp to starboard at their best speed, which was about ten knots for the inter-island steamer. Of course we had to have one of those incidents that showed how much we were still amateurs in war. Just as all stations were reported manned and ready, someone below got excited and pulled the sound gear switch. Farrell's instrument went dead.

" 'Contact lost!' he shouted through the door.

"In a second they got the switch closed again and Farrell yelled: 'Contact regained, zero-thirty true.'

"This was close quarters. 'Full right rudder,' I ordered the helmsman, and to Farrell, 'Hold your contact!'

"Maybe I did the wrong thing; some of those people who figure things out on the maneuver board told me afterward that I did, but that sub was so close in on our left that we couldn't turn into its track, so I went round the other way, hoping to pick him up. It was a marvel that we made it, but with the help of Farrell and some wonderful work by the helmsmen we did.

" 'Contact good, sir,' shouted Farrell as I gave an order to steady her on a course north, then 'Contact closing rapidly.'

"It was a sub, all right, running submerged merely because it was daylight, heading for Pearl.

" 'Range closing.'

"Simmons, our sound officer, had his stop watch out. 'Stand by to attack with depth charges,' I ordered. 'All engines ahead full.' Simmons punched his stop watch. 'Stand by to drop!' I said. 'Now,' said Simmons, bringing down the arm he had lifted.

" 'Drop one!' I said, and as Shelly, the torpedo officer, repeated it, the Chief Torpedoman swung the lever. . . . 'Drop two! Drop three!'

"At that speed the shock of a depth charge makes you feel as though the whole world were being violently shaken from side to side, and down in the engine room their feet go to sleep. A shout went up from the whole ship as I leaned around the signal rack to look at our wake. In the center of the boiling water where our depth charges had fallen, oil was welling to the surface with fragments of debris in the middle of it.

"I shouted for the rudder to be put hard left and we charged back into the slick, dropping three more depth charges. More oil came up; we swung out the sound gear range again, and Farrell shouted that he had picked her up, now turned and headed southwestward from the point where we had hit her. He was a wonder to do it with all that racket in the gear and well deserved the special letter of commendation from the admiral that he got along with his promotion later.

"The Commodore had rushed to the wing of the bridge with me, his nose lifted like that of a bird dog to catch the odor of the slick as we ran through it. 'Get a rag, get a rag,' he was shouting. 'Get me a line and some rag, we'll bring up a sample of that oil.' He was the only one to remember that frequent reports of depth-charging submarines had come in before and that what looked like an oil slick was all too often merely debris from the depth charges themselves.

"AS we swung toward the slick for the third time he lowered the rag triumphantly from his nose. It was one of his best towels, picked up in the excitement. 'Diesel all right,' he said, and we were over the slick again, with Farrell shouting, 'Lost sound contact!'

"Drop one, drop two, drop three again, and we came full left.

"Before we had completed the turn I heard another shout. 'Look, a submarine!' It was, too; the bow of an enormous submarine, fully fifty feet of it, pushing up through the water slowly at a steep seventy-degree angle, dripping oil, the diving planes at its side showing the characteristic Jap shape. 'Commence firing!' I yelled.

"Nothing happened. Everybody simply stood there popeyed. I shouted again, and then ran out into the wings of the bridge to yell at the top of my lungs to the gunnery officer, 'For God's sake, why don't you commence firing?'

"I heard him yell in return to his talker, but never heard what he said, because at the same moment all the .50s seemed to open up at once. They went right in, stitching a row of holes along that bow. Even as they were hitting her, the sub tilted majestically to the vertical, then slid backwards and down.

"We completed our turn, rushed past the spot, and just for luck I dropped four more charges into it. Oil boiled out of that pit of sea, spreading and spreading till it covered a circle a mile in diameter, and from beneath it came the shock of an explosion, heavier and deeper than our own depth charges. The last barrage must have set off something within the sub itself. . . .

"We were under a strict rule of radio silence, but our position placed us in proximity to Pearl, where the rule was off, so we told them about our victory.

"'Well done. Get another,' the admiral radioed back, without a word about our breaking radio silence."

Other ships' skippers and crews may have, as they unshakingly believe, destroyed enemy submarines before the Drayton's victory, but so meticulous are the Navy's standards of accounting enemy losses, that unless the actual destruction is witnessed, credit is given for a "probable" only. The rule applies as well to enemy ships torpedoed by our submarines. Thus neither the Navy nor the public is deluded about the attrition of the enemy's naval or maritime strength.

Coming on Christmas Eve, as it did, the news of even a minor victory was a welcome ray of light on a holiday scene otherwise shrouded in deepest gloom.

AT headquarters of the U. S. Navy in Manila there was no exact knowledge that the Japanese were about to launch an attack on the American flag. However, there was no lack of planning for such an eventuality. Admiral Thomas C. Hart was awaiting the secret arrival in Manila of an important visitor from Singapore. The time was close to noon on Friday, December 5, 1941.

Almost twelve months before, Admiral Hart had ordered the wives and families of naval personnel evacuated from the Philippines and China. The order was obeyed, of course, although not without argument and tears. This evacuation order subsequently gave rise to a one-of-my-best-friends-heard-it story. On reaching the States, one romantic young wife craftily divorced her husband, so she would not be subject to naval authority, and then defiantly journeyed back to the Philippines so that she could be near him—only to be caught in Manila by the coming of war, and interned by the Japs after her beloved though divorced husband had successfully fought his ship to the safety of Allied waters.

Some three months later the Army also ordered the wives and families of its personnel removed from the Philippines.

The Manila Hotel, where Admiral Hart's offices were, was the residence of many high U. S. and Commonwealth officials. Until the end of 1939 a table adjoining General MacArthur's was always reserved for a very popular young couple known to almost everybody as Ike and Mamie—Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower. The lessening of purely social activity was in direct proportion to the growing tenseness of international relations in the Far East.

On December 5, 1941, Admiral Hart rang for his flag secretary.

"Get a position check on the plane from Singapore," the admiral ordered. With the information in hand, he ordered his barge brought alongside his private dock. At Cavite, the naval base across the bay from Manila, he was piped ashore just as a heavy seaplane with British markings taxied across the protected waters to the landing ramp. A rather short, ruddy-faced figure stepped from the plane; and presently Admiral Hart had shaken hands with, and returned the salute of Vice-Admiral Sir Tom Phillips of the Royal Navy.

There was the polite interchange ordained by custom: The flight up from Singapore had been most interesting; yes, it was indeed true that the arrival of two powerful ships should exert a quieting influence on the present turmoil in the Far East.

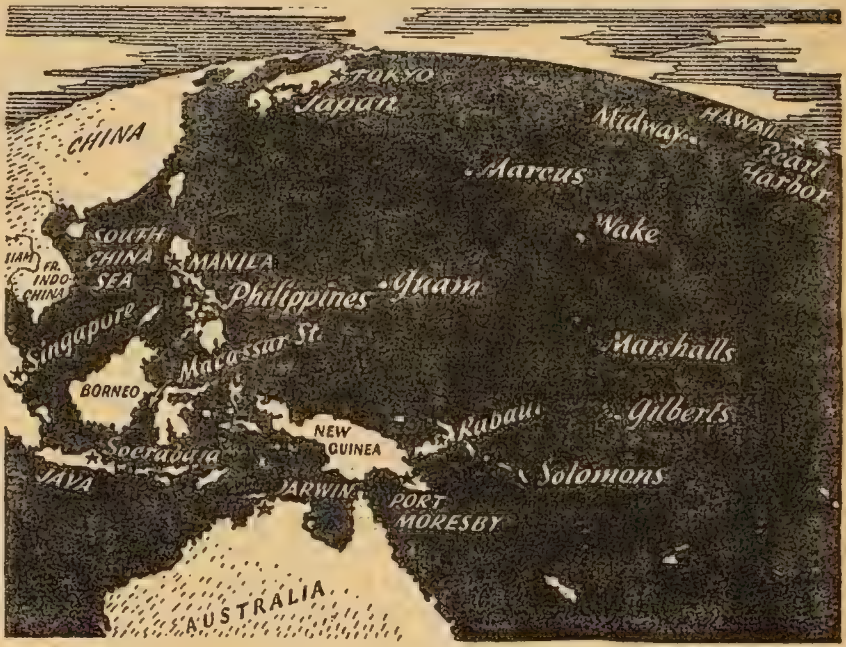
"Repulse is a good ship, admiral," said the British flag officer warmly, "but my flagship—you must see her! In fact, my own invitation is backed up by my entire staff: we hope that conditions in the near future will be such that you can soon visit H. M. S. Prince of Wales."

Admiral Phillips was given quarters at the Cavite naval base, where it was hoped his presence would not become known. Conversations on the general Asiatic naval situation began that night. Captain Frank D. Wagner, U. S. N., commander of Patrol Wing Ten, was brought in to tell of the observations of his naval aviators in their long-range PBYs.

"Beginning yesterday," he said in effect, "our planes from Manila have been meeting Japanese planes patrolling in the vicinity of the northwest coastline of Luzon. As the planes approach, each has its guns manned."

The disappearance of the Japanese fleet off the coast of Indo-China of course came in for much discussion and speculation by the conferees. But Admiral Phillips also had some specific requests—the immediate purpose, in fact, of his flying trip to Manila. He had brought with him from home waters, he pointed out, only four destroyers. In addition, there were in the Far East two others, but they were assigned on detached missions and it was doubtful if he could count on them as part of the screen for Prince of Wales and Repulse. Phillips needed, he said emphatically, at least four American destroyers before he could set out with confidence on a patrol of Asiatic waters.

The conference was brought to an abrupt halt on the afternoon of December 6. The weather had lifted over the Gulf of Siam. Reconnaissance planes reported that the missing Japanese armada had now been sighted. The ships were on a westerly heading. If their course were maintained, the destination could only be the Malay Peninsula, either Thailand or the Federated States, under British protectorate.



"I should be at sea," said Admiral Phillips. "I've got to get back to Singapore."

Secret dispatches ordered Prince of Wales and Repulse made ready for sea, their officers and men recalled from shore leave wherever they happened to be.

The four U. S. destroyers did not leave Balikpapan that night as ordered, because Dutch naval authorities felt that the antisubmarine booms should not be opened until daylight: there had been reports of strange submarines in the northeast Borneo area. But even if the ships had started that night they might have arrived in Singapore too late.

The British battleships sailed on the afternoon of the 8th. The U. S. destroyers arrived at Singapore barely in time to take on fuel and go out again in search of survivors from H. M. S. Repulse and H. M. S. Prince of Wales, the first capital ships to be sunk by air power alone, while under way and in a state of readiness at sea.

Admiral Sir Tom Spencer Vaughan Phillips, R. N., K. C. B., C. B., was not among the survivors. "A gallant seaman and gentleman," Admiral Hart said. "His project of getting one or both of his heavy ships into the Japanese transports was the only chance of defeating the invasion of Malaya and preserving Singapore."

The significance of the loss of Repulse and Prince of Wales loomed very large in the mind of the senior United Nations naval officer in Asiatic waters. "It meant," said Admiral Hart, "that we entered the war in the Far East under a very grave handicap. We knew from the beginning that we might have to make a fighting retreat, but now the odds against us would be bigger. To oppose a large and well-balanced Japanese fleet we now had a small handful of vessels whose numbers did not include a single capital ship. And we knew, then, that not only could we get little surface-ship assistance from the westward, but such also was the case from the eastward, incidental to the effect of the attack on Pearl Harbor."

The United Nations forces would have to fight it out with what they had, an inferior force. The Japanese controlled the air, but the danger was not so great from aerial attack, in the opinion of the United Nations command, as from the enemy's ability to keep our ships under continual aerial surveillance while their own were almost immune from observation.

FOR reasons still obscure, the Japanese did not at once attack Manila or the defense installations of Luzon. They struck first at the southern island of Mindanao, and attempted to knock out the Navy's strength in that area.

"We entered the war with a group of pilots I considered the best in the world," said Captain Wagner proudly of the men who flew the long-range PBYs. "They were used to operating in the Far East. They had been on neutrality patrol so long that they were adept at identifying various types of merchant ships. They knew our own fleet and they knew what the enemy ships should look like. They were skilled navigators, used to flying in bad weather, day or night.

"At 3.15 on the morning of December 8 . . . we loaded bombs on all planes and dispatched them to their pre-assigned war operating bases. . . . By dawn, all the planes were on patrol or at their wartime locations."

Two of these planes were on "wartime location" in the Gulf of Davao before dawn. A third plane was out on patrol, and the plan was for the two reserve planes to go in as an attack force if the scout plane sighted enemy activity. Just at dawn a force of Japanese bombers came over, aiming for the two planes on the water and the seaplane tender Preston. By violent maneuvers the Preston managed to dodge the bombs aimed at her, shooting down at least one enemy attacker as she did so. But the two PBYs on the water were sunk.

That the Japanese attack was well planned was proved by the arrival of four Japanese destroyers in the Gulf of Davao simultaneously with the attack from the air. Fortunately the Preston spotted the enemy warships first, and managed to slip out and find a new hiding place without being sighted. Her two planes which had been destroyed were immediately replaced.

The Navy's PBYs were to find their patrols extremely hazardous without fighter protection. Later in the war a PBY pilot is said to have radioed back to base: "Have sighted enemy planes—please notify next of kin."

A bombing attack on the naval installations at Cavite was just a matter of time—the amount of time necessary, as it turned out, for the Japanese to make certain that their bombers would not be too seriously hampered by Army fighter planes. On the third day of the war it came.

Admiral Hart had a good view of it from the windows of his office overlooking Manila Bay. "They came over in V formation," he said. "If they were not satisfied with their aim they held their bombs and kept making runs until they were satisfied. Our gunners did their best, but they were effective only on those few Japanese planes which came down within range."

The destruction of the Cavite Navy Yard was of major importance, of course, but the damage to merchant and naval ships there was amazingly light. The naval forces now had to fall back upon such accommodations as could be extemporized along the Manila water front, and when General MacArthur declared Manila an open city, to prevent further destruction of nonmilitary targets, things continued to go from bad to worse. The supplementary naval-base facilities authorized at Mariveles Bay had only been under construction a few months; they were useless.

So, with only the weakest antiaircraft protection, and with almost no supporting fighter aircraft, it became obvious to Admiral Hart that surface ships could no longer remain in, or operate near, the Manila Bay area without great danger from enemy aircraft.

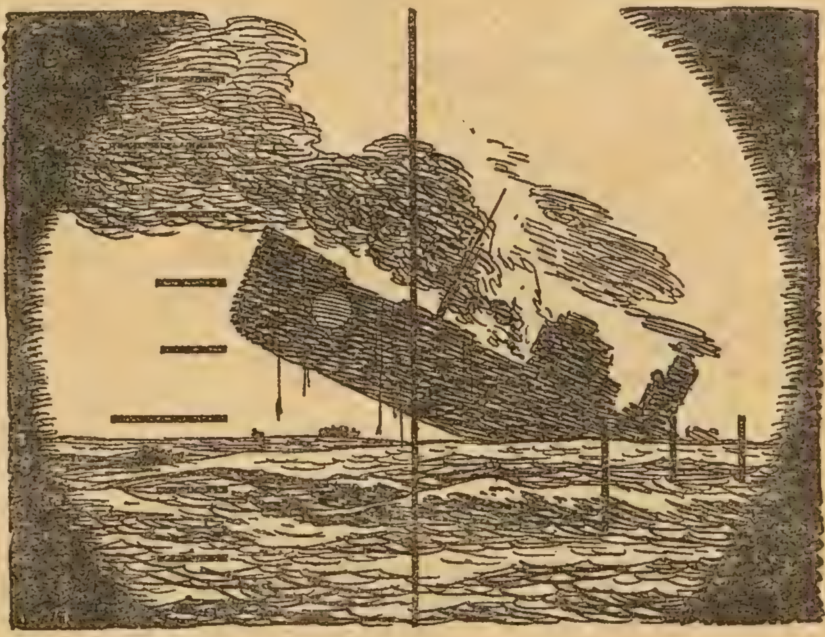
Admiral Hart ordered the remaining naval vessels in the harbor to move southward to safer waters. The submarines were to stay as long as they could, so the submarine tender Canopus was detailed to remain in the Manila area to tend them. On December 11 Admiral Hart called a conference of all merchant shipowners, agents, and masters. The ships, he said, would be as safe under way as if they remained in harbor, and perhaps much safer. He advised that they leave at once, offering to provide an escort of all his destroyers but two. With that escort, over 200,000 tons of merchant shipping escaped without damage.

WHILE Japanese aviators were bombing Cavite, other enemy assault forces were landing on the north and northwest coasts of Luzon. A third landing was made to the southward a day or so later.

The Japanese troop landings were executed with an efficiency that denoted long study and much training. Knowing that they had only our submarines to fear, the Japanese guarded their large transports extremely well against submarine attack. In the main, however, the thousands of Nipponese troops that swarmed ashore in the Philippines were carried thence by hordes of shallow-draft vessels, drawn from Japan's huge deep-sea fishing fleet. Such craft presented an almost impossible target to the American submarines; when they were hit and sunk, the loss to the invaders in men, supplies, and shipping was of small consequence. Nevertheless, in that first month of the war, the American submarines began the long, slow process of weakening the enemy by attrition which in two years made the Japanese problem of supplying their far-flung troops a desperate one.

Fog and darkness and extravagant antisubmarine defenses were combined by the Japanese to land their armies successfully, and when any of those ingredients were missing, they still had other tricks up their kimono sleeves.

Any misconception of the Japanese fighting man as a myopic automaton, noted principally for buck teeth and an inability to think for himself, had been corrected at Pearl Harbor. There he showed a remarkable ability to deviate from orders to take advantage of a tactical situation.



Now that most of Admiral Hart's fleet was already in the south, and it was evident that the submarines would soon have to follow, he decided to go directly to the Netherlands East Indies rather than move into Corregidor, as Admiral Rockwell had done on the 21st.

Manila Bay was now being bombed daily, and without opposition. Submarines were finding it necessary to lie on the bottom during daylight hours, conducting their base activities during darkness. Submarine crews now had no time for rest. Those submarines at sea, therefore, were ordered to go south to the Malay Barrier when their patrols were completed. And on Christmas Day, Admiral Hart, himself a seasoned submariner, left Manila. On December 31 the last of his submarines headed southward, taking the submarine staff and as much material as possible. Japanese troops under General Homma marched into Manila two days later.

Rear Admiral Rockwell remained on Corregidor as the senior naval officer in the unified command set up under General MacArthur. There were left in the Manila area, mainly at Corregidor and Mariveles, the submarine tender

Canopus, four mine sweepers, three gunboats, and a few tugs and ex-yachts.

By the end of December, 1941, the Asiatic Fleet had been forced southward in a fighting retreat from the Philippines. The few small craft which remained there assisted in the defense of Bataan and Corregidor. The Canopus continued to do double duty for the Army and the Navy in spite of bombings in which she was hit; one of the gunboats assisted in blasting out a dangerous enemy force which landed behind the Army's lines on Bataan; and the PT boats performed valuable service in spite of increasing difficulties of fuel and repairs. The submarines continued patrols in Philippine waters and beyond, but there could no longer be any major naval activity in the north.

Even before the end of December the Japanese were preparing bases at Davao on Mindanao and at Jolo in the Sulu Archipelago for their next attacks. The Japanese tide was rolling on, with only an eddy about Bataan, which still stood stoutly against it. The American submarines were now forced to extend their patrols farther to the south in their attacks on enemy communications.

The subs continued to get better as they went along, as the Japanese were to learn as they scratched ship after ship from their list of war and merchant craft.

Meanwhile the Navy was reorganizing in the south. The Navy and War Departments, correctly judging that the Malay Barrier might not remain secure, chose Port Darwin in Australia for development as a major base, and the fleet auxiliaries were sent there. But for the Navy's purposes, its existing facilities were poor, its situation exposed, and it was too far away for effective operations north and west of Java. Therefore the operational command was set up at Soerabaja, on the north coast of Java.

On January 10, General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell arrived to take over the Supreme Command, for which he chose the title of ABDACOM, a cipher for American-British-Dutch-Australian Command. He established his headquarters at a mountain resort hotel at Lembang, ten miles north of Bandoeng. Its remoteness from the sea was a handicap for the naval command, but Admiral Hart agreed to join it in the interest of unity. Communications were far from adequate and remained so in spite of hard work for their improvement. To keep in touch with American operations at Soerabaja, Admiral Hart established an American communication unit.

IN the face of a relentlessly advancing enemy there was no time for establishing a conventional organization, and so a condition was never reached wherein the function of command could operate smoothly. There was, too, the difference in language, always a handicap, even in such small ways as the inability of American officers to read Dutch charts and sailing instructions, which were greatly superior to U. S. charts for Netherlands East Indies waters (but not better than Japanese charts of the same area).

The actual solution was that in fact each nation in effect retained control of its own forces. Throughout January, operation of the Asiatic Fleet was in the eastern end of the theater and generally separate from the British and Dutch. The working arrangement was that the Dutch covered the line of communications to Singapore, over which the British squadron directly escorted the shipping. The sincere desire—and desperate necessity—for cooperation made this system work. But there simply was not enough of anything to go around.

The Japanese invasion roughly centered on a single major objective—the capture, occupation, and exploitation of all the rich area of the Malay Barrier and the South China Sea. This area produced nearly all the world's quinine; nine tenths of the world's rubber; one half of the world's tin and tungsten; petroleum sufficient for all Japan's needs, and surpluses of rice, cotton, teas, spices, hemp, and tropical hardwoods.

The Japanese method of achieving their objective was basically simple. One spear of the invasion, the western, was aimed down the east coast of China at the heart of Malaya and Sumatra, taking in French Indo-China and the west coast of Borneo on its flanks. The central invasion prong was to thrust down the east coast of Borneo, impaling Celebes, and striking at the central Netherlands East Indies. The eastern tine of the trident was directed against New Guinea, New Britain, and the Solomons. If all three were successfully driven home, the Japanese forces could reach out for Burma and India to the west, and the equatorial island bridge to the Americas on the east, rendering useless the sites earmarked as bases from which the Navy intended to fight its way back into conquered areas.

BOTH American and Dutch submarines had been stationed in Macassar Strait. On January 20, Dutch aviators reported a large Japanese convoy headed southward toward the important oil port of Balikpapan, and Admiral Hart (whose title was ABDAFLOAT) and staff had completed plans for a torpedo attack on it, chiefly under direction of Rear Admiral William R. Purnell, U. S. N. The torpedo attack was to be made by the four destroyers of Desdiv 59, the John D. Ford, Pope, Parrott, and Paul Jones, supported by the Boise and Marblehead. Admiral Glassford, whose flag was on Boise, commanded the expedition with Commander Paul H. Talbot, U. S. N., as commodore of the destroyers, on Ford.

On the way through Sape Strait, the Boise hit the jagged point of an uncharted pinnacle rock. Her bottom was laid open along the keel, and she was not in condition to enter an engagement. Admiral Glassford transferred his flag to the Marblehead. Next, Marblehead had a turbine casualty which reduced her speed to fifteen knots. But the destroyers were glad when the word from Admiral Hart was passed: Go on in there and fight!

Commander Talbot ordered a speed and course that would bring his ships off the southeastern entrance of the straits by nightfall. Heavy north swells were running, and the seas were breaking green over bow and bridge, smashing windows and buckling spray shields. The gunnery and torpedo complements fidgeted; soon their lives would depend on the efficiency of gun and torpedo mechanisms which all that brine was doing no good at all.

During the afternoon, Commander Talbot issued his orders for the action: "Initial weapon will be torps. Transports, chief objective. Cruisers as required to accomplish mission. Launch torps at close range if unsighted by enemy. Each tube set for normal spread torps. Fire single shots if size of target warrants. . . . Will try to avoid action en route. . . . Attack independently when targets located if necessary. When all torps fired, close with all guns. Use initiative and determination."

The entire action took place within an area of only four or five miles' radius, with its center about four or five miles northeast of Balikpapan lightship. The four destroyers performed the almost incredible feat of steaming back and forth through a considerably superior enemy force for more than an hour. The plan of using only torpedoes as long as they lasted probably prevented the Japanese from realizing what was happening for the first half hour. Then they had the choice of withholding their fire or hitting their own ships, for the Americans were having a field day plump in the middle of the Japanese convoy. Some of the Jap destroyers did fire torpedoes, and it is quite possible that they helped to run up the Americans' score.

The action did not end with the destroyer raid. Japanese ships in the area were given a rough touching up on January 25 and 28, and again on February 2, by U. S. Army Flying Fortresses which made several kills. In all, the Dutch estimated that the Japanese lost more than thirty ships in the Macassar Strait, many of them to their own Netherlands airmen.

None of these blows was enough, however, to prevent the Japanese from sweeping down in force to occupy the burned-out port of Balikpapan, although they were stalled there for some time. The four American destroyers could only console themselves with the knowledge that they had been completely and enjoyably successful in the first American naval engagement in Asiatic waters since the Battle of Manila Bay.

ON January 21 the Japanese began bombing attacks on points in northeastern New Guinea and in the Bismarck Archipelago, heralding the feared extension of the invasion toward the Australian-American life line. They followed these by landings in New Ireland and New Britain, where Australian airmen bombed their ships three times within a week. Their advance over Borneo threatened to bring the invaders opposite Java and southeastern Sumatra.

Admiral Hart did not have the force to strike at these expeditions as effectively as in Macassar Strait; the Japanese advance might have been slowed sufficiently to permit help to arrive from the United States if such had been the case. The ships of the Dutch Naval Command were in better condition than ours, but, acting on information which later proved inaccurate, Admiral Helfrich had sent his fleet northwest. Consequently it was not available to strengthen the striking force in the east at this crucial time. The British were concentrating their attention and naval forces in the west, where the situation was critical.

IN the face of these difficulties, Admiral Hart felt that the enemy force which had again gathered in Macassar Strait and which offered "some attractive targets" should be the next objective. But as his patched-up attack force worked northward on the afternoon of February 1, it was sighted and shadowed by a Japanese plane. That night there was bright moonlight, and it was prudently decided not to attack a superior force (as air reconnaissance had reported it to be) after the element of surprise was lost, and without American air cover. The lesson of Repulse and Prince of Wales was not forgotten.

It was known that the Japanese had been building up a force at Kendari and Staring Bay on the southeast coast of Celebes. While Allied forces were occupied in Macassar Strait, this force moved in the Molucca Sea. They got possession of the islands of Ceram and Amboina, chief Dutch stronghold on the eastern flank of the Indies. Operating from their new bases they crossed the Java Sea to bomb Soerabaja and several other points in Java, as well as Timor, a large island within bombing range of the Australian mainland. It was the first of a series of raids that was to make Soerabaja first difficult, then untenable as a base.

Japan now controlled all the northern approaches to the Indies and would soon be in a position to move against the islands of the Malay Barrier. The long-obvious need for a striking force capable of breaking up the next Japanese expedition was painfully insistent.

To attempt the creation of such a force, Admiral Hart, as ABDAFLOAT, called a conference of Admiral Helfrich, Admiral Glassford, and the able Australian, Commodore John Collins. It was decided to put the Dutch rear admiral, Karel W. F. M. Doorman, in charge of the force that was to assemble east of Java as soon as possible. The aircraft tender Langley was scurrying to Fremantle, Australia, for a load of Army P-40s, desperately essential to the fight for Java.

Since February 1 air reconnaissance had reported a considerable enemy convoy still at Balikpapan. According to the lurking PBYs, the enemy concentration consisted of three cruisers, ten destroyers, and twenty armed transports. It was not too much for the Allied ships to take on—in fact, the engagement was anticipated eagerly and with much confidence.

Admiral Doorman's flag was in the Dutch cruiser De Ruyter, with our Houston and Marblehead next in line, and followed by the small Dutch cruiser Tromp. As a screening force there were the four ships of Desdiv 58 and a division of three Dutch destroyers. The words of Admiral Doorman's directive were: "Enemy transports will be attacked and destroyed in a night attack."

The ships were assembled for the strike in Bounder Roads, Madoera Island, when, on the afternoon of February 3, flights of Japanese planes passed over on the way to bomb Soerabaja. The Japanese spotted the ships, but Admiral Doorman felt that he could cover enough distance during the night to nullify this information. The ships upped anchor and steamed away to a rendezvous from which they were to make the run up Macassar.

The ships were zigzagging south of Kangean Island when the first enemy planes appeared. There were four or five formations of nine bombers each, with two or three planes flying alone.

Their attack, which was to last all morning, was directed solely at the cruisers, with the destroyers in danger only when they accidentally maneuvered near a bomb hit as they strove to repel the planes. Flight after flight dropped their bombs only to see the ships below them heel over and escape unhit.

Finally the Marblehead's luck trickled out: two bombs landed squarely on, and a third missed so close that its blast blew a hole in the cruiser's bottom.

She settled by the head, so that her draft forward ultimately reached thirty feet. Fortunately, the main engines were not damaged, and she was still able to do twenty-five knots. Because of a jammed rudder the ship was steaming in a circle to port. Fires were raging fore and aft. Damage-control crews and all unengaged men were busy fighting them or caring for the wounded. The executive officer had come to the bridge severely burned and his place had been taken by the gunnery officer. The damage-control officer supervised the fire fighting and efforts to free the rudder.

Some time after noon the Japanese planes left. The Marblehead, steering with her engines, began working her way south toward Lombok Strait. It seemed that she was kept afloat as much by the determination of her captain and crew as by her own buoyancy. She reached Tjilatja, and went into dry dock. When her leaks had been patched she was scarcely seaworthy, but it was thought that she would be safer at sea than in Tjilatjap, which the Japs might raid at any time.

Marblehead's return to the United States via westward passage is one of the all-time great stories of the sea. In the forty-eight days which followed the action the ship steamed more than 9,000 miles. Almost half this distance was made without a rudder, and the remainder of the voyage was made with the rudder controlled from the steering engine room.

THE Japanese were already on Singapore Island, and there were indications they would not wait for its fall before moving on Sumatra or attacking Java from the northwest. They now controlled southern Celebes. They were known to have built up an important base at Kendari and to have considerable air power based there. From that region they could attack Bali, Madoera, or eastern Java directly.

They surged forward almost simultaneously in the east and the west. They captured Bandjermasin, chief city of southeast Borneo. On the 14th, the day before Singapore surrendered, they opened their attack on Palembang in southeast Sumatra. This region produced more than half the oil of the Indies. The Dutch repulsed the first attack by paratroops, but when the Japanese brought in their infantry, the Dutch were overwhelmed and could only attempt ineffectually to fire their wells and tanks before the area passed to the enemy.

Admiral Doorman's little striking force had jumped off on February 13 to meet the threat to Palembang. He reached the area northeast of Banka Island that night, to find the Japanese already in Banka Strait in force and advancing up the river. On the 14th the Allied ships were bombed, though they escaped serious damage.

Admiral Doorman concluded that to attempt to rush the strait would be suicide, particularly with the Japanese in complete control of the skies. Bright moonlight precluded surprise by night, and there seemed to be no point in remaining to be bombed again by day.

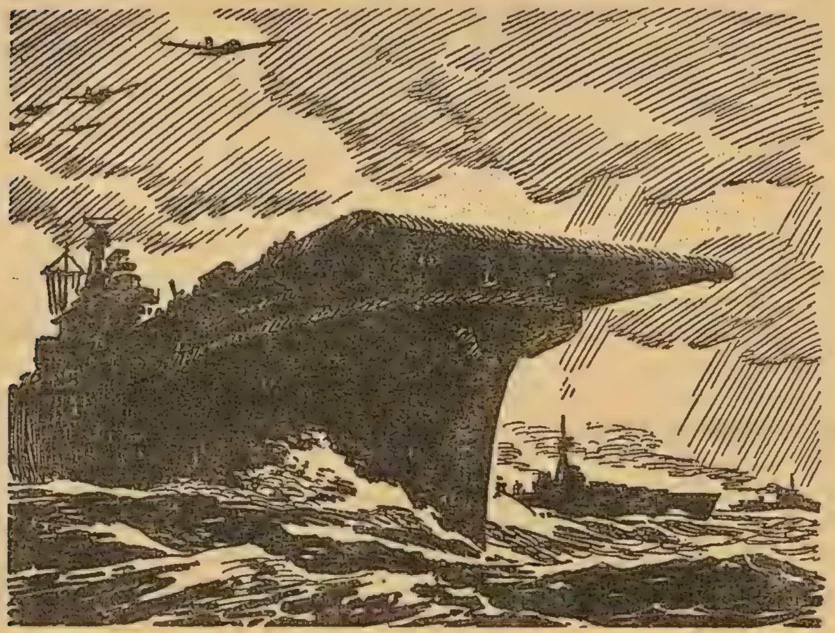
On February 14, Admiral Hart gave up operational command of Allied naval forces in the Southwest Pacific and shortly returned to the United States, making part of the trip westward toward India aboard the old British cruiser Durham. Statements widely circulated at the time declared that Admiral Hart was in ill health, although no such official Navy Department statement was made, and the admiral's appearance belied them. He was acting on orders, deeply and regretfully aware that they required him to leave officers and men in Java, besides the 3,000 Navy and Marine personnel on Bataan and Corregidor. The beginning of the end in Javanese waters was already in sight, although there were to be two weeks more of bitter-end battle.

Just ten days after his departure, General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell boarded an outward-bound British motor sloop, convoyed by an American destroyer, to set up new quarters in British India. In departing, General Wavell said: "I have received orders that in view of recent developments, command of the Allied forces in Java should be handed over to Dutch commanders who, in fact, have actually been exercising it under my direction for some time. I hand over the command to them with confidence, knowing by experience their capabilities and skill in handling the forces at their disposal, and their unswerving resolution to do everything possible in the defense of Java."

He named Vice-Admiral Helfrich of the Royal Netherlands Navy as successor to Admiral Hart's command.

Admiral Hart made no public statement at all, then or later. To friends of his own age and rank, back in the United States, he said: "I did the best I could with what I had, and under the conditions present. I was defeated. That's all there was to it."

Some two weeks after the Netherlands East Indies campaign had reached its bitter end in the Battle of the Java Sea, a fitting epitaph for this engagement, and all the other actions in that theater, was provided by a British naval leader, Admiral Sir William James, R. N.:



"It was the most tremendous battle ever to take place against great odds. Always there were too few ships and too few of everything.

"The Dutch, British, and American sailors fought to the last gun against impossible odds.

"Once we had to choose between guns and butter. We chose butter, but our enemies chose guns. Today we have to choose between ships and the shipwreck of everything we love."

The American people finally did choose ships, and all the other arms and armor in the overwhelming amounts necessary to the task in hand. But the choice had been made late, as no one knew better than Thomas C. Hart.

THE situation confronting the new command was of the gravest. The Japanese had leapfrogged Singapore to land on Sumatra, the island adjoining Java to the north and westward, and, with additional heavy Japanese forces on Malaya itself, Singapore was within a day of capitulation. To the northward, Japanese forces were strongly entrenched on Borneo and the Celebes, and to the north and eastward the Japanese held Ambon and the Moluccas. The enemy forces on Sumatra could, and soon would, cross the Sunda Strait to invade Java from the west. The enemy forces to the north and east could, and soon would, pinch off the eastern end of Java and the other islands, including Bali.

Once these two movements were accomplished by the enemy, the Allied ships would be trapped in the Java Sea; and all of Java—its 45,000,000 inhabitants made it the most densely populated land mass in the world—would be at the mercy of the invader.

The most pressing problem, then, was a move to prevent the remaining ships from being bottled up in the Java Sea, where they would be easy prey for the enemy's virtually unopposed air forces and superior surface power. Soerabaja was being bombed daily, so there was no longer a question of using this port for any other than stealthy night visits by submarines and as an occasional base for the ubiquitous PBYs. Since all the northern coast line of Java was equally vulnerable to Japanese land-based air power, it was decided to set up a base at Tjilatjap, on the south coast, although Admiral Glassford, among others, realized that this base could not long remain secure from Japanese attack.

On February 17 the Japanese made an invasion leap that began in the lower Celebes and ended on the shores of Bali. Consolidation of this position and use of its aviation facilities meant that they could strike at Java at will, and the Tjilatjap and other southern Java ports might have to be abandoned. Admiral Doorman therefore decided on a night raid against the sea force used by the Japanese in their landing, the attack to be launched on the night of the 19th. Reconnaissance revealed that at least two cruisers and three transports were anchored in Badoeng Strait southeast of Bali; actual contact with this force was to reveal that it was far more powerful.

Admiral Doorman planned the attack in three waves. The Dutch cruisers De Ruyter and Java were to come from Tjilatjap, accompanied by a modern Dutch destroyer and the two old American four-stackers Pope and Ford. The second attack wave was to come from Soerabaja, running through Bali Strait so as to come up on the enemy from behind. This detachment consisted of a Dutch cruiser and four American destroyers. The attack was to be concluded with a wave of Dutch torpedo boats from Soerabaja. After the engagement all the ships were to retire at high speed to the much-bombed port of Soerabaja.

ON the night of the 19th the first attack wave stood in off the southeast coast of Bali, on a northeasterly heading that was expected to bring it in range of the Japanese ships within an hour. The cruiser De Ruyter was in the lead, with Java following. Then came, in order, the Dutch destroyer Piet Hein and the American four-stackers Ford and Pope.

There had been a brand-fresh moon on February 15, with luminescence at a minimum two nights later when the enemy began his sweep down from the Celebes. In addition, the Japanese had been fortunate enough to travel under a moderate weather front which had completely blotted out observation. Now, on the 19th, the moon was still only four days old, but it shone like a fine-ground scimitar.

"We knew the Japs would hug the shadows of the shore," said an officer on Ford. "Out where we were, in all that light, we felt awfully naked—as when you dream that you suddenly find yourself out in a street without any clothes on. As we got closer we all tried to make ourselves sort of small."

Actually, the Dutch cruisers in the lead spotted the enemy before the Allied forces were themselves discovered. The Java opened fire. The Japanese returned the fire at once, but their ships were disposed in such manner as to bear on an opponent approaching from the north through Lombok Strait. They had not been smart enough to guess the direction from which the attack they expected would come. In the first return fire by the Japanese, Java took a hit but she continued to sweep forward at top speed.

The destroyers bringing up the rear now steamed head-on into a hornets' nest. The Piet Hein was fatally struck, and when Ford and Pope came out of the melee, they were practically without torpedoes (after the engagement, this applied also to most of the other Allied ships in the Java area) and they felt that they would not be able to fight their way through the heavy concentration of Japanese war vessels blocking the northward passage to Lombok Strait. They swung back along the south coast of Java to Tjilatjap.

Behind them the enemy was testing out his vaunted naval superiority—on himself. Red gun flashes winked merrily in the distance as explosions reverberated across the night air. At least two enemy destroyers were believed sunk and another severely damaged in this interesting Japanese gun and torpedo exercise.

The second attack wave now began its run. The ships saw the searchlights and gunfire of the first wave, but their efforts to reach any of those ships by radio proved fruitless. Consequently they went in without exact knowledge of the Japanese dispositions. Taking a range of such distance reduced the effectiveness of the destroyers' torpedoes. Then the third attack wave made its run.

The whole engagement should clearly be scored a success from the standpoint of enemy ships sunk or damaged. But the Japanese were now firmly planted in Bali as well as in Sumatra, with Java between like an egg in the jaws of a vise.

THE enemy steadily stepped up his assault flood; by the 25th it was lapping at the top of the dikes all along the Malay Barrier. On this date the Japanese reinforced their Bali garrison, new landings were made on Sumatra, and reconnaissance showed that Japanese invasion fleets were approaching Java from the north. The Japanese made a landing on the island of Bawean, just 100 miles north of Soerabaja. The jaws of the vise were closing.

The Allied striking force, under Admiral Doorman, had been patrolling the Java Sea since the 24th in an effort to engage the enemy. Of this force, the ships which remained afloat and the men who remained alive were to be at battle stations almost without let-up until early on the morning of the 28th, more than sixty bitter hours—sixty hours preceded by days and weeks of catnaps snatched with one ear open for general quarters and with makeshift meals wolfed on watch or at the guns.

When Admiral Doorman went into the Battle of Java Sea, fuel supply was almost nonexistent. His little fleet was composed of ships of four nations which had had almost no opportunity for joint training. There was no opportunity at all to work out a plan of battle. Lack of a common tactical method and language for communication was perhaps one of the greatest drawbacks. The commanding officer of one of the destroyers said in his subsequent report: "Communications had to be carried on by flashing light in plain English, or by Dutch high-frequency radio to the Houston, which relayed messages to the American destroyers." There were times when, owing to distance, darkness, or for other reasons, the four-stacker commanders had to fight "by guess and a gaze at the crystal ball."

A large enemy assault convoy was located by reconnaissance on the afternoon of the 26th. Admiral Doorman was informed that the force consisted of thirty transports, two cruisers, and four destroyers. Many other Japanese warships were lurking in the Java Sea—waiting.

ON receiving information of the enemy convoy, Admiral Helfrich ordered Doorman to proceed to sea, attack after dark, then retire toward Tandjong Priok, near Java's western end. "You must continue attacks until the enemy is destroyed," was later added.

After requesting to be notified of any new reconnaissance reports received at Admiral Helfrich's headquarters in Bandoeng, Admiral Doorman led his little striking force out of Soerabaja late on the 26th.

At about the same time two U. S. Army bombers located and attacked the Japanese convoy northeast of Bawean. Doorman was far to the eastward when he received this information, four hours after it had been radioed to headquarters by the Army airmen. February 27 was an hour old when he reversed his course and turned westward.

BY morning of the 27th the striking force was not far outside Soerabaja. Single planes flying high and fast dropped bombs. The enemy obviously had the Allied ships spotted, and their course was being observed and followed.

Admiral Doorman reported this fact at once to the High Command. In return he received the order: "Despite air attack you will proceed eastward. Search for and attack the enemy." Doorman replied: "Was on eastward heading after search from Sapoedi to Rembang. Success of action depends on getting good reconnaissance information in time, which last night failed me. Destroyers will have to refuel tomorrow."

During the morning he reported: "Personnel have now reached point of exhaustion." In the early afternoon, in the hope of giving officers and men a rest, the ships retired to Soerabaja to lie behind the mine fields. The destroyers took on fuel. In the late afternoon Admiral Doorman received information which caused him to turn his flagship in the channel of the mine field leading to the harbor and signal: "Am proceeding to intercept enemy unit. Follow me. Details later."

And so the Allied striking force sortied out. There are many gaps in the records of the ensuing action known as the Battle of the Java Sea. Most of the larger ships did not survive to make a detailed report. Visibility was good that afternoon, and enemy planes at once began to shadow the Allied ships. After several heavy bombs fell, Admiral Doorman requested fighter protection, but it could not be spared. The commander of air defense at Soerabaja required his eight remaining Brewster Buffalos to escort the four remaining dive bombers which were shortly to make an attack on Japanese sea forces.

Soon the American destroyers sighted the enemy ships only a few points on their starboard bow. The ships went to general quarters and increased speed.

The enemy opened fire. The Allied cruisers replied a minute or two later. The opposing battle columns moved on roughly parallel courses in a westerly or northwesterly direction, with the Japanese vessels somewhat ahead. From time to time the Allied cruisers turned either toward or away from the enemy, but it appears that in general the range diminished. Japanese fire was good, and they had the advantage of a seaplane overhead to spot for them. But the Allied fire was better.

It was perhaps to cover their crippled cruisers and force Admiral Doorman to open the range that the Japanese next made a destroyer torpedo attack. Then Allied planes from Java attacked the enemy. The planes themselves could not be seen, but the geysers sent up by their bombs could be distinguished from the splashes of the shells from our cruisers. The Allied cruisers turned by simultaneous movements to the left. It seems likely that this was done to avoid torpedoes launched on their starboard bow. It seems clear that the Allied force had come upon an enemy submarine group in addition to the cruisers and destroyers.

The Allied cruisers again re-formed their column and renewed the action. Almost at once one of them scored a hit on the foremost Japanese cruiser.

Three additional enemy cruisers and several destroyers were presently seen over the horizon on the starboard bow. At about the same time the two enemy destroyer flotillas of the force made a torpedo attack. While the destroyers laid smoke to cover the cruisers, Admiral Doorman re-formed his column on a southeasterly course, then turned north toward the enemy, his cruisers opening fire with their antiaircraft batteries. A stick of bombs fell 1,000 yards to port of the American destroyers. Five minutes later two more sticks fell without doing any damage. Torpedo tracks were seen now and again.

The De Ruyter's short-wave radio had been damaged, and hand signal lamps were the only means by which Admiral Doorman could communicate with his force. He flashed: "Counterattack." The American destroyers were preparing to carry out this order when he signaled: "Cancel counterattack," and then "Make smoke." While the destroyers were thus engaged he signaled: "Cover my retirement." It appears that he was anxious to break off the engagement in order to go after the enemy transports, and to slip into the convoy under cover of the growing darkness.

The American destroyers were between the cruiser line and the enemy. To Commander Binford, as commodore of the four U. S. ships, a torpedo attack seemed the most effective means of covering the retirement. Breaking out of the smoke they had just laid, the destroyers saw the Japanese battle line some 22,000 yards distant on the starboard bow. They closed the range to 14,000 or 15,000 yards before firing their starboard torpedo broadside. The enemy cruisers attempted to stop them by gunfire, but their shells were falling about 800 yards short. As these first torpedoes hit the water there was a large explosion on an enemy ship, apparently the result of the cruisers' gunfire. The destroyers then turned by a column movement and fired their port torpedoes. The two Japanese heavy cruisers turned by column movement to the north.

The withdrawal of the enemy was at once reported to Admiral Helfrich by Admiral Doorman, who asked for further information as to the location of the enemy transports. He then changed course to northwest, toward the last reported position of the convoy. But the men in the American destroyers could only guess his intention. One of the destroyer commanders reported that "There were no more signals."

If Doorman hoped to avoid the enemy cruisers in this thrust, he was disappointed. Japanese planes followed his course with flares, the Allied ships made intermittent contact with enemy warships during the entire run.

Admiral Doorman pulled northward and lost contact with the enemy for several minutes. Then enemy planes dropped parachute flares over the column, apparently to mark its position for their cruisers. Four ships now appeared on the port bow. The Allied cruisers sent over a few star shells and opened fire. The engagement was brisk but lasted only a few minutes. Admiral Doorman was probably not anxious to re-engage enemy warships. His column turned away to the east.

TO men on the American destroyers, struggling at full speed to keep their position, it appeared that he was retiring to Soerabaja. Actually his intention was either to sweep westward along the north coast of Java to intercept an enemy landing or to attempt to get around the enemy covering force to the southward.

Enemy planes continued to follow the Allied ships the rest of the night. The American destroyers had not had opportunity to take on fuel the preceding afternoon, and after twenty-four hours of high-speed steaming they were experiencing increasing difficulty in keeping up with the cruisers. Commander Binford says: "Realizing that I had no more torpedoes and that further contact with the enemy would be useless, since my speed and gunpower were less than anything I would encounter . . . I retired to Soerabaja, which was about fifty miles away."

The remaining ships of the striking force turned westward along the north coast of Java. Enemy planes continued to light the course with flares. But Admiral Doorman's orders were: "You must continue attacks until the enemy is destroyed," and he pressed on north with a grim determination to reach the enemy convoy.

It is doubtful if he knew how close he actually came to reaching it. That night his ship was torpedoed.

Finally, of the striking force, only the cruisers Houston and Perth remained, almost out of ammunition and followed by enemy aircraft. There seemed no possibility of reaching the enemy convoy, and they set course for Tandjong Priok in accordance with the original plan for retirement after the battle, making port shortly after noon of the 28th.

During the night of the 28th the Japanese made two landings on the north coast of Java. Aerial reconnaissance reported they also were moving on the south coast of the island in two columns, one convoyed by battleships. These facts indicated that there was no longer in Java a port usable as a base for surface forces.

But Admiral Helfrich would not concede defeat. The indomitable Dutchman planned to reassemble the remaining Allied forces at Tjilatjap (the approach of the Japanese on this port was not then known) and continue fighting.

Soerabaja was subjected to almost continuous air raids on the 28th. None of the four American destroyers there was hit, however, and the American skippers made careful plans for their sorties to safety. After leaving the Soerabaja mine field in clear moonlight, the ships hugged the shore of Java as closely as they dared. As the ships were emerging through the southern entrance of Bali strait, an enemy destroyer was seen some 8,000 yards on the port bow, obviously standing sentinel.

The American four-stackers soon had to leave their protecting shadows and turn sharp east. Blambangan Peninsula had just been cleared when the Japanese opened fire. The four-stackers returned it, stepping up speed. They had no torpedoes aboard, so torpedo flashes were simulated by dummy powder charges, and the Japanese began to widen the range by dropping astern. The American ships suspected heavier Japanese units in the vicinity, and set a course for Australia, where they arrived some four days later.

Meanwhile, even Admiral Helfrich probably had begun to realize that further resistance was, to put it mildly, without hope of accomplishment. March 1 he instructed Admiral Glassford to order his remaining ships to make for Australia. That morning, also, the Allied Naval Command in the Netherlands East Indies was declared, as of that moment, no longer in existence.

ALL over the world rose the cry: "Where is the American Navy?"

It sounded jeeringly from the Tokyo radio. Tokyo knew: wiped out, sunk, forever removed as a menace to Dai Nippon. Or, as a Japanese English-language propaganda broadcast put it, "destroyed to pieces." All Japan believed it. So did many others.

Admiral King became Commander in Chief U. S. Fleet on December 20, 1941. Admiral Nimitz became Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet on December 31. Each knew, as he stepped into his unenviable command, that the primary necessity was not to stop the Japanese in their tracks, but to prevent the enemy from spreading eastward through the equatorial archipelagoes and thus cutting off the sea roads between the United States and Australia.

From their mandated Marshall Islands, developed as a submarine base despite every international pledge, the Japanese had already pounced upon the neighboring British-governed Gilbert group to threaten Samoa, which was being strengthened by transport loads of troops conveyed thither by two carrier task forces commanded by Vice-Admiral William F. Halsey and Rear Admiral Frank J. Fletcher. Halsey's flag flew from the U. S. S. Enterprise, which was supported by three cruisers and six destroyers. Fletcher's flagship was the carrier Yorktown, attended by two cruisers and four destroyers.

Halsey's orders were to raid the southern Marshall and northern Gilbert area, to block the enemy's harbors with the wreckage of the enemy's combatant ships, to destroy his aircraft and tenders, his fuel tanks, power and radio installations, storehouses, and radio apparatus.

Few among the thousands of officers and men in that armada of twenty-one ships had ever heard a gun fired in anger. The pilots and gunners of the carriers' broods had never seen tracers stitch a flaming seam across their wings.

Seven island targets were set for the raid. All were to be bombed from the air and, in addition, Wotje and Taroa were to be bombarded from the sea. The stronger carrier task force was to attack Roi, Kwajalein, Wotje, and Taroa-Maleolap, where the Japanese had been longest in preparation. Jaluit and Mili, on the outer fringe of the

Marshalls, and the recently invested Makin, were assigned to Rear Admiral Fletcher.

Throughout the daylight hours of January 31—January 30 in the United States—Admiral Halsey's task force proceeded at reduced speed. Admiral Fletcher's ships had farther to go, and the plan was for both carriers to be in position so that their planes could strike their respective targets at fifteen minutes before sunrise, February 1. The pilots had only photostatic enlargements of clippings from old charts to help them identify their targets. But in the action that day something new was added to the conflict in the Orient—the American war whoop, modern style. Pilots kept each other informed with such exchanges as: "Get out of my way, Joe; that big baby is mine," and "Watch out, that CL is making a sneak—go get him!" Then: "I got him! Oh, mama! What a sock!"

Admiral Fletcher's task force found comparatively little of military value in the islands assigned to it, and reduced that little to nothing. They also found an assortment of bad weather such as only the misnamed Pacific can brew. Eight planes were lost. The crew of one was picked up by the supporting destroyers; three other aircraft were forced down close to Jaluit Atoll. The nine scout bombers that visited Makin were almost rained out. Five scout bombers found nothing on Mili except a large barnlike godown, or storehouse on stilts, a smaller building, and a water tower. Without interruption or opposition they bombed them.

The Yorktown group reached Pearl Harbor on February 6. The Enterprise and her fleet of cruisers and destroyers had arrived the day before.

One incalculable result of the Marshall-Gilbert raid was a tremendous surge in morale, not only for the Navy but for all the United States and for all the nations aligned with them in what was thus far a losing war.

The mission was a success. At insignificant cost of life and material, the twin carrier fleet destroyed an enemy naval base and naval air base on the threatening eastern perimeter; it sank some 73,000 tons of enemy ships. It blasted two airfields, destroyed thirty-five Japanese aircraft, and successfully completed a laboratory experiment that was to develop into a new kind of war at sea: the task force erected on the airplane carrier.

Here, in not-too-crude beginning, the U. S. Navy had countered, not with a defensive arrangement but with an offensive combination which utilized the best in aerial and surface combat power. It was an amalgam from which were to be molded fleets of a thousand planes, or double the number, working in co-ordination with battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and a whole category of landing craft still unconceived.

But on February 6, 1942, the Navy still lacked ships and planes and men. The attacks on the ships by Japanese aircraft had demonstrated American shooting to be woefully below necessary standards, the bitter fruit of years of economy.

For all that, it was a famous victory; and it was a victory badly needed.

WHEN Vice-Admiral Halsey was ordered on February 11 to attack the Japanese invaders now entrenched on Wake Island, no more welcome assignment could have been received.

The raid was a success in every way. When the attackers left Wake, they left the survivors to tackle the whole job of rehabilitation all over again, while many a Japanese ship would have to run the gauntlet of American submarines to replace the stores destroyed that day.

From the detailed and unsparingly critical report of Admiral Halsey, the critiques of Admiral Spruance and others in command, the Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet drew up recommendations which were to give the American forces that ascending advantage over the enemy by which domination of the ocean was eventually to be won.

As Admiral Halsey was heading homeward, a message reached him directing him to pay another call on the Japanese while he was in the neighborhood—a call that would take him into the enemy's front yard.

Roughly 975 miles from Japan, Marcus Island contained an airfield and hangars, and a powerful radio station. It was a weather-reporting station from whose calculations the Japanese could compute many days in advance what the atmospheric conditions would be at strategic points to the westward.

The admiral's visiting cards consisted of 21,700 pounds of high explosive. Whatever the material damage, whatever setback to Japanese plans for making the Pacific Ocean their own, the sheer audacity of smashing a Japanese outpost within easy bomber flight of Tokyo can be said to have given General Tojo something to ponder and to explain to underlings who believed his assurance that the United States as a sea power had been reduced to the level of Switzerland.

An attack on Rabaul, the magnificent harbor on the northeastern tip of New Britain which the Japanese were already using as a base and assembly point, was next undertaken. Nobody disputed that the honors of that day were "Butch" O'Hare's. In four minutes, in his tiny wasp of a fighter, he shot down five enemy bombers and scored hits on three others. Admiral Brown said that the Lexington owed her life to him.

The mission was a failure. The enemy could not, however, afford to let the U. S. Navy have many such failures, for it cost them two four-engine flying boats and sixteen or seventeen two-engine bombers.

The Japanese next engulfed all of New Britain and New Ireland; they made a landing on Bougainville preparatory to the investiture of the Solomon Islands, and bombed and bombed again the chief ports in Australian-British-Dutch-divided New Guinea.

Whoever held Port Moresby on the southeast coast of New Guinea had the key to Australia, and whoever possessed Lae and Salamaua on the northeast coast had his foot in the door to all the islands that stretch from Asia to South America between the equator and the 10th south parallel. The Japanese put their foot in that door on March 8.

From the Commander in Chief U. S. Fleet, via Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet, came orders to attack. The situation demanded bold action, an incalculable surprise for the enemy, with minimum risk to the United Nations' slender naval resources. A conference determined the course of action: Lae and Salamaua were to be attacked from the landward.

The Japanese were caught flat-footed and off guard. The American bombers and torpedo planes rolled up a long score and all returned to base. For the first time, naval forces had been engaged with a 15,000-foot mountain range intervening. The battle contributed substantially to the initial processes of attrition which were, before another year, to make it difficult for the Japanese to service their overextended forces.

ON April 18, 1942, the people of the United States, sickened by the surrender of Bataan nine days before and aware by more than that portent that they were still on the losing side of the war, were galvanized by the news that Japan had been bombed by Army fliers, led by Lieutenant Colonel James H. Doolittle.

It was an Army-Navy operation in which the Navy's part heretofore has had to be largely kept secret. It was worked out with such secrecy that the Army volunteers chosen to make the flight did not know where they were bound until they were at sea aboard U. S. S. Hornet, the Navy's newest carrier. Nor did even the Hornet's captain, Marc A. Mitscher, U. S. N., know why the carrier was laboring under a deck load of sixteen Army B-25 medium bombers.

The day after the planes were secured aboard, the Hornet put to sea. Outside the harbor she made rendezvous with her escort. Then Captain Mitscher opened his sealed orders, and shortly afterward the agony of speculation which gripped every man on board was dispelled. Over the loud-speaker system trilled the summons of the boatswain's pipe, followed by the time-old introductory sentence so familiar to Navy men:

"Now hear this—"

What all hands heard was that the Hornet was to take Colonel Doolittle and his men across the Pacific to within a few hundred miles of Japan's coast, and there launch them for an attack on Tokyo.

Cheers rolled across the sea to the escorting ships, and were echoed back from the other vessels in the task force as the message was relayed by winking lights.

Every obtainable map and chart of Japan and of the China landing area had been assembled for the Army pilots. On the voyage they were lectured on landmarks and targets, given lessons in celestial navigation, the use of the octant, and the way of the sea with a man.

Not all the time was spent in work, of course. Lieutenant Sutherland remembers that "on the way across there was lots of nice liaison between the Army and the Navy, involving the Army's famous old game of poker.

"There was one amusing incident. The admiral came in and looked over the shoulder of one Army second lieutenant, very proud of himself with a cigar stuck in one corner of his mouth. The admiral said, 'How are you doing?' or something to that effect, and this young kid, looking up but without recognizing who it was, said, 'O. K., Joe. Wanna take a hand?'"

As soon as the last bomber had been launched from the Hornet the entire task force reversed course and headed eastward at high speed, its part in the initiation of Tokyo into the horrors it had brought to Pearl Harbor completed. There were some indications that Japanese bombers were searching for the task force, proof that the patrol boats had warned Japan there was trouble abroad.

There was, then, a minimum of risk and ample cause for Admiral Halsey to break the strict rule of radio silence at sea. From the antennae of the Enterprise pulsed the message:

"To Col. Doolittle and his gallant command, good luck and God bless you—Halsey."

AFTER the forced retirement of the American warships from the Philippines in late December, 1941, the defense of Bataan and Corregidor perforce had to be shouldered in its entirety by the ground troops, aided by the pitiably few patched-up planes which managed to survive the repeated Japanese assaults from the skies.

Through December, January, and February the Army in the Philippines held the swarming Japanese at bay, and thereby contributed toward slowing the Japanese timetable. But by March many Americans at home began to suspect that the end would not be pleasant. News came that the Army had beaten off a Japanese counterattack on Bataan; General MacArthur's forces had swept to new gains; the Army was retreating on Bataan; the Army had dug in for a last stand on Corregidor.

The fact was little noted at the time that the U. S. Navy also was at Bataan and Corregidor; so little noted that when a Navy announcement mentioned that a detachment of marines was aiding in the defense of the besieged Manila area, the press of the country bombarded the Navy Department in Washington with hopeful queries as to whether reinforcements had been landed. The answer of course was in the negative—the marines had been there all the time, conducting themselves as marines always had. More than 3,500 Navy and Marine Corps personnel were among the defense forces—and all of them in there fighting.

And little was told, then or later, of the handful of ships left behind to wait for the end—such ships as the U. S. S. Canopus, a lumbering and supposedly highly vulnerable submarine tender lovingly known to her men as the "Old Lady." The Old Lady was at Bataan and Corregidor, too.

She was a product of that final frenzy of merchant shipbuilding which was spawned of the war conditions in 1919. Built for the Shipping Board, she was turned over to the Grace Line, which decided that she should fare forth into the sea lanes of the world under the name of Santa Leonora. Then the Navy took her over in 1921. She was to be converted into a submarine tender. The historical section of Ships' Data, U. S. Naval Vessels lists her simply as: "Submarine Tender No. 9—Canopus—named for the star of the same name—the first vessel so called."

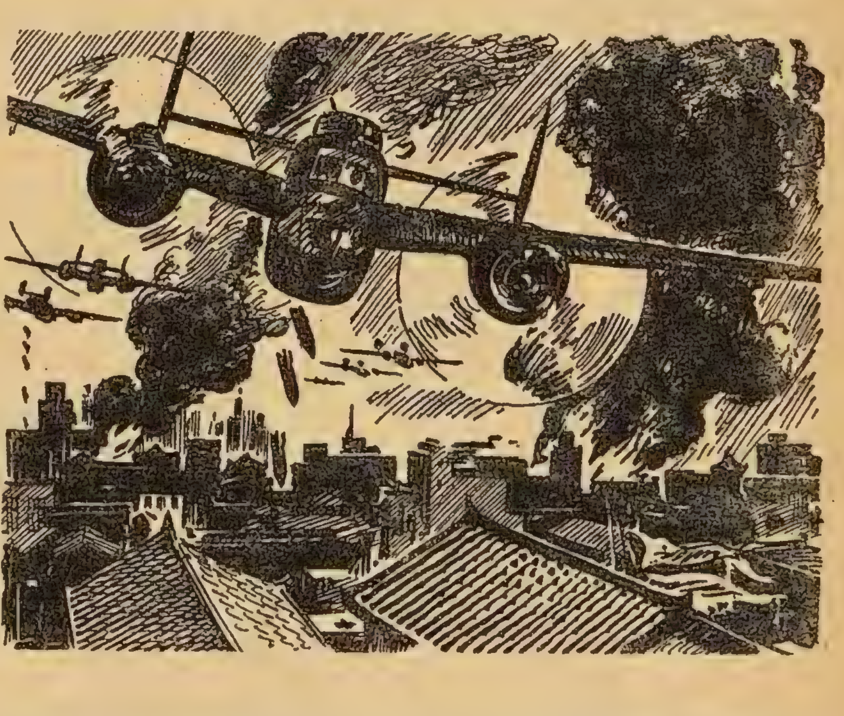
Nearly all ships are given a pet name by their officers and men: the battleship Arkansas thus became the "Arkie"; to her men, the ill-fated Reuben James was always the "Rube"; the unlucky Atlanta was proudly called the "Mighty A." The Canopus was called the Old Lady. The name was spoken with pride and reverence, sentiments mixed with a certain amount of truculence when used in the presence of crewmen from bigger and better ships of the same class.

The Old Lady was to stay behind and tend her brood of subs as long as possible; and when this brood was tied up about her she lay there fat and happy, looking like nothing more than a dozing sow and her nuzzling pigs. Actually, the Canopus' hold was jammed with supply bunkers, forges, and machine shops in myriad variety. Her artificers worked with equal skill on the hairspring of a chronometer or a ten-ton hunk of Diesel engine from the belly of a sub. These artificers could do other things too, as the men on Bataan were to learn—feverish wounded in Bataan's field hospitals were to see real honest-to-God cakes of ice, coaxed out of strange contraptions by the men of Canopus and the ground crews of Patwing Ten.

Soon, however, Canopus' reason for being, the tending of her subs, became a furtive affair carried on in strictest blackout under the cloak of night, with the submarines sinking below the surface of Manila Bay to hide from the Japanese bombers during daylight. Then, on Christmas Eve, the Japanese found enough leisure to turn serious attention to the sub tender, tied up alongside the building in which Captain John Wilkes, U. S. N., housed his submarine headquarters.

The building was hit and badly damaged, and fragments rained on Canopus' decks and banged against her sides. Admiral Rockwell, who had moved his headquarters to Corregidor, so as to be available to General MacArthur, immediately ordered the Old Lady to hunt up a safer anchorage. In Manila the Army was burning and destroying all strategic supplies and materials which it could not take with it into Bataan.

The Old Lady's skipper, Commander E. L. Sackett, U. S. N., says: "We decided to set up shop again in Mariveles Bay, on the southern tip of Bataan Peninsula. Some of our submarines were still with us, but now we had no source from which our supplies could be replenished, and it was obvious that the best we could hope to do would be to equip this last group for war patrol, and then 'turn in our suits' as far as submarines were concerned."



The spot in Mariveles Bay was chosen in the hope that the ship would be protected from air attack by the guns of near-by Corregidor.

Japan's naval aviators delivered their first major attack on Corregidor on December 29. With complete contempt for the puny range of Corregidor's antiaircraft guns, they came over in wave after wave to plaster the Rock from end to end.

Heavy bombs exploded all around the Canopus, tied up and defenseless. By a miracle she took only one solid hit. The bomb, an armor-piercing type, went through all the ship's decks and exploded on her steel propeller shaft, starting fires and blasting open the magazines in which were stored quantities of explosives and torpedo warheads. Miracle No. 2, however, was the fact that this blast also cut a large number of steam lines, which immediately wet down the powder bags and helped to put out the fires. Just the same, that night the Old Lady had to busy herself with caring for wounded and burying dead.

Three days after this bombing, the last of the submarines were withdrawn from the Philippines, and now there was apparently no reason for Canopus to remain. But higher authority decided that the Japanese were by this time in such force to the southward that a vulnerable vessel like Canopus would sail forth only to certain suicide. Besides, she might come in handy at performing odd jobs. The Canopus was to stay, but her officers and men carefully husbanded every ounce of her fuel—they much preferred action at sea to their present role as a sitting duck on which Tojo could train his younger aviators.

A WEEK later the Japanese bombers paid another visit. Again only one bomb struck home. The ship's deck, in addition to its gaping hole from the previous bombing, now was punctured like a sieve in countless places. But conditions below decks were worse. Several near misses had started seams. The ship's side had been pierced in a number of places, mostly above the water line; but the hull under water had been dished in forward, and the ship was taking a serious list.

"The tough old girl was not ready for her grave yet," said Commander Sackett, "but if she was to continue a career of usefulness it seemed best to make the Japs think that the last salvo of bombs had done the trick."

The ship's welders carefully sealed up every hole in her side, but they were equally careful not to take off the Old Lady's decrepit list—the water in the hold could be pumped out and the ship righted as soon as the order was given to up anchor and get out of there.

"The next morning when 'Photo Joe' in his scouting plane came over," said Commander Sackett, "his pictures showed what looked like an abandoned hulk, listed over on her side, with cargo booms flapping askew, and with large blackened areas around the bomb holes from which wisps of smoke floated up for two or three days. What he did not know was that the smoke came from oily rags in strategically placed smudge pots, and that every night the 'abandoned hulk' hummed with activity, forging new weapons and patching up old weapons for the beleaguered forces of Bataan."

Evidently the deception worked, for the Japanese made only one other halfhearted attempt to attack the ship. This attack, made by dive bombers, was beaten off by the Old Lady's antiaircraft guns, which had been removed from the decks and set up on the neighboring cliffs.

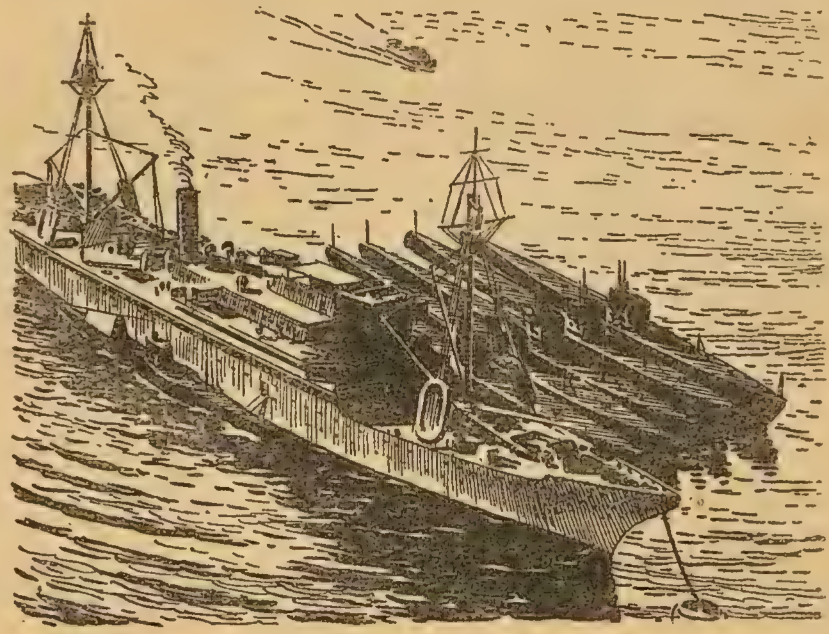
The first bombing had completely destroyed all the records and accounts of the ship's supply system.

"From that time on," said Commander Sackett, "our supply system was beautifully simple. What we had we could use without the usual red tape, and if something was lacking, nothing could be done about it except devise a substitute or do without. There was nothing for the men to spend their money on, so there were no more paydays. Ice cream and canteen supplies were free as long as they lasted. All clothing became community property, to be doled out to whatever unfortunate should appear in the most nearly-naked condition. This Utopian state inevitably led to much closer relations among the crew and officers, and welded us all into a great family working and fighting in a common cause and with only one aim—to do our damnedest to lick the Japs."

The word quickly got around that the men in Canopus' shops could fix up anything, and that what they couldn't mend they could replace with something just as good, made by hand. An Air Force second lieutenant wanted a new part for his plane? Can do. An Army dentist was looking for somebody who could make a metal filling? One new set of mouth crockery coming up!

Of course some sort of living quarters ashore were a necessity if the night workers were to get any rest. This problem was partly solved by taking over a large storage tunnel which the Army had dug into the near-by cliff just before the coming of war, and which had never been used. The Old Lady's skilled artificers moved in and set up housekeeping. They built bunks, office space, hospital accommodations, a radio and telephone communications center, and an underground galley in which the complement's two meals a day were prepared—and all this before the famous Navy Seabees had yet been dreamed up.

Approximately a hundred of the ship's men moved into these quarters, and the only drawback to their tunnel-with-a-seaside-view was the annoying discovery that the tunnel leaked in several places from seepage through fissures in the rock. Well, said the Old Lady's men, war is hell but, war or no war, the Navy likes its comfort. So they carefully trapped each of the leaks, piped them into a central spillway, and turned them into a shower bath. And the Old Lady was not stingy. Anybody was welcome aboard her or her tunnel adjunct.



OF all the naval personnel in Asiatic waters, perhaps none enjoyed greater popularity than the Operations officer of Patwing Ten, Commander Francis J. Bridget, U. S. N., later to be captured by the Japanese. In informal naval parlance, Bridget was described by close friends as "bright-eyed and busy-tailed"; and in matters relating to his beloved Patwing Ten or the war against the Japs, as "strictly on the ball."

With all of Patwing Ten's planes operating southward, or damaged beyond repair, Bridget found himself without a job but still in command of about 150 of Patwing Ten's enlisted ground personnel, along with a few of its commissioned pilots.

At that time Mariveles Harbor seemed to be well protected by the small naval craft still afloat and by the naval forces clustered around it. The Army had stabilized a front about twenty miles farther north, on the western side of Mariveles Mountain. This left a considerable stretch of thinly-defended seacoast between. Most of this coast was very rugged, and backed up by cliffs or dense jungle, but the road that provided the only avenue of communication to the front lines passed quite close to the sea at several points. Commander Bridget began a series of conferences with senior Army and Navy officers concerning this area, and the result was that he was ordered to form a force charged with its defense.

The 150 stranded sailors of Patwing Ten were ready and waiting, and Bridget "borrowed" 130 men from the Canopus, and then "collected" about 100 men from the blasted Cavite ammunition dump, along with 100 marines of an artillery outfit with no assignment at the moment. Lieutenant Commander "Hap" Goodall, U. S. N., executive officer of the Old Lady, was second in command.

When not training or otherwise occupied, the men of the Naval Defense Battalion spent considerable time in the effort to get a landing strip prepared for the time when—it was hoped by all and believed by few—carrier planes would come winging to the rescue. The Japanese were completely aware of this effort, however, and they dropped bombs with such regularity that the landing strip was never actually finished.

On a day late in January the officers and men set out on what was intended as an extended field hike. It was to develop into the Battle of Longoskawan Point. As the men reached the base of Mount Pucot they were met by a file of retreating soldiers who had been forced by invading Japanese from their lookout stations on the mountain. As Commander Bridget had feared, the Japanese had landed in an effort to cut off the front lines.

Here at last was what they had been training for, and the foot sailors tried to remember what they had been taught from the book about fighting on land. Soon they were engaged with the Japanese, who were firing from in front of them and on all sides of them. They could remember nothing in the book that seemed to explain or solve this situation, so they threw away the book.

"Five days of what was probably the weirdest jungle fighting in the annals of warfare ensued," said Commander Sackett, "with all accepted principles violated and no holds barred. Adjacent units were unable to maintain contact with each other during the night, so of course the Japs put to advantage their famous infiltration tactics. Our boys, not having been indoctrinated in the ancient military principle that it is fatal to be outflanked, simply held their ground and sent back detachments to clear out the intruders behind their lines.

"The Jap landing party was sure our front lines must be backed up by powerful reserves. The big push was held up while their scouts frantically searched for them. How could they guess that the crazy Americans were so ignorant of the art of war as to blithely ignore the necessity for reserves? Sixty more marines with trench mortars were brought over from Corregidor to counteract the advantage the Japs had enjoyed with similar weapons, but they were also used in the front lines and could hardly be called reserves."

ASIDE from a lack of reserves, the Naval Defense Battalion had entered the battle with another important omission: they had not set up a service of supply. A runner was sent galloping back to the anchorage where the skipper of the Old Lady and all his men were anxiously waiting for news. Could the Old Lady lend a hand? She could. The message from Commander Bridget was simple: "Send plenty of everything."

The Old Lady's men somehow managed to stumble on some trucks—no detailed information is available, owing to loss of records and so on, as to whether these were some vehicles later reported missing by the Army—and the trucks were rushed to the front with food, ammunition, and blankets, stretchers, and medicines for the wounded. For the next five days the Old Lady dropped all her other work while making certain that the beleaguered foot sailors got everything they needed.

The going was tough, but the foot sailors were doing all right, with the opposing Japs in a state approaching bafflement. Reported Commander Sackett: ". . . A Japanese officer testified to their complete bewilderment, describing the strange conduct of 'the new type of suicide squads, which thrashed about in the jungles, making plenty of noise. Whenever these apparitions reached an open space they would attempt to draw Japanese fire by sitting down, talking loudly, and lighting cigarettes.' "

On the fifth day the Naval Defense Battalion was relieved by strong units from the 57th Regiment of Filipino Scouts. These troops were given the highest possible praise by all naval personnel who saw them in action, and who lived or won their way to freedom to tell about it. The Filipinos slipped noiselessly up to the American lines. Many of the foot sailors were not aware of their presence until they felt a hand on their shoulders and heard the password: "O. K., Joe—I'll take over now."

After three days of the Scouts' deadly marksmanship, and with artillery support from the big guns of Corregidor, the remnants of the powerful Japanese landing force had been pushed over the cliffs that lined the seacoast.

Some of the Japs who were pushed over the cliffs were not dead, however, and these remnants holed up in the natural caves of the cliff bank. They still had plenty of food and ammunition, and they resisted all efforts by the Filipino Scouts and Army troops to root them out.

Bridget and his foot sailors had been relieved of land fighting. Now they began to think as sailors again, and from this angle the problem of the holed-up Japs was simple: the Japs should be shot out of their holes from the sea. The PT boats were extremely busy elsewhere, and no other craft were available. Of course, mused Commander Bridget, there were some forty-foot launches on the Canopus, and . . .

THE idea caught on like wildfire.

The Old Lady's shops began to hum again, and soon three of the forty-foot motor launches began to take on a strange appearance. Machine guns and a light field piece were mounted on each. Then the Old Lady's artificers snipped up heavy boiler plate, hammered it into shape, and built armored shields around the engines and the guns. By that time the three boats were known as "Uncle Sam's Mickey Mouse Battle Fleet."

No sooner had the first experimental model been finished than Lieutenant Commander Goodall and a volunteer crew were on their way, with the excess of volunteers loudly claiming "seconds" on the next trip . . . provided the boat came back from the first trip.

There was a seven- or eight-mile run to Longoskawan Point from the Canopus anchorage, but Goodall and his volunteers made two round trips the first day, blasting scores of Japs from their hiding place.

At about this time, mid-February, there began to be indications that the Japanese might be planning a landing attempt on Corregidor, whose beaches were long and loosely defended. The Naval Defense Battalion, the Old Lady's 130 men among them, was now incorporated into the Fourth Marines, and ordered to Corregidor.

On the day after the fall of Bataan, which came on April 9 (the Netherlands East Indies had fallen a month earlier, and Corregidor was to last a month longer), the Japanese began determined aerial attacks on all that remained of the Navy's gunboats and mine sweepers, hoping to prevent these craft from sweeping mine channels leading to Corregidor, and thereby ending the occasional furtive visits of American submarines, the Rock's last link with the outside world. The Japs were successful in knocking out their targets, but not in their ultimate purpose. The ghost of Old Lady Canopus was very much on the scene in the form of her motor launches.

These small boats were turned over to experienced Mine Force sailors, who used them as miniature mine sweepers. For two weeks these crews worked at night, using hooded navigational lights as uncertain guides. Many times mines exploded near the launches, but without causing serious casualties. At the end of two weeks the channel was clear again, and submarines could bring in their vital supplies and take out key personnel.

Now the Japanese were not to be denied in their desire to take the Rock, driving the United States from the Philippines "forever," and ushering in (likewise "forever") the Greater New Order in East Asia. The Japanese had the force to accomplish the conquest.

But even as Corregidor's people were finally lining up in surrender, a battle of far more significance was being fought to the south and eastward.

Corregidor's capitulation was announced in Communiqué No. 76, its officially emotionless words nevertheless conveying a world of sadness and despair. The first sentence of Communiqué No. 77, issued on the following day—May 7, 1942—read:

"Very excellent news has been received."

The communiqué went on to tell of the losses and damage sustained by the Japanese in the opening of the Battle of the Coral Sea. The first six months of the war—to the day—had closed with a victory to be overtopped a month later by the Japanese rout at Midway.

What the communiqué could not tell in so many words was that the Pacific war's months of desperation and defeat had reached an end. It could not tell, either, of the electric word that was passed (over no known method of communication) from ship to ship throughout the entire fleet: a message in nautical parlance:

*"Stand from under, Tojo—we're headed your way."*

THE END

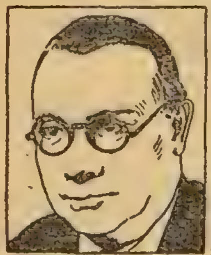
# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By JOSEPH ANTHONY

"MR. HITLER is a gentleman. He has given me his word."

This, says **Waverley Root** in **The Secret History of the War,** was Prime Minister Chamberlain's answer to Czech Ambassador Masaryk when the Ambassador was trying to make him understand that the Munich sell-out would not bring peace.

Mr. Root also makes the astounding statement that neither Chamberlain nor his Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, had read Hitler's Mein Kampf at that time. This confession, he tells, was blandly made by Sir Samuel to an American correspondent.



*Waverley Root*

Discussing the mystery of Germany's failure to invade England after the fall of France, Mr. Root says:

"German psychology required that the Nazis should be certain of victory before they took the risk of invasion. But English psychology . . . forbade the British to admit, even to themselves, that they were licked. One example of this attitude was the cable the editor of one of England's biggest newspapers sent to his New York correspondent on the night of London's worst air raid. 'File 200 words on Deanna Durbin's marriage.' This business-as-usual attitude baffled the Germans."

On the subject of submarine warfare, Mr. Root says: "Shortage of good commanders was the reason for German adoption of the 'wolf pack' technique. . . . It was natural for the layman to consider such joint action as probably more effective than individual operation. The Germans, for propaganda reasons, encouraged this belief. But the fact was just the reverse."

The Secret History of the War is an expansive (and expensive) work in two volumes, covering more than 1,200 pages. The author's opinions aren't always accompanied by proof. But they do fit with impressive logic into the pattern of facts definitely established.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price $10.

IF you'd like to take time out from cosmic problems for some pleasing frivolity, I can recommend **Antoine.** It's the autobiography of Antek Cierplikowski, who went from Poland to Paris to prove that hairdressing could be one of the fine arts.

Antoine so definitely established himself as a French institution that he was impersonated in a play and a movie. The mentor of European actresses, duchesses, and rich men's wives for a generation, he is now exercising his urbane tyranny over American women.

*Antoine*

Of his own wife, Antoine says: "She would never let me touch her hair. . . . Most women think I make them look better, but Fauvette, who is a good business woman, knows I am not a good business man, and so I cannot do her hair. But I really did not try very hard. After all, it was refreshing after days spent among glittering ladies to come home to a simple, unspoiled Fauvette."

Antoine asks and answers the question: "Why do women continually fall for new styles?" His theory is:

"Change is like medicine, like a tonic. . . . Men's clothes do not change enough for their own good, and so they get what they can from seeing women in new things."

Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.75.

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

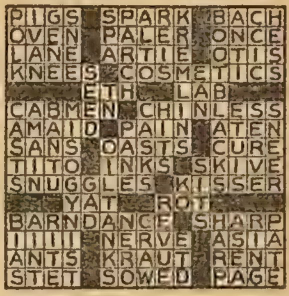
## BY TED SHANE

### HORIZONTAL

1 A forearm bone
7 Sweet, split, and cow are varieties of what?
11 The ancient Hebrew who pursued and killed his kin's murderer was called the what of blood?
13 The Mesdames Held, May Wong, and Belle Lee were all whats?
15 Name the author of 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield
17 Cause a personal blackout
18 What Asherite became a constellation?
19 What "knits up the ravell'd sleave of care"?
21 What's a valuable mineral enclosed in an unvaluable one called?
22 What ancient city was named for a rock?
24 551
25 The 612th part of an octave's a what?
26 At what European ex-hot spot did our G. I.s recently take the baths?
29 P, b, m, f, v, or w is called a what, phonetically?
31 What trade does Henry Clay's name remind one of?
34 They make you cry!
35 What lies east of the Occident?
36 Give the New York outlet of the Mutual Broadcasting System
37 What do misguided people call fun? (The naughty things!)
38 What sounds ring constantly in doctors' ears?
40 Sixty apothecary grains equal one what?
44 A farina fiend'd be a what?
45 Silver nitrate is also called what caustic?
48 What man's name means Vigilant Watcher?
49 If Lewis Carroll's heroine wanted to go fancy, how'd she spell her name?
51 Who was Gargantua's "father"?
53 Father Damien is associated with the what?
55 Complete: Lares and ——
56 Bristle
57 Place

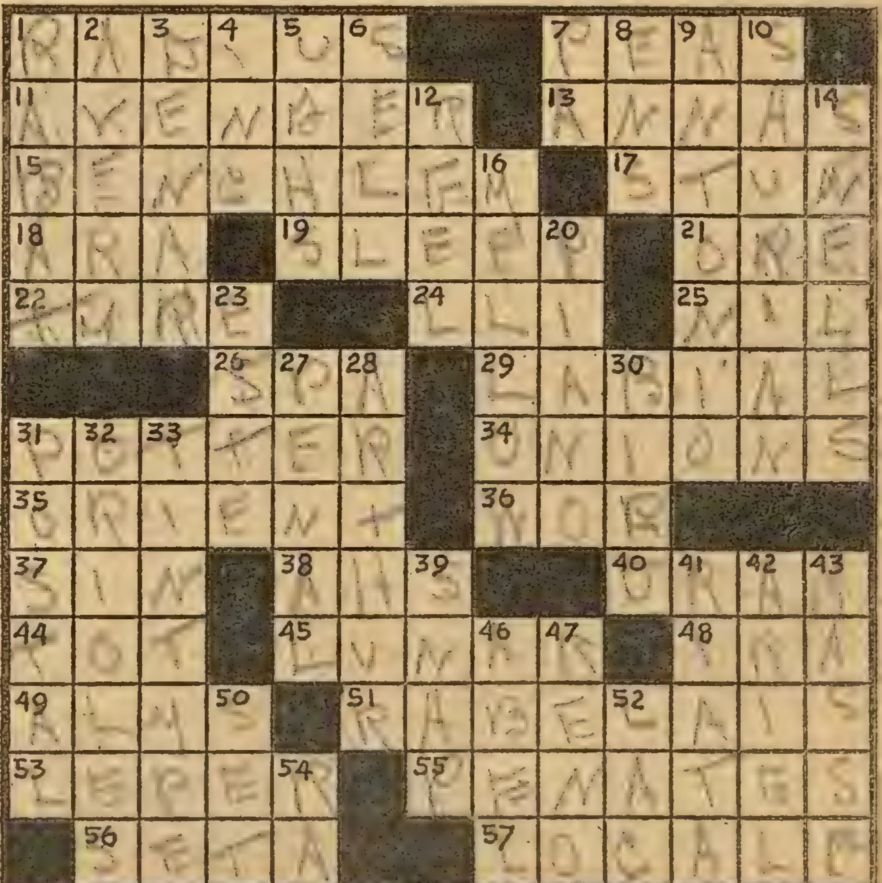
### VERTICAL

1 Name a place important during the North African campaign
2 Because of whom has it become the Montgomery-Roosevelt Co.?
3 Name Servia's unit of money
4 The American version of Ltd. is what?
5 What disgusting words were Indians always using?
6 Bears do what on the Stock Market?
7 Who is dictated to but never right, at home?
8 Pure being
9 Name the Merchant of Venice
10 In what age did the dinosaurs, lizards, etc., flourish?
12 Name the Army surgeon after whom a big hospital's been named
14 Short gut lines holding fishhooks, for attaching to longer lines, are whats?
16 Blue and what make green?
20 The harpsichord is the grandpa of the what?
23 The Guelphs are related to what royal Italian family?
27 Plane (anag.)
28 Who was Guinevere's hubby?
30 What's a smee?
31 Name a Telegraph combined with Western Union
32 What lovely birds are also called hangnests?
33 Great-grandpa's mug was preserved for posterity on a what?
39 What kind of dragon is harmless and beautiful?
41 Tiara (anag.)
42 Name the playboy of The Tempest
43 To detour around a blocking billiard ball, what stroke would you use?
46 Bale (anag.)
47 What city is *not* known as a mine base, or for its lumber and flour mills, etc.?
50 What's high-toned for gang?
52 What insect goo is used to make varnish?
54 Whose wife was a Nut?



PIGS■SPARK■BACH
OVEN■PALER■ONCE
LANE■ARTIE■OTIS
KNEES■COSMETICS
■■■■ETH■■LAB■■■
CABMEN■CHINLESS
AMAID■PAIN■ATEN
SANS■OASTS■CURE
TITO■INKS■SKIVE
SNUGGLES■KISSER
■■■YAT■■ROT■■■■
BARNDANCE■SHARP
IIII■NERVE■ASIA
ANTS■KRAUT■RENT
STET■SOWED■PAGE

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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## A PICK-UP FOR RENO

Continued from Page 33

been sitting in taut, dumb silence, and Ellen Truman had said hardly one word to him. Yet now *they sat with Ellen's right hand clasped in Satterlee's fingers!*

Thinking hard, Dick stalked up a muddy path toward the tower of Beacon 7, which loomed through the rain.

After all, it's not so hard to figure, he realized.

Ellen's car and Satterlee's car—they were one and the same. Ellen had been rushing to Reno *with Satterlee.* To get married *to Satterlee.* They had run out of gas. Satterlee had gone to the shed of Beacon 6 to steal some gasoline. Meanwhile Ellen had waited in Satterlee's car, parked off the concrete. That overflow of creek water had softened the mud under the car and scared her so that she got out onto the highway to ask help of the next car that came along.

Then I picked her up—and she gasped in surprise when she saw Satterlee sitting in my truck, handcuffed. But real quick he warned her not to talk. He acted like a stranger, like he'd never seen her before. Now that he's under arrest and likely going to a federal penitentiary, he doesn't want her name connected with him at all. Which is plenty decent of him. But what lousy luck! Starting off to get married—and winding up with a five-year prison sentence staring you in the face!

Dick had taken with him the keys to the car ignition and to the padlock of the chain on Satterlee's wrist, so Ellen couldn't free Satterlee or drive the car. They were probably sitting there racking their wits over what to do next. She was likely crying and he was trying hopelessly to comfort her. Damn!

But the dope shouldn't have picked an airways beacon to rob!

THE moment Dick unlocked the beacon shed and smelled the acrid odor of burned insulation he knew what had happened. A hefty jolt of lightning had hit the tower! And he realized, with dismay, that he might not get No. 7 to working at all that night.

Power for the lights was furnished by Diesel generators. There were two plants here, which alternated nightly.

He bent over the No. 1 plant and saw at once that it was burned out. But why, then, hadn't the relay set the stand-by plant into operation? He peered at the "brains" of the equipment. Said "brains" was a transfer time switch which consisted of an astronomic clock and a voltage relay.

"Looks like the relay is jimmed up, too!" Dick said aloud.

If the stand-by generator was also burned out, this beacon would be dark tonight! He switched on the No. 2 plant. Cranking, starting, the engine grinding over. Minutes passed. It coughed but didn't catch. Then he worked the starter again, and he cursed the engine, and pleaded with it. He jumped violently when the motor caught with a roar and settled down to business. Just shows you, he commented inwardly, what will power can do! And he grinned with relief. The stand-by plant would furnish power until the other plant was repaired.

He stepped outside and peered upward. The opposing beams of the great light wheel were tremendous in the dusk, and the red course lights winked their brilliant signals through the sluicing rain.

He locked the shed and hurried down the slope to the car.

He was feeling good. And as he thought of Ellen and Satterlee waiting for him, sick of heart, he made a decision. When they got to Reno, he'd wish them luck—*and let Satterlee go.* Just because he liked the girl.

He noticed that they moved apart as he approached the car, and they were silent as he slid behind the wheel.

"Now we'll highball straight into Reno," he said.

He turned the car onto the highway.

"Tell me about your fiancé," he urged the girl.

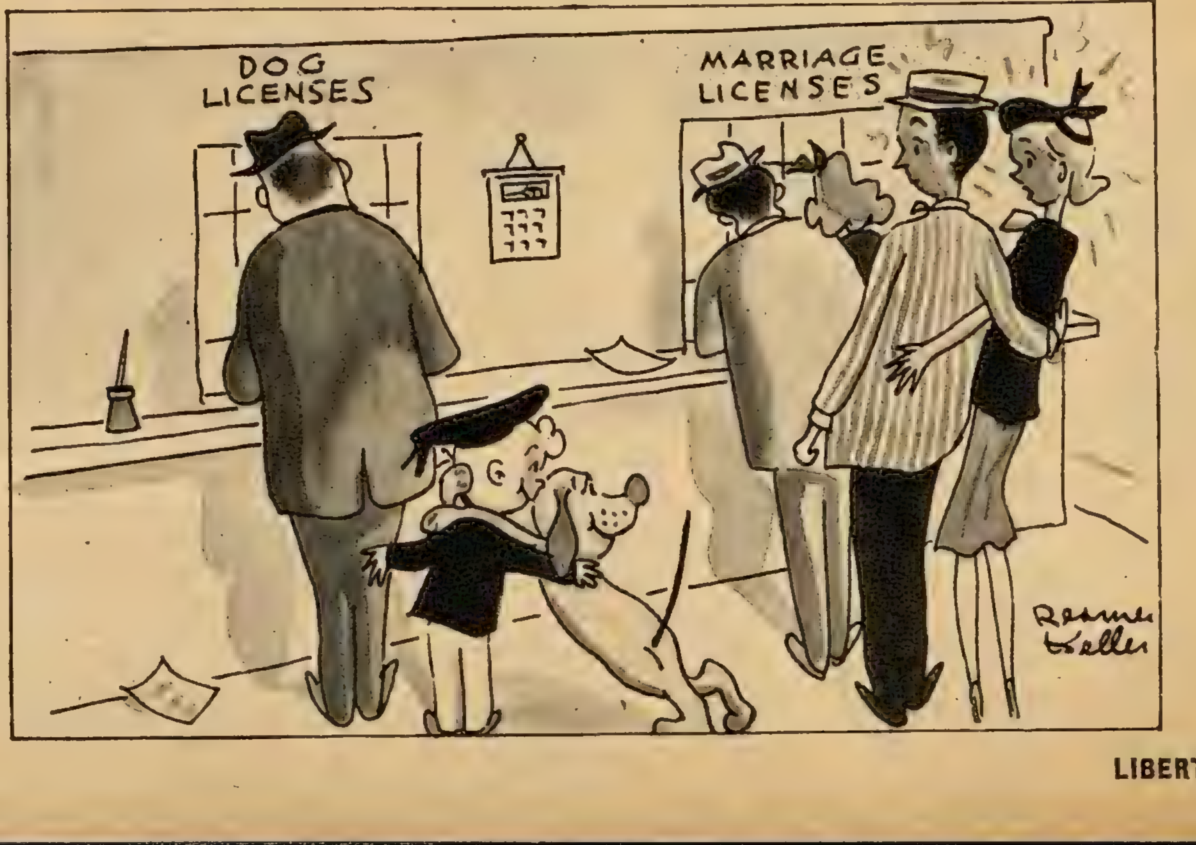
"I've—I've known him about a year," she began diffidently. "He was stationed at Fort Ord, until he was discharged recently. I'd see him when he came into town on leave. It wasn't often, but I lived for those week-ends. I guess he doesn't look as handsome to other people as he does to me. I never see so many things to laugh at as when I'm with him. We go dancing a lot, and we hunt up odd little places to eat, and we go sight-seeing like tourists, and—" She stopped. She didn't cry, but he knew that it took an awful effort not to.

And then he heard the sound behind them—the increasing yowl of a siren.

He pulled to the side of the road and braked to a stop.

*(Continued on page 54)*

HARDTACK



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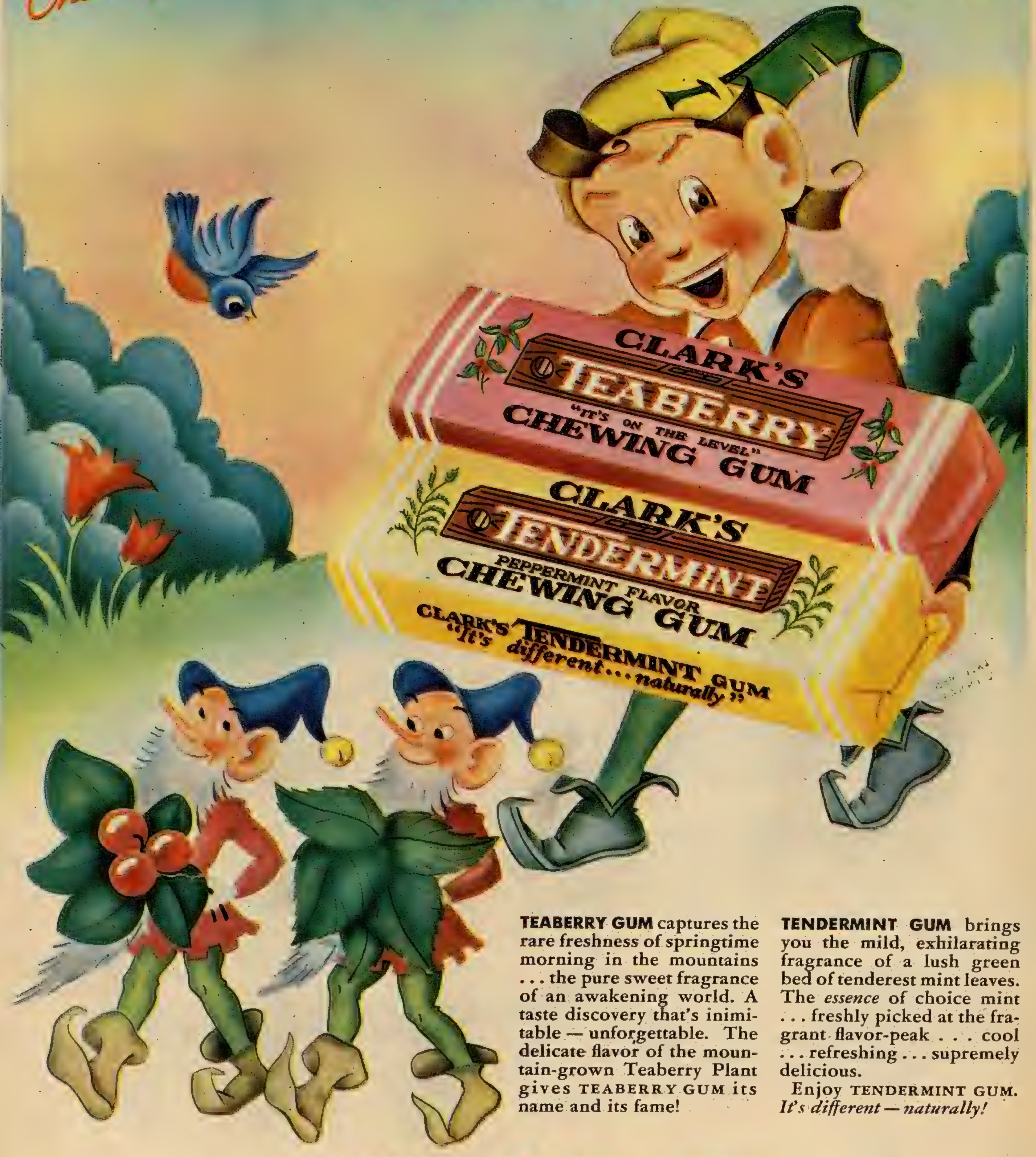
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There is No Substitute for Experience

(*Continued from page 52*)

A sedan pulled up alongside—a black-and-white sedan of the State Highway Patrol. The driver opened his door.

"Hey, Dick! CAA's been trying to reach you."

"I've been busy—anyway, the static is so bad my radio is practically out."

"They reached us by teletype. Beacon No. 9 is dark."

"The hell it is!"

"Better get to it."

"Yeah," Dick groaned. "Like a shot."

"Say, Dick. Seen anything of a Packard coupé, one man in it, license 87P353? It was stolen in San Jose yesterday."

"No, haven't noticed such a car. So long, Al!"

Deeply worried, Dick started his car. It was already dark. Every minute that Beacon 9, up on the hump, wasn't functioning was a minute of possible peril for air traffic. In good weather a pilot could fly high and see a row of beacons, as plain before him as a broad highway. But when a storm lowered visibility, the one beacon that was dark might be the light which a pilot needed most.

"Let's hope this chore won't take but a minute," Dick said.

"Don't worry about us," Ellen told him. "What's important is to get that beacon working."

Dick pushed the car up to fifty. He strained to see ahead. When gusts of wind flung rain in solid masses against his windshield, he recoiled, as if buckets of water had been flung at him. It was eight miles yet to Beacon 9.

He was suddenly acutely conscious of his two passengers. He could sense the tension. And abruptly he understood.

Satterlee had tried to steal gasoline because he had no gas stamps. He not only had no "A" stamps, he had no car, either! That coupé in which he and Ellen had been driving to Reno was the stolen Packard the police were looking for!

And Ellen knew it, now. She hadn't known it before. Angrily Dick assured himself of this. She was too fine and decent. While Satterlee—hell, hadn't he tried to steal gas from an airways beacon!

NEAR Indian Canyon, Dick turned off the concrete onto a side road that was covered with running water. In low gear he crawled into the narrow winding slot of Indian Canyon. Beacon 9 was on the north rim of the ravine.

He stopped the car and stepped out—into foot-deep water. He winced as the pelting rain hit him, and he thought of climbing the steep switchbacks to the beacon tower.

He started walking, and the current he was wading almost knocked him off his feet. The little rill which usually drained through the ravine was now a raging torrent. It could make trouble.

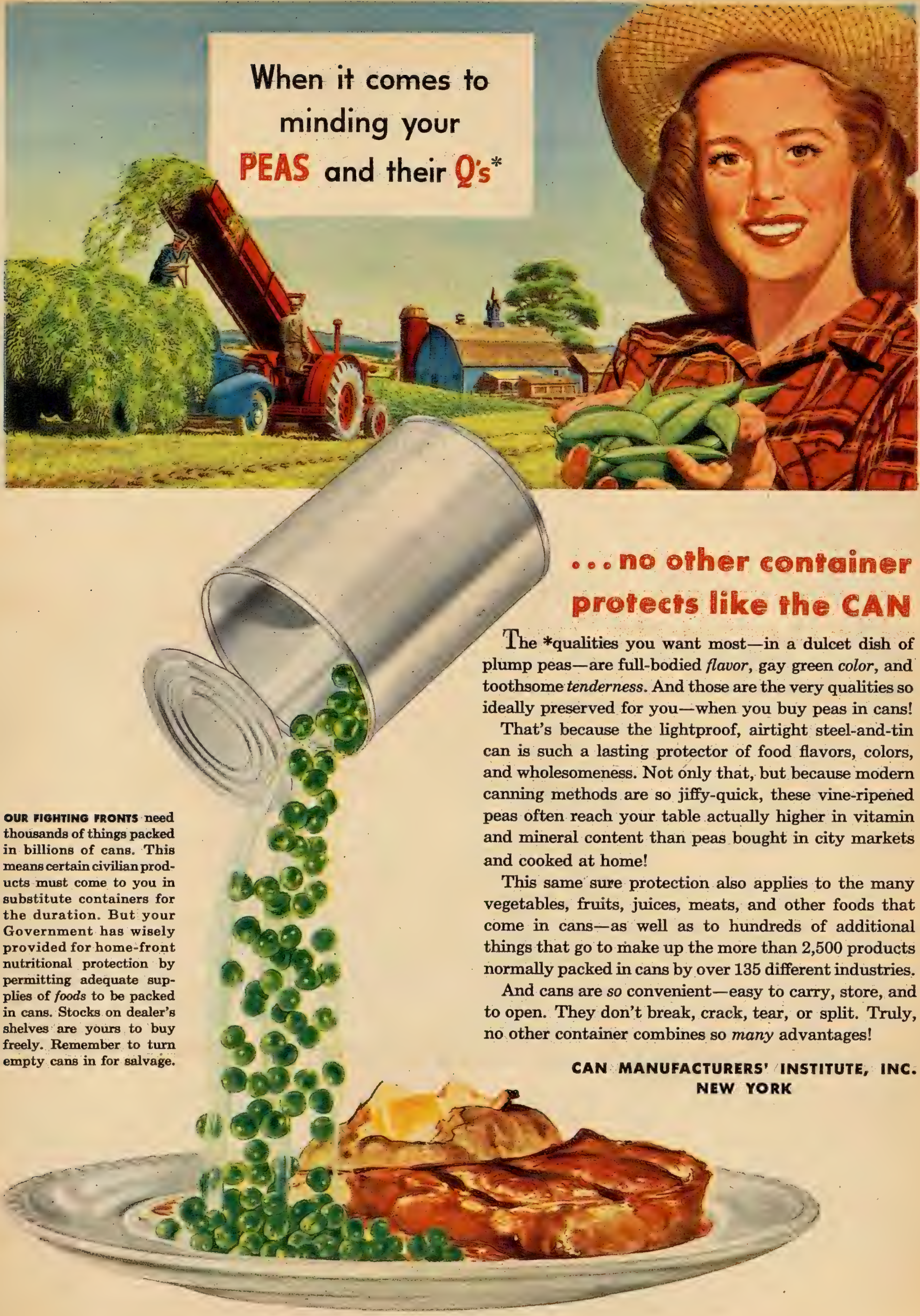
He returned to the car and threw his keys into Ellen's lap.

"Look, kid, you better back the car out onto the highway. This creek seems to be rising fast. I got to rush!"

He turned again and plunged in an awkward run up the ravine. He remembered, then, that the key to Satterlee's padlock was on the same ring with the ignition key. Suppose Ellen backed the car to the highway—then just kept on going? And freed Satterlee? So what! He'd rather they drove off than risked drowning where they were!

It was very dark in the ravine, and he had to switch on the powerful flashlight he carried hooked to his belt. Abruptly he stopped and peered around through the rain. The foot of the trail to the beacon

(*Continued on page 56*)



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*Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils*

*(Continued from page 54)*

should be here, but he couldn't find the path. The whole slope looked different, changed.

"Good Lord! A rock slide!"

He started climbing over it, angry and worried. Such lousy luck! But he *had* to reach the beacon. How come a slide, anyhow? Lifting his flashlight, he stared at the ravine wall. A big wedge of earth at the rim of the ravine had come free and skidded down into the canyon!

*That's* why this beacon isn't burning! he realized.

He lifted his flashlight beam higher. A flicker of lightning helped vision, too. He saw the beacon tower clearly outlined—and he saw that the structure of steel girders stood at a giddy tilt against the clouds. The ground on which the tower stood had *moved,* and that moving had torn loose the wires to the generators, so that no current could reach the lights! No wonder Beacon 9 was out.

I CAN splice those wires, he realized. Tilted that way, the beacon wouldn't rotate; but if the generators were level enough to roll, the lights could shine. That would help.

He started climbing. And then an appalling thought hit him. Suppose another slide occurred now?

Maybe the slight jar of his own weight, as he climbed the rim of the cliff, would cause another wedge of saturated earth to start sliding?

A grumble of thunder was fading out over the peaks; and when it died, he heard motors. He stood listening, as the roar swelled into the steady working rhythm of the engines of a transport plane.

And then he saw the plane lights, and an agonized "Oh, my God!" burst out of him. For the plane was so low it was skimming the crests of the mountain range. "That's guy's lost!"

*He should be going over the hump at eleven thousand feet, giving him a leeway of two thousand. But he was lost, and blind and deaf; and he's let down, groped down through the blinding storm to find beacon lights that would guide him onto his proper course.*

And this beacon was dark!

Dick groaned, for he knew what the pilot was sweating out. You're flying along on instruments through a storm that has blanked out visibility and is jouncing your ship like a hellish surf. You call your field for directions; but the lightning has gremlinized your radio so that the calls come through in scraps of gibberish like the brassy mouthings of a robot with rabies. And your directional beam fails you, for the rain is hitting your ship in myriad millions of drops that hammer up a roar of static which drowns out the buzz of the range. Once in a while you get a clear dot-dash, and then you know you're way off in the "A" sector, and you rudder southwest in the slim hope of getting back on the beam.

And then a lightning flash shows you a mad badlands of mountain crests below that are utterly unfamiliar, and you know you're lost. With your radio just a crazy torment in your ears, it's no good to you; so you let down cautiously, and you start circling, straining your eyes out to find a flashing beacon that will set you right on the course again.

But he won't find the beacon. He'll find a mountain peak looming up in front of him so close he can't turn—

Dick didn't debate what to do. He hadn't time.

There was only one thing he *could* do. He lunged upward, frantically climbing the steep slope.

Near the top he felt a sudden jolting slip under him, and his heart choked up into his throat; but there was no more movement, and then he was on the summit of the slope, near the beacon, the flashlight lifted in his hand.

"Pray God that guy's looking!" he blurted aloud, unaware he was talking at all. And with the flashlight he blinked the code number of Site 9, flashlight beam aimed at the plane. Dash-dash-dash-dash-dot! And he repeated it, spelling out S-i-t-e N-i-n-e so that pilot would be sure to understand. And then he circled the flashlight beam and pointed west, to indicate the course, and he dot-dashed: "G-o w-e-s-t—"

And then a jarring slip under his feet sent terror into his brain again. He saw the steel-girdered tower of the beacon tip and sway in a slow arc across the stormy sky and hit the ground, and he saw the generator shed twist sideways and start moving. He started to run, to hurl himself forward, but the ground under his feet was lurching treacherously and he fell. Then the whole earth seemed tilting and sliding into motion and there was a roar, a growing roar that blotted out his own yelling, and with it a sense of rushing fall, a downward sweep of colossal force, and then the ground opened and walls gaped wide and closed in on him, and finally there was a thunderous, crushing impact . . . with one flash of thought cutting across his reeling mind: The plane had blinked its landing lights, as if in acknowledgment, and had banked into a westward turn, onto its proper course.

Then all wit and sense blacked out in harsh oblivion.

HE was being lifted. Someone had dug him out, he realized numbly. He stirred, and pain knifed through his chest. Broken ribs, he thought; and when the shock wore off, he'd be one mass of aches and bruises. But lucky at that. He was being carefully eased onto a car seat. He heard a man's deep voice, and Ellen answering. He was pillowing his head on her lap.

He opened his eyes. Al Dixon, the State Highway Patrol cop, was getting behind the wheel. This must be Al's car, he realized.

"What happened?" he blurted out. "That slide, then—"

"Better not talk." Her low voice was shaky and uncertain. "We're taking you to a hospital in Reno."

"Where's Satterlee?" he demanded. And insisted, "Tell me."

She told it bit by bit, as if she had to drag it out of herself. She had backed Dick's car out onto the highway, and stopped. Then Satterlee had begged her to unlock the padlock of the chain handcuffing him to the seat. He told her he faced five years in a federal penitentiary. Five years! Thought of that was more than she could bear. So finally she had freed him.

Then the landslide had occurred. They heard the roar and felt the heavy thud and jar as the rock and soil crashed to the bottom of the ravine. She had started out of the car, saying that they had to go see if Dick Haynes needed help.

But Satterlee had refused. "God, no! Don't you see? If that airways man is dead, I'm safe. Nobody'll make charges against me!"

And he hadn't followed her out of the car at all. Instead, as she ran, she heard him start the car, and heard the motor roar fade in the distance as he raced up the road to Reno.

"I found you almost at once," she said.

*(Continued on page 59)*

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*BACK THE ATTACK*
*—BUY WAR BONDS*

*SHIPS FOR VICTORY*
*SERVANTS FOR PEACE*

(*Continued from page 56*)

"The edge of your slicker was sticking out of the mud, and your flashlight was lying near. You weren't buried very deep, and I uncovered your face. I thought you were dead, and I didn't know what to do. Then this highway cop arrived. Tom Satterlee had stopped at the first house he came to and telephoned what had happened. So this officer was ordered to come and look for you."

"I guess," Dick said, "that but for you, I'd still be lying there with my face in the mud."

AT the hospital in Reno they gave him a sedative, and sleep blanked out his aches.

After breakfast next morning, Ellen Truman came to see him.

"I wanted to see how you were doing," she said.

"Fine. Except that looking at you gives me a temperature."

She colored slightly. Her bronzy-red hair was upswept, and the new suit she wore set off to perfection her trim graceful figure.

"I had to buy a new outfit."

"Tell me: Are you waiting here for Satterlee?"

"No. I don't expect to hear from him again. Ever."

"That Packard he was driving—did you know it was stolen?"

"No. He told me he'd borrowed it from his cousin." She caught a long, unsteady breath. "Looking back, now, I can see things—" She shrugged. "When we ran low on gas, he asked me for my gas stamps. I hadn't brought them; and besides, they were no good for his car. He said we were stuck, then, unless he could steal some gas. We—we were in a jam, he said. So I didn't protest. Later, when I realized that he had stolen the Packard, I was still confused. I told myself that it had been an impulse, something he had thought he *had* to do because he was on a spot. Ordinarily, I told myself, he simply wouldn't *dream* of stealing anything. I was kidding myself.

"And I realized it when he refused to go help you when the rockslide came down the canyon. It would be safer for him if you were dead, he said. Then I couldn't have any doubts left. It came too easily to him. He was just that kind of person."

"Uh-huh," Dick said. "So you're not getting married."

"I feel like I've just been divorced."

He looked sidewise at her.

"Got any hard feelings against me?"

"I did have. Hated you. But not any longer."

"Fine! Look. Have you ever eaten at Mama Pirroni's?"

"Never heard of it."

"I eat there whenever I'm in San Francisco. Her husband is a fisherman and she cooks a bouillabaisse that's out of this world. Mama Pirroni is a discriminating old rip, and if she likes the girl I'm with, she serves some swell wine, along with a lot of remarks in Italian. You may not understand Italian, but after you've drunk that wine you know what she's driving at, all right! Go there with me some time?"

"Suppose I did—and Mama Pirroni looked at me and didn't serve any wine at all?"

"One look at you," he retorted, "and Mama Pirroni would serve us the most reckless wine she's got! Will you go?"

Ellen's eyes crinkled; abruptly her laugh broke free.

"All right," she said. "It's a date!"

THE END

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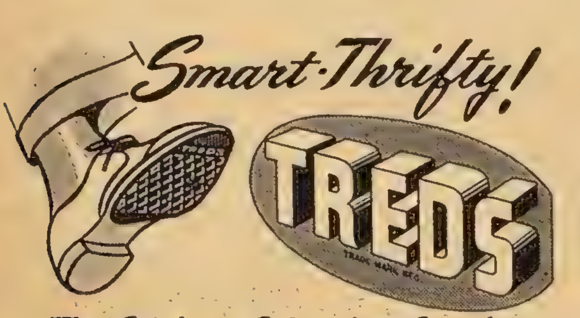
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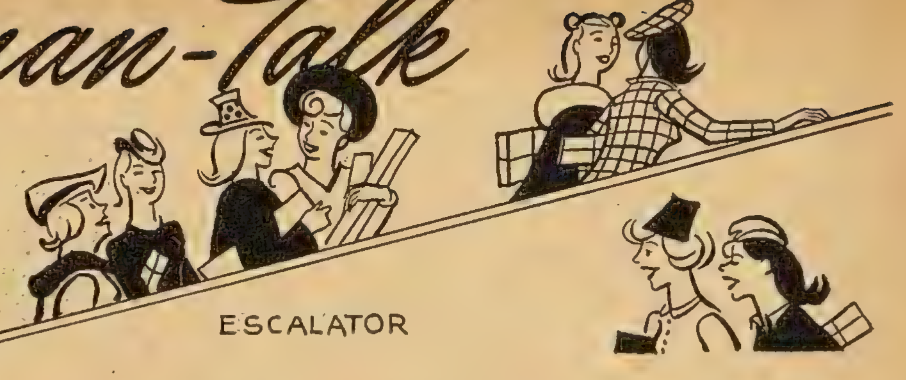
# Woman-Talk

### BY MARGARET FISHBACK

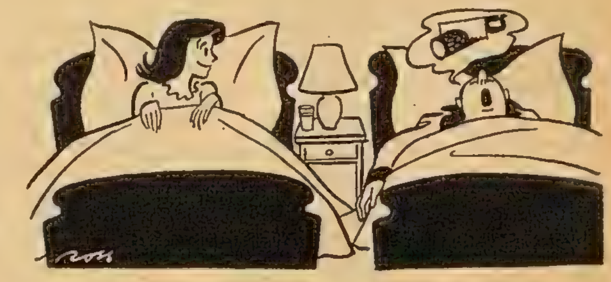


BIRTH OF A ROSE: A thirty-minute motion picture in color and with sound, called Modern Roses, was shown to the press recently. Prepared by the world's largest rose growers, Jackson and Perkins of Newark, New York, the picture showed many of the 3,000 varieties on display at Newark during the rose season, which stretches fragrantly from spring to fall. After watching plant-research director Eugene S. Boerner busily at work creating a new rose, I should think he'd feel like a combination magician, crystal gazer, god, and obstetrician. He selects and prepares the mother rose, "an unnamed hybrid seedling," for hybridization. Then he selects and collects pollen from the male parent, proudly named Chieftain, and applies the pollen to the pistils of the mother rose, which are then capped for protection against the evil companionship of stray pollen. The incipient flower is given a label for future reference—a kind of prenatal birth certificate. Further pictures record the seeds being harvested from the resulting rose hip and planted in specially prepared soil; the growth of the seedlings; their transfer to individual pots, and again to still larger ones; the cutting of the scion stick and the insertion of the eyes from this branch in the stems of sturdy wild roses, where the new hybrids soon become growing, glowing plants. This particular warm pink debutante has been named Katherine B. T. Marshall in honor of the wife of General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army. And now, pals, perhaps *you* know how to create a rose.

PAPER DOLLS: Grocery clerks are not fond of those fragile ladies who fly off the handle when told there are no paper bags on hand. The clerks at super markets where the customer waits on herself take the worst beating, because when these sheltered creatures who haven't yet heard of a paper shortage discover there are no free bags at the cashier's counter, they stalk out angrily, leaving their batches of groceries for the clerks to replace on the shelves. Any housewife who does her own marketing and still goes forth into battle minus her own shopping bag is asking for trouble—trouble for herself and the clerks—because she wastes her own time as well as theirs. There are still thousands of this strange species of bird-brain infesting the countryside, in spite of the fact that "paper holidays" are being declared by hundreds of cities and towns because of the War Production Board's request that paper be conserved. During a paper holiday no bags or wrapping paper are used in retail business except for articles such as meats, which require wrapping for sanitary reasons.

WAR BABY: One of the babies whose growth has been retarded by the war is television. In all New York City there are less than 6,000 receiving sets. The diminutive size of the audience, however, has not discouraged smart merchants and national organizations from experimenting. They feel much is to be gained by doing so while their mistakes remain comparatively private. For they want to have all the know-how possible when sets become available. One recent experimenter has found that television takes about one hour's rehearsing for every minute of finished performance!

CHIN UP: When you're feeling sorry for yourself because you can't get chicken, and you haven't enough points for beef, if any, perhaps you can undroop that mouth and keep your chin up by considering the case of Mrs. Alexandra Schroeder of Paterson, New Jersey. She received a telegram from the War Department informing her that her husband, Lieutenant John F. Schroeder, infantry officer, was killed in action at Leyte. Instead of collapsing, she went to work as usual the next morning as carburetion instructor at the Service School of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, a post she has held since October, 1942. She said, "I came here to help win the war. I now feel more than ever that I should do the job."



### RECITAL

**Women with husbands away at the wars**
**Are fed to the gullet with wives who complain**
**That they're kept awake by connubial snores . . .**
**Such music's a pleasure instead of a pain!**

ALL WET: The immoderately wet weather visited upon New England in the shape of snow, sleet, rain, and hail in the past few weeks brings to mind the eloquent tale of the man struggling along through a flooded road in the early spring. He was up to his thighs in water when a friend called to him from the upper story of his waterlogged house to say, "You're having a pretty tough time there, aren't you?" To which he replied philosophically, "Yes, but it's not nearly so hard on me as it is on this horse that I'm riding!"

## ". . . YOU DON'T BELONG TO ANY WOMAN"

Continued from Page 29

mass of the cattle against the luminous sky and the silhouette of the rider above them. I could hear the measured plod of the horse's hoofs on the sod and the creak of saddle leather as the cowboy rode herd, singing to quiet the cattle.

At the same time I sensed that Nick wasn't singing just to please me. He would always sing, any time, anywhere. It was as essential to him as breathing. I knew he would never stop singing until he died—or something died within him.

He got to his feet with a limber easy motion at the sound of footsteps on the porch behind us, his hat in one hand, the guitar in the other.

The sun had made a red-gold halo of Marge's hair. She was smiling and her eyes looked more violet than ever. I took a quick look at Marge's face and knew that her beauty was as tangible as a blow to Nick.

Marge was saying, "I thought at first I must be hearing things."

Nick's smile broadened. "I was just killing time, waiting for Mr. Willard to come back to the house. I'm just a pilgrim looking for a job."

"He'll be glad to see you," Marge said. "I know he needs more help. Won't you come in and wait?"

"I wouldn't want to put you to any trouble, ma'am. I'd just as lief wait out here."

When she had gone back into the house, Nick looked dreamily away off across the yard and his fingers plucked softly at the strings. I think that for a moment he clean forgot I was there. For he sang softly:

"'I know my love by her way of walkin'.
I know my love by her way of talkin'.
I know my love by her suit of blue.
But if my love leaves me, what shall I do?'"

He stopped as abruptly as he had begun, smiled at me, and began to sing Suckin' Cider Through a Straw. Then he sang Abdul the Bulbul Ameer, making the strings chuckle through the song. But all the time I could see that his eyes were still dazzled by the vision of Marge.

UNCLE DAN and Bill came around the corner of the house together, and Nick introduced himself. We went into dinner with Bill studying Nick with his appraising brown eyes.

All through dinner Nick couldn't seem to take his eyes off Marge. Her cheeks were flushed a little more than usual and her eyes were darker.

I was almost sorry for Bill, sitting there with a little troubled frown between his eyes. But, boylike, I couldn't see how any girl could have eyes for any other man as long as Nick was around.

Just as we were finishing dinner, Bill said, "We need another couple of men, Dan. But the last bunk in the bunkhouse is filled."

"That's easily fixed," Marge said quickly. "Mr. Dorsey can take the room over the kitchen."

Uncle Dan smiled one of his slow smiles. "That seems fittin'. After all, I gather Nick here is a kind of troubadour. Wouldn't be right for the boys to get all the benefit." He glanced at the guitar. "Maybe you'd sing us some songs after supper."

"Mister," Nick said, "I'll be frank. I'd rather sing than eat—almost."

So it was that evening, as the dusk began to fill the yard, the five of us were out on the porch and the men began drifting up

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from the bunkhouse by twos and threes to hear the stranger's music.

Nick started to get up. "If it's agreeable to you, I'll run up and fetch my guitar and give you some songs."

But I was at the door as he spoke, saying, "No. Let me go up and get it for you."

I carried the guitar downstairs, going very slowly, cradling it in my arms as though I were carrying all the treasure of all the world.

It was Uncle Dan who made the first request. He was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, his eyes fixed on some point off on the horizon. His voice had a strange eager note as he asked, "I wonder if you would know, Lowlands Low?"

"I sure do," Nick said. His voice dropped a note, "The sweetest music, mister, that ever came up from the sea."

Uncle Dan nodded slowly. "I used to go seafaring. I knew an old sailor once who used to sing it on deck of a night when we were sailing in the tropics."

Some quality in his voice said that the hunger for the sound of it had never gone from him.

Nick's voice was like the lilt of the song itself, as he said, "There are wonderful nights in this wide world, and wonderful songs to be sung in all of them." And he was looking toward Marge as he said it.

Then he leaned back with his eyes closed, his fingers caressing the strings as he began to sing Lowlands Low. I'd never heard that most beautiful of all sea ballads; that song that is as brave and terrible as the sea itself.

I was glad that it was dark, so that no one could see the tears on my cheeks. Then I heard a few of the men clearing their throats and felt better. Uncle Dan spoke, and his voice was gruff and husky: "Thank you, Nick. Though thanks seem pretty small exchange for such singin'."

Then, as though to change the mood, Nick broke into Whiskey Johnny. That was certainly a night of magic as Nick played the old sea chanteys. For there in the yard the slim pines became the masts of tall ships pointing at strange stars in foreign skies. And the rush of the millrace became the swift wash of water along the sides of a great ship.

Before we went to bed he played some old English and Scottish ballads. And, child though I was, I knew I was listening to one of the great minstrels. He had found his songs all over the wide world, in lumber camps and fo'c'sles, in strange ports and stranger lands; wherever there was beauty he had found it and remembered.

And last of all, Uncle Dan asked him to repeat Lowlands Low. I went to bed with the song throbbing in my heart, as sad and lovely as the song of the Canadian song sparrow.

Every night it was like that. The woods gang hailed from all over, and in the mind of each one of them was some old familiar ballad from his own home section. And invariably Nick knew it and would sing it as the folks who had framed it intended it to be sung.

There was one night when he missed on a ballad from the Ozarks. But the man who requested it could sing it after a fashion. And Nick followed him, leaning forward, picking out the notes, weaving in the full melody, till he had made it his, as he made every song his.

But in between the evenings, in the long sun-filled days, I watched a semblance of gloom and worry descend upon Bill. For he could see—as who could not?—the way that Marge regarded Nick.

BUT there were times when one couldn't be too sure; times when she frowned slightly as she watched him; times when I felt sure she disapproved of him singing so much.

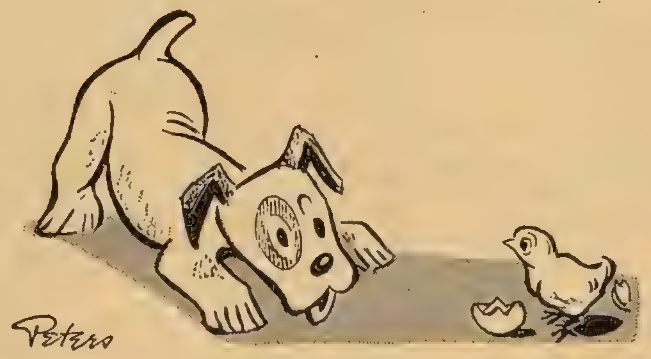
Then one evening as I was going through the hall, headed for the porch, I heard Marge's voice, and I stopped. She was saying softly, "It's not that I disapprove of your singing. It's the amount of time you give to it. If you love a girl and want to marry her, it seems to me that you should devote more time and serious thought to her and—not quite so much to singing. Life isn't just one grand sweet song. There are such things as the future to be considered."

Nick's voice was grave and a little troubled. "Maybe you're right, Marge. It's true I've never given much thought to the future. Up till now I've always rambled along and found new places and songs."

"That's just it," Marge protested. "Can't you see you've always run away from the real things of life? But there comes a time when new places and new songs are not enough."

"I wonder," Nick said doubtfully. "Maybe you're right, Marge. Maybe you can teach me a new kind of song that will take the place of all the others."

I tiptoed back away from the door and up the stairs to my room. I felt sick and cold inside. Something within me was protesting bitterly, "She can't do that! She



## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

*(Unabashed)*

**PUPPEREL:** Small doggerel.

**BLIRD:** An eagle in a fog.

**AIRYZONA:** Why they go there to cure asthma.

**CABBYNET:** Taxi driver's cupboard.

**DI VA.:** A prima donna from Virginia.

**'E CLIPS:** A barber in obscurity.

**HORNAMENT:** What the buck wears.

**AFFECTSHUN:** Lack of response to love.

**PIGNICKER:** The guy who hogs all the potato salad.

**DEAFFICULT:** Hard of hearing.

can't do that to Nick!" For it was in my heart that something in Nick would die if she took the place of the songs in his life. And those songs, to me, were the most precious things in all the world.

The thought remained with me all through the next day, dimming the brightness of the sun, robbing the lumber of its fragrance and the saws of their music. I went fishing for trout, and there was no fun in it. I went for a long hike back of the old wood road where the shadows hang tall and cool and the only sounds are the liquid notes of the song sparrow or the thunder of a partridge's wings. But I found no comfort there.

Late in the afternoon I went back and sat in the shadow of a lumber pile, watching the shadows lengthen across the lumberyard. The voices were opposite me before I could make myself known.

Uncle Dan was talking, and I had never heard his voice contain such feeling. He was saying, "I know, son. I know how it is. You see a beautiful woman and everything goes by the boards. There's no song so beautiful to your mind, or nothing that you would not give up to get her."

He paused, then went on, the intensity of feeling mounting in his voice: "But I tell you, son, there are more kinds of beauty than most of us ever dream of. And you have the beauty of song, son. Give it up and you'll die just as dead as if you were ready for the undertaker."

"But I've been thinking," Nick said dreamily, "that she'd let me teach her to love my kind of life."

"Stuff and nonsense," Uncle Dan chuckled. "I know Marge. She's beautiful, all right. But, son, she's got a mind of her own. This is where she belongs, and the man she marries will know who's boss the day after the weddin'. Now you take Bill. There's the man for Marge. He's a fine steady boy, and he'd never know he was being bossed. And if he did, it wouldn't bother him any. But you don't belong to any woman. You don't belong to Salisbury. You belong to the wide world and all the people in it."

They walked on, with Nick saying something I couldn't catch. But I fancied I caught a certain indecision in his voice.

I thought to myself how smart Uncle Dan was. He knew what I knew. What's more, I felt sure that Nick wasn't the kind of man to make Marge happy. Maybe the songs wouldn't die inside him. Then one day he'd pick up his guitar and leave, and not even Marge could hold him.

IT was a quiet group at supper that evening. And after supper there were no songs. Sitting with the four older people on the porch, I grew drowsier than usual because Uncle Dan seemed bent on talking about serious things such as lumber deals that were pending. Nick sat silently listening to the three of them. Maybe I imagined it, but it seemed to me as though Marge grew restless with it all. I couldn't tell whether it was because she missed Nick's songs or because she was chafing under Uncle Dan's unaccustomed talkativeness. The murmur of their voices continued after I had gone to bed, and finally it lulled me to sleep.

I don't know what woke me. It couldn't have been the guitar and Nick's voice. That was so soft as to be a mere murmur of sound. I lay in bed very still, realizing that in a room somewhere, someone was moving stealthily about.

I got out of bed and crept to the open window. Nick was sitting on the porch step, strumming softly and singing a song he had sung for us before, The Raggle-Taggle Gypsies. And the import of it was like a blow. For it must mean that Nick was off, according to his own version of the raggle-taggle gypsies. Then I saw the suitcase on the step beside him, and knew that it was so.

My mouth was open to call down to him when, suddenly, I remembered the sound of someone moving in another room. The thought came sharp and clear, Marge! Marge was going to run away with him.

As though in answer to the thought, the whistle of the midnight local sounded far up the track. Nick lifted his head and gazed in that direction and his guitar became mute. Then his fingers touched the strings softly and he sang:

"'I know where I'm goin',
And I know who's goin' with me.'"

He broke off with a soft chuckle. Outside my door I heard someone going softly down the stairs. Nick lifted his head again and sang:

"'Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,
But I would trade them all—'"

He broke off again and stood up as someone came out on the porch. I looked down and almost fell through the window. It wasn't Marge. It was Uncle Dan, and he was carrying a suitcase of his own.

He spoke softly, and I have never heard such exultation in any voice: "It's a wide world, son. And there are lots of songs to find. Let's get started."

Dan turned his head and looked up at the house, and he was smiling, smiling in a way that made his face shine.

They went across the yards together as the headlight of the local thrust its spear of shining white light down the gleaming rails. For just a moment I had an impulse to run after them to say good-by. Then in a flash it came to me that there would never be any good-by to either of them any more than there would be a good-by to the passing wind.

I saw them get aboard the train into the rear coach. Through the lighted windows I watched them toss their bags onto a seat and sit down together. Nick crossed one leg over the other and his fingers caressed the strings of the guitar. A half dozen people in the coach straightened up and turned to listen. Nick and Uncle Dan looked at each other, and I knew that they were grinning like a couple of schoolboys loose on a holiday.

That was the last sight I had of them. I watched the red light of the train wink out of sight and I was not crying. I was smiling after them, happy for them both.

THE next morning I heard the news. Uncle Dan hadn't told them he was going. But he had left papers behind, giving Bill full charge and providing for everyone.

Marge was upset, just at first. But she soon got over it and married Bill. Bill ran the mill as Uncle Dan knew he could, and Marge ran him as Uncle Dan had known she would.

Every once in a while I'd get a letter from Uncle Dan, telling me about the places they had seen and the songs they had found. Once or twice they almost got home. But always there was something to turn them aside; some new quest or some new song beckoning. That was in the days before war twisted maps askew and cut across the peaceful trails of men.

The last letter I received was not long ago. They had shipped out on a convoy bound for Australia. They had heard that the Australian soldiers were singing some new versions of half-forgotten Australian folk songs. Some day I know I am going to hear them.

THE END

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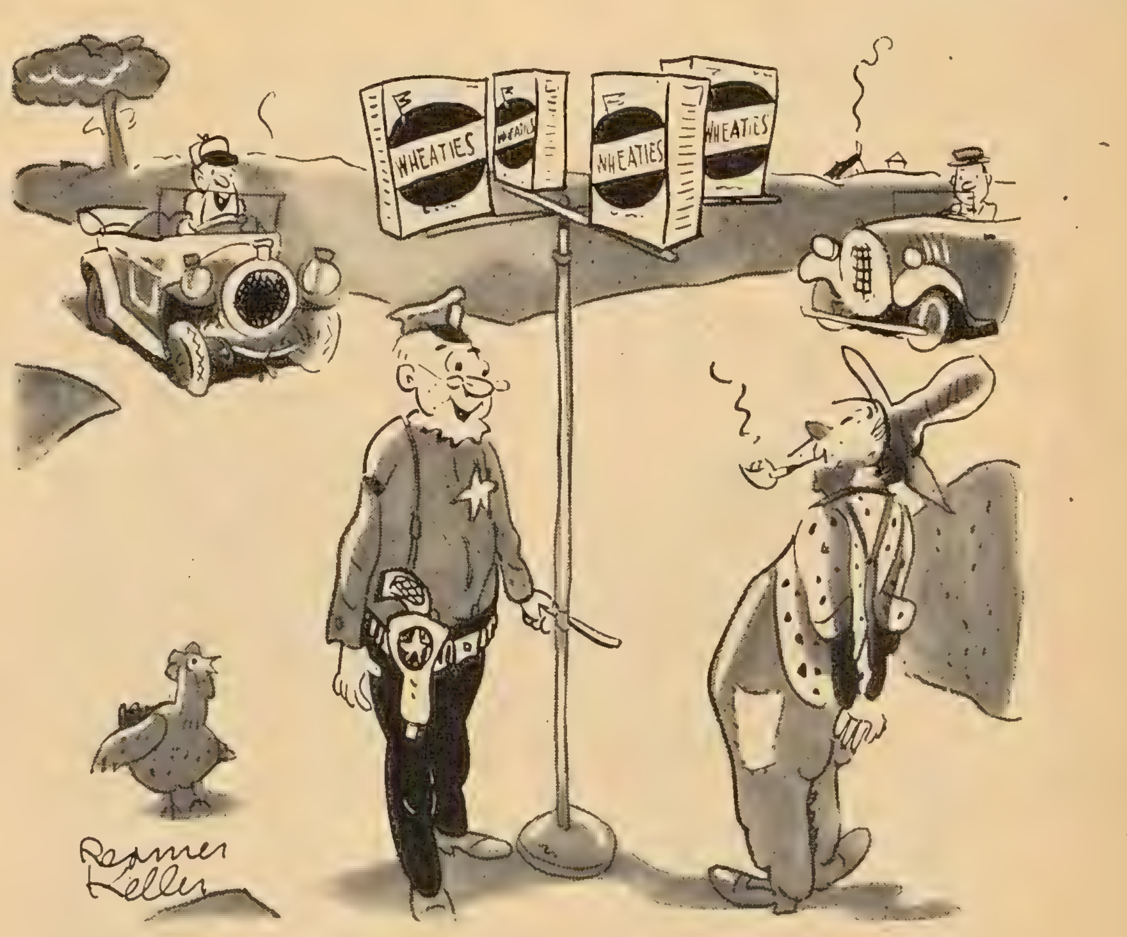

*"This beats a stop sign four ways."*

That orange and blue Wheaties package is a sure "stopper." Folks who usually rush through breakfast, pull up and stay eating when Wheaties "second helping" flavor gets to work on their appetites. Stop in at your grocers for lots of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

# WE CAN ALL HAVE BETTER FOOD AND MORE OF IT

Continued from Page 17

Even in the depression of the 1930s there was no shortage of food in this country—the shortage was of purchasing power. The fact that many people could not afford to buy the food that was available contributed to the agricultural surpluses and to the decrease in prices for farm products. Exports of foodstuffs, especially grain, also fell off (largely because of the policies of European countries), depressing even more the prices of agricultural products.

In many ways the changes which have occurred in western Europe have been similar to those which occurred in this country. When hand tools began to be replaced by machinery, with the consequent increase in industrial and agricultural output, there was at first an increase in the rate of population growth. At the same time the people were generally better fed because the rise in productivity easily outstripped the increase in numbers.

HOWEVER, Europe's industrial output increased even more than her agricultural output. She exchanged a part of her gain in manufactured products for the food of other countries, particularly those of the New World. But Europe as a whole continued to produce nine tenths of the food she consumed. Only England became so industrialized as to import more than half of her food requirements.

During the last century, as material conditions of European peoples improved, and in spite of heavy emigration, the population of Europe doubled. As in the United States, however, increasing industrialization and urbanization of the people were accompanied by a slowing down in the *rate* of population growth.

THE HOME FRONT

"It is *not* the same as my being married in my great-grandmother's wedding gown!"

The leaders of western European countries, disturbed to see the population curve leveling out, adopted various methods to encourage people to have more children. In Italy, for instance, financial inducements were offered; in Germany, increasing the population was advocated as a patriotic duty. None of these measures before the war had much effect. The rate of population growth in western Europe continued to decline. In the Balkans, and especially in Russia, however, populations were still growing.

Though this slowing down in the rate of population increase in western Europe would normally have caused a lessening of the pressure of population on food supply, another influence made itself felt. Each country tried to make itself economically self-sufficient, especially in the matter of foodstuffs and war supplies. The German people were told that they could not have both guns and butter—and they chose (or their leaders chose for them) to have guns; meanwhile the production of grains and of potatoes and other root crops was greatly increased, so that the people could be fed (though not with the foods they might prefer) when the inevitable blockade was imposed. In Italy, Mussolini had to win his economic "battle of wheat" before he could safely embark on military conquest.

IN Germany and Italy the importation of wheat was restricted and its production at home was forced upward without regard to monetary cost. By the middle 1930s wheat sold at $2.26 a bushel in Germany and $2.47 a bushel in Italy. At that time we in the United States were restricting production, and prices here were falling below a dollar a bushel, at one time even dropping as low as forty-nine cents in Minneapolis. This was for us as unreasonably low as the prices in Europe were unreasonably high.

In the latter 1930s consumers of wheat in Italy and France, and of wheat, pork, and lard in Germany, paid annually one and a half billion dollars more for these commodities than they would have paid if they had purchased them in efficient surplus-producing countries. At the same time benefit payments to farmers in this coun-

(*Continued on page 78*)

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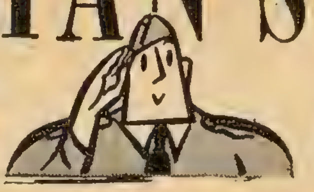
# THIS MAN'S WAR



## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I HAVE about ten or twelve pounds of canceled postage stamps. If you could give me the name of some hospital where the boys are collecting stamps and would appreciate receiving them, I would be glad to ship them what I have.

*C. D. M., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.*

**Write or send the stamps to the Director, Stamps for the Wounded, care of the New York Herald Tribune, New York 18, N. Y. Stamps for the Wounded distributes stamps, albums, and the services of stamp experts to Army and Navy hospitals throughout the country. Proceed cautiously. Stamp collecting and trading is a popular activity in hospitals. If twelve pounds of canceled stamps were to hit one trade center all at once, deflation might occur!**

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Collectors

* * *

Can overseas service bars be worn on overcoats and shirts as well as on the blouse?

*S/Sgt. W. D. C.,*
*Battery General Hospital, Rome, Ga.*

**Overseas bars are authorized on the service coat, or blouse, as it is sometimes called, and on shirts, but not on the overcoat. They are also authorized on the field jacket where that item is issued in place of the service coat.**

* * *

I received a medical discharge, but the name of the outfit with which I served close to three years is not shown on it. It mentions only one of the three campaign ribbons I'm entitled to, and the date of going overseas is mixed up. Whom do I get in touch with to get this straightened out?

*Ex-Cpl. F. T.*

**You can get errors on your discharge certificate corrected by returning it to the Office of the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington 25, D. C., with a letter stating just which entries on it are incorrect and what they should be. It is a good idea to write your home address on the certificate and to send it by registered mail.**

* * *

I am planning on going into the Cadet Nurse Corps soon. If I finish, or if the war ends before I get through with my training, will I be eligible for a college education under the G. I. Bill of Rights? I want to study to be a doctor.

*H. L. A., Pass Christian, Miss.*

**Training in the Cadet Nurse Corps does not confer eligibility to educational benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights. The Cadet Nurse Corps is not in the Army, and the course it presents is not military duty. If you finish your training before the end of the war and join the Army Nurse Corps, you will be eligible for these benefits on discharge, but only to the extent merited by your active military service as a member of the Army.**

* * *

Before my son was sent overseas he signed up for a fifty-dollar war bond a month to be sent to me. I got one bond in September, and no more. I wrote the Army War Bond office in Chicago, and they said I would have to write the post where he was stationed before he left. Can you tell me whom to write to, there?

*Mrs. B. R., Kellogg, Idaho.*

**Address your inquiry to the War Bond Officer and give identifying information such as your son's name and Army serial number, the organization with which he served, and the approximate dates of his assignment to that post. Or you may request the help of the Personal Affairs Officer at any Army post, camp, or station near your home. He is prepared to help families of servicemen with such problems.**

* * *

My son joined the Navy for six years. Will he have to serve all six if the war is over in the meantime?

*Mrs. L. E. T., Cherokee, Kans.*

**Yes, he will be expected to complete his "hitch."**

* * *

Just what is a Flight Officer? Is he commissioned? How many grades of Flight Officer are there? What is his job? Just where does he stand in the chain of command?

*W. A. M., West Springfield, Mass.*

**Flight Officer is a special grade in the Air Force, created July 8, 1942. Upon completion of flying training, an aviation cadet who has not qualified in every respect for a commission as pilot may be appointed Flight Officer with a status equivalent to that of Warrant Officer, junior grade. He is appointed, not commissioned, but may be promoted from that grade to Second Lieutenant. There is only one grade of Flight Officer. His job is the same as that of a pilot, navigator, or bombardier, but he stands between the commissioned and noncommissioned officers in the chain of command.**

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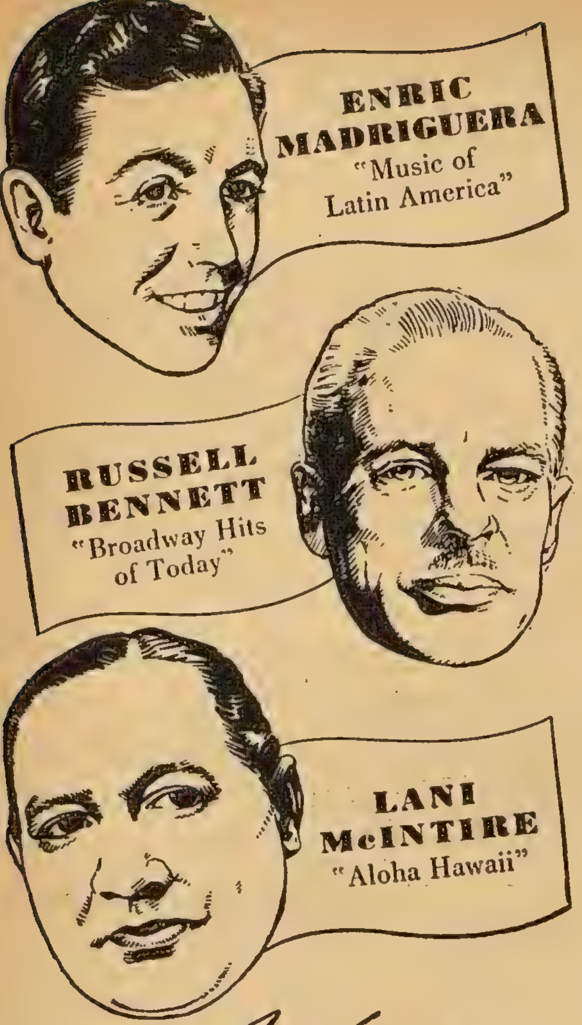

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# MONOPOLY ON ICE

Continued from Page 31

a crown of violets," but Sonja's brief white dream number, whipped up by Ma Henie, took care of *that.* Otherwise Vinson couldn't lay a skate on Sonja.

When the Olympic flame burned its last at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in '36, Sonja & Family, with perfect timing, turned pro. Arthur M. Wirtz, a young Chicagoan who saw a future in the ice business, cabled her an offer of $24,000 for eight exhibitions. Everybody but the Henies thought Wirtz nuts.

Sonja made her debut as a pro at Madison Square Garden in between the halves of a minor-league hockey match. By the time the tour ended, hockey was a game played to support Sonja.

Hollywood was the next stop on the highway of gold. Disdaining offers to do a short or two on How to Do a Figure 8, Papa Henie (who had spent thousands to keep Sonja an amateur) rented Hollywood's lone rink: the Polar Palace. Since skating wasn't Hollywood's favorite indoor sport at the time, the Henies had anxious moments while Sonja practiced her five daily hours of mazurkas and spins for the test. They were fishing for big game.

Happily, at the première glamor fought glamor for the 5,000 Palace seats. During the performance, Cary Grant, carried away by excitement, slapped Louella Parsons on the back so hard that she never knew whether it was Cary or her own enthusiasm that snapped her stays. Sonja was immediately judged definitely colossal; and Hollywood, going ice-minded, broke ground for six additional rinks!

Darryl Zanuck promptly offered Sonja and her skates a contract. The skates would support Sonja, and a male star would support them both. Sonja snorted she'd never been second to anyone. She was under no illusions about her acting or skating. The former was terrible, the latter terrific. She walked out of Zanuck's office with a fancy contract, skates and Sonja to co-star.

Her first picture, One in a Million, was made under difficulties. Her only previous acting experience had been at the age of five in mom's finery; her accent was slightly thick and the lines hard for her to handle. There'd never been an ice picture before, and technicians couldn't film the skate scenes properly. Some had to be repeated thirty-five exhausting times. But Sonja applied herself to acting as she did to everything else. Tension mounted along with the budget. Zanuck knew he was gambling with an untried product: pro skating by an amateur actress. Sonja admitted nothing. Only once did she squawk: when the music department insisted it knew more about skating music than she did. The music department came in second.

One in a Million was a smash, grossed about $4,000,000. Hollywood and the critics dubbed Sonja a girl of wholesome, unaffected charm, as "natural as pork and beans," and Zanuck took bows, saying he'd have signed Sonja without her skates —if for less money.

JUST as she hit the jack pot, tragedy struck the Henies. While Sonja was arranging with Wirtz for the first ice-show production, Papa Henie died. The loss was grievous, and the little family huddled around Sonja, who promptly took papa's place as family head.

In 1937 the Hollywood Ice Revue opened in Chicago at the world's largest indoor arena. For two hours Sonja, flanked by dozens of pretty gals and handsome guys, danced, pranked, and did trick stuff on ice, and for five performances they packed 'em in.

From then on, the musicomedy on ice was an institution.

One vital statistic remains: In 1940 Sonja was married to Dan Topping, a tall young millionaire, introduced to her by Errol Flynn, that old matchmaker.

The Toppings had homes in Bel Air, Amagansett, Long Island, and on Park Avenue, New York. They lived among swimming pools, lucite furniture, and miniature French poodles with permanent waves. Dan couldn't skate, but the two had a deep and mutual love of night clubs and dancing. She liked to read him gossip-column rumors that they were breaking up because she was going on the tour alone; and he liked to surprise her with a handful of her favorite delicacy—diamonds. She called him Den and Svithot; he called her Skatey. He also was a comfort at Madison Square Garden openings, always Sonja's most jittery moment. "Don't worry, Skatey," he'd say as he lit the cork end of a cigarette. "Pretend it's Podunk!"

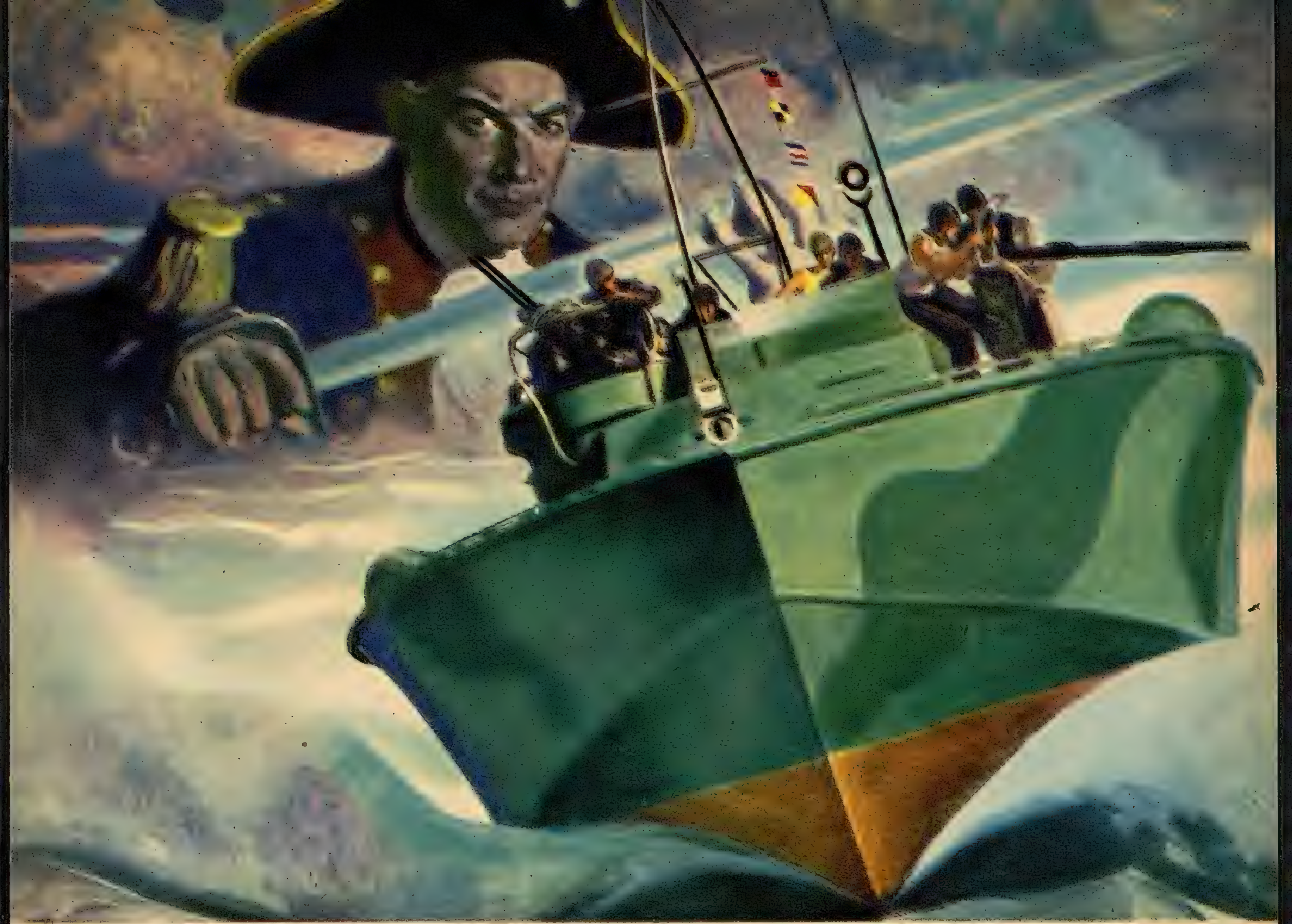
NOW, with Topping away, Sonja keeps busy, busy, busy. Each year there is the Ice Show, a movie to be made, business to take care of, and endless practice. Each year she faithfully makes up a book of appointments and duties for the 365 days to come. Every minute is spoken for and used to the second.

When the Ice Show closes, Sonja returns to California to relax for a couple of weeks amid her orange trees and dogs. She swims in her pool and has a daily practice sweat in the Polar Palace. Mama Henie, Leif, and his wife live with her. Her movie, which the studio starts shooting in April, requires six weeks of skate rehearsals beforehand and three months of actual takes. After another rest she's off to Chicago to plot the new Ice Show with Wirtz. Her family and Ann Bard, her pretty hair stylist and gal Friday, accompany her. The show means new numbers, breaking in new "kids" to replace those the war took during the interim. Her own numbers must be thought up and rehearsed—with one exception. For some years she's been doing a hula on ice in a wisp of silvery straw. It's a violent thing, a good bit more vigorously Nordic than one might expect the hula to be. Often things have threatened to shake off. But it has always stopped the show.

Last year Sonja got conscience-stricken and dropped the hula as old stuff, but the resounding beef could have solved the meat shortage. So now the hula's a permanent Henie fixture.

Sonja is constantly developing new things to do on skates. Her most difficult stunts are the splits and spins. She opens her shows with a leaping split in midair that threatens to tear her in two. (And this without warming up.) As for the spins, she does nineteen different variations of these dervishings—some of them her own invention. Among the latter are the cross-foot spin and the camel spin. Posing herself on a small spot on the ice, Sonja starts to whirl. Soon she's spinning like a top turning under some mysterious power. Just as your stomach yells "Stop!" she turns on the gas and really gets going. Then she's spinning like the governor on the Broadway Limited engine—only faster. Everything on her stands either up or out, including her hair and ears. She looks like something out of this world. Nobody has ever been able to count the number of her revolutions during a spin. She herself thinks she gets up to about eighty. She never gets dizzy making them and can read the time on the Arena clocks. "She

(*Continued on page 68*)



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*(Continued from page 66)*

counts the house, too," a wag once remarked—"the first time round."

Some of these spins are made in costumes weighing as much as twenty pounds, with headdresses that weigh up to five pounds. Her headgear in the Tico-Tico, a shimmying Brazilian dance which shakes the fillings out of your back teeth to watch, is five feet high, a mass of wires and metal beads. It must be fastened on securely and not so much as a fourth of an inch off beam. Otherwise it might come off, along with Sonja's noggin.

Sonja keeps herself in shape by doing bends every day, in addition to all the other exercise. She sleeps eight hours exactly, after the night clubs close, and follows a rigid diet. Her breakfast consists of a cup of tea at 12.30 P. M. At 2.30, she takes her big meal. At the moment, this includes a dish popular in zoos: chopped raw steak smothered in raw egg yolks, and flanked by a baked potato. She finishes off with salad, lots of milk, lemon jello, and much bread and jelly. She's been wolfing this dish steadily for months now, having tired of fish pudding for breakfast, day in, year out. After the show she has supper, usually consisting of carrots, green beans, milk, and more jello.

She doesn't like to smoke, but on big occasions will down a beaker of champagne, as she did when she became an American citizen a few years ago.

Sonja, who always manages to stick a crown on herself somewhere in a show, is no stranger to royalty. Knighted by King Haakon of Norway (the Order of St. Olav, First Class), she always receives a cable from the Norwegian king and his Queen Maud at every opening. She's command-skated before every crowned head who could scrape together a prize and a hunk of ice. Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany once gave her a diamond stickpin in an impulsive moment; and back when King George V was alive she did her stuff in London for the royal family. After it was over, Queen Mary shook hands with Sonja, confided that she was interested in skating, and asked advice about taking it up. "I would suggest, your Majesty," Sonja said, "you try roller skating. It's safer."

The silence, according to Sonja, was so thick that you could cut it with a rusty pair of skates.

However, the queen remained queenly. "I will think about what you have said, my dear," she finally replied, a touch of disappointment in her voice.

Henie accomplishments have brought Sonja recognition from other sources too. The Navahos have christened her "Ashonogo Sonnie Til-Edil-Goie," which means Graceful Young Lady on Ice. The Oslo Aftenposten just before the war ran a poll in which she came out the fifth greatest Norwegian, preceded only by Grieg, Amundsen, Nansen, and Ibsen.

Sonja's personal appearance has become more democratic with the years. In her 1929 press she looked like a Holland windmill. Fat-faced and pot-hatted, she weighed a dumpy 120 and dressed like a fugitive from a European mail-order-house catalogue.

Today she's as glamorous as Ann Bard and her dressmaker can make her.

Her skating sarongs, designed by Patou, make Dotty Lamour's look like tents. Nuts about clothes, she has a fur coat for every day of the week—two for Sunday. While she isn't cultured in the Dorothy Thompson sense, her education having been taken on the fly via tutors, she reads newspapers, if not books, diligently, even owns a Gainsborough and a Picasso.

She's not phlegmatic in the Norse tradition. And while she clams up in front of reporters and crowds that tear her nylons, she likes to relax and laugh among her pals. She has a serious temper, but cools off quickly. And she can't bear being alone.

She believes she's improving as an actress and hopes some day to do straight comedy, high society goings-on—afoot.

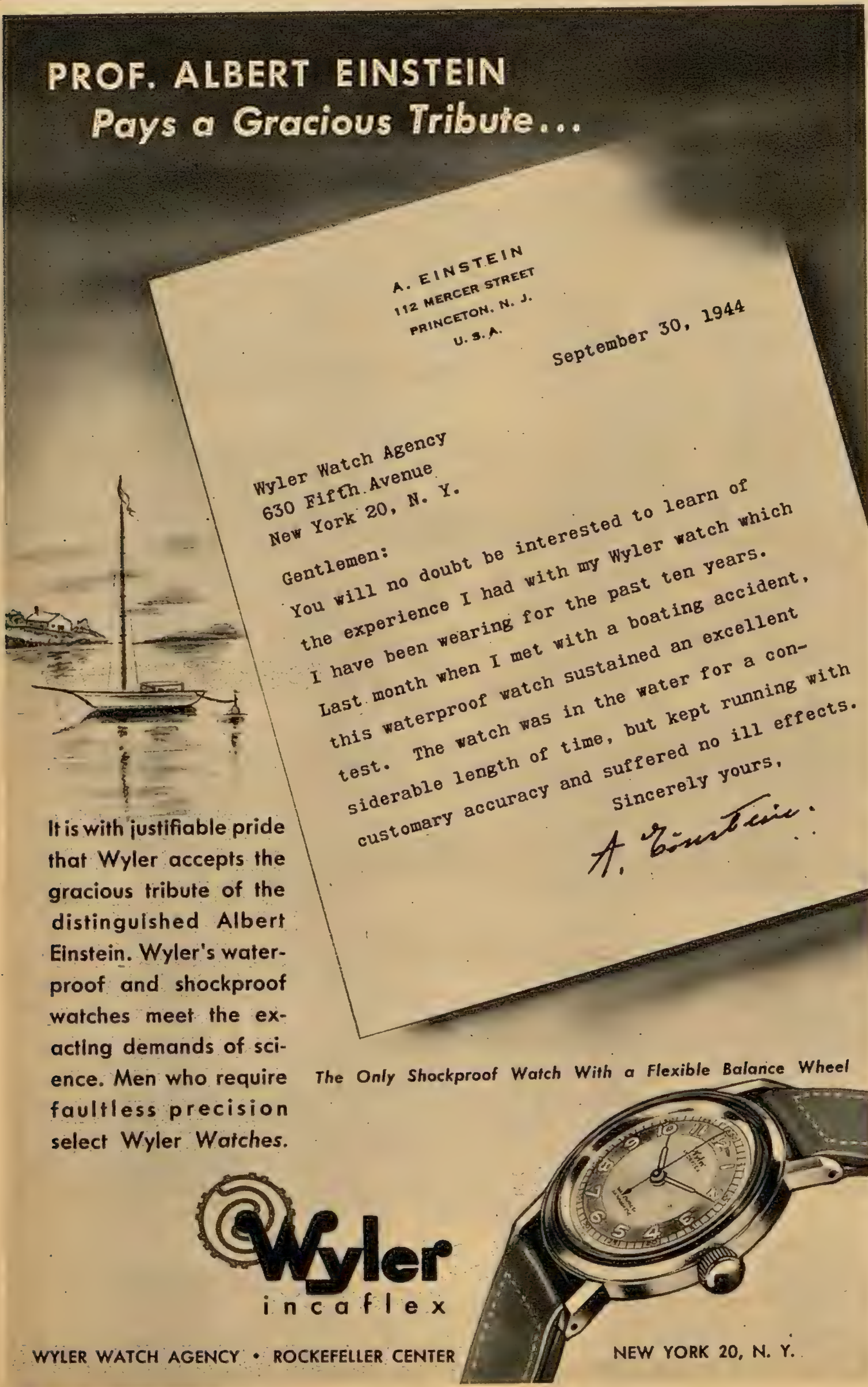
Her sense of humor is a dash solemn. Once, on the last night of the Ice Show, she made her entrance and mischievously skated to the far end of the arena. The boy who skates in to remove her cape had to follow her across the mighty white expanse and was so embarrassed he almost fell down. Once in a while she'll cross up a dance partner by skating on from the wrong side. One partner, so pranked, skated around crying, "Hello, hello!" until a gallery fiend yelled, "Hey, Sonja, answer the phone!"

SOLICITOUS about those she loves, Sonja refuses to let Ann Bard skate, afraid she'll break a leg. She does want you to learn, however. She's written a book entitled Wings on My Feet, and in it she not only tells you how to do so, but even how to become as good as she is. All you need are:

1. A desire to learn.
2. The best pair of skates money can buy.
3. Twenty-five years of practice.
4. A good pillow. (This is my own suggestion.)

After some years, you too, she insists, will be able to climb into a pair of briefies and skate out under a dozen colored spotlights on the white ice (it's not frozen buttermilk, folks, only ice sprayed with white paint) while the cash register tinkles rhythmically in the box office outside.

THE END



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## SECOND HUSBAND

Continued from Page 19

and there was no one in the world but the two of them.

Then Andy said, like a little boy, with wondering surprise, "You're my wife!—I didn't know it would feel so different."

And she answered, as instinctively as countless women before her, "My husband—"

And straightway the echoes crowded in upon her. All the times she had said those words before, proudly when she had introduced Phil to her friends. The little echoes of memory came back, thrusting between her and Andy.

She stood very straight, smiling up at Andy, fighting it all away behind her. "Here we go, my darling," she said, and they went down the aisle together.

People crowded around them with pleased faces and glad good wishes. And then she and Andy were running away from all the people. Then she was alone with Andy.

They were on a train, with no crowd of friends waving, no drawn-out last good-bys—they were going straight into marriage. And for a little while there was too much to feel for any thinking.

Andy's fingers on her wrist, his low voice, his shoulder against hers—that was enough to close them away from the carful of strangers. And when they reached the inn, and were alone in their room high over the shore, Andy didn't even have to touch her to tighten their closeness.

He stood by the windows, with the gray sky and the gray sea behind him. His face was still, quite still for a moment, and then he smiled at her. The special way he smiled, beginning in his gray eyes, with the lines flashing deeper at the corners, and then his mouth more slowly.

"Your eyes are the same color as the sky, but more alive," she said.

"You look different," Andy told her, the smile deepening.

"How?"

"Just because you belong to me," he answered. "It makes every little thing about you different."

He took two steps and touched her chin lightly with a fingertip. Then he was holding her, not lightly.

There was no one but Andy, truly no one but Andy and Anne. And when she fell asleep that night, her drifting thoughts were all contented. Andy had made everything his own, their first night together. He had claimed her with finality and his own special tenderness; and their love set them apart. This was their life, all new.

IT went on like that for the week they spent away. And if Andy had any hidden thoughts, he gave no sign.

Except once, when they were walking along the shore, late one afternoon.

"Where did you go, your other wedding trip?" he asked in his quiet voice.

The effect on Anne was as if he shouted it. What was he thinking, what was he wondering?

"Canada," she said.

"I've never been to Canada," Andy remarked, as if they were discussing any casual trip of hers. "You know, I've wanted to go to Alaska."

Anne grasped for any easy thing to say. "I knew a girl who came from Alaska, in college. She had a team of dogs of her own."

"The way kids here have bicycles," said Andy. "One time on leave, after some bad fighting, a bunch of us grabbed some bikes—" And he was off on a story about the war that she didn't hear.

How much had he been thinking of Phil under that steady quiet manner?

But she knew she would make it worse, whatever it was, if she kept on worrying. She reached out, and his hand was ready, waiting for her.

"You're a nice person, Anne," he said. And they went on from there, as if no question had been asked.

If they could have stayed forever at the ocean, Anne thought later, they could have built themselves a life apart from anyone. But you couldn't do that sort of thing; you had to go back sometime.

And going back made a difference, in little ways she hadn't expected. Almost as soon as they were back, and settling down in the house where Andy's family had lived, things started happening.

Aunt Sarah didn't help much. Andy's mother was dead, and his father was out West, doing things to airplanes, but his Aunt Sarah was very much present. She lived a little way down the street, and she came in nearly every day, bringing dumplings or gingerbread, and noticing which vase Anne had moved.

What Aunt Sarah did was to assume delicately that Anne's entire life had begun with her marriage to Andy. This gave Anne a slight feeling of unreality.

ANDY was busy those days, getting into the routine of his law work, and with his other private job of adjusting the changes his year overseas had brought him. She understood about that, and the fact he tired more easily now, with the shrapnel tears in his side still giving him trouble. He had let things slide when he first got back from the war, and now she knew he wanted to swing into his work.

So most of the settling in at the house was her job. Andy had told her to give away any of his parents' things she didn't like, because his father had taken the things he wanted with him. But Anne found them all friendly: the old deep-polished furniture, the pictures of people he had grown up with. She only brought a few of her own things, and the rest she sold with her house.

But of course there were the trunks with all the little belongings that she cared enough about to keep: all the way from the green doll set of Royal Worcester to the possessions of her older years. She sorted these out and tucked them away in closets, and snapshots fell out of every pile she touched. She always hated to throw away pictures.

Elena came on again for a week-end, to help her move and settle.

And it was Elena who scolded her about the snapshots. "You can't have pictures of Phil drifting all over the house."

"He's just in some group pictures," Anne retorted.

"That one in uniform?" said Elena.

Anne glanced across the living room at the picture of Phil in the silver frame. She had put it on the back of the bookcase, among a lot of framed photographs of friends and relatives of Andy.

"It's not doing any harm there," she said to Elena. "Honestly, Elena, I'm not going to be morbid about this, worrying over pictures."

"You're asking for trouble," Elena said. "You're just rubbing it in on Andy. Andy doesn't want to be reminded of Phil."

"You're making something out of nothing," Anne said flatly.

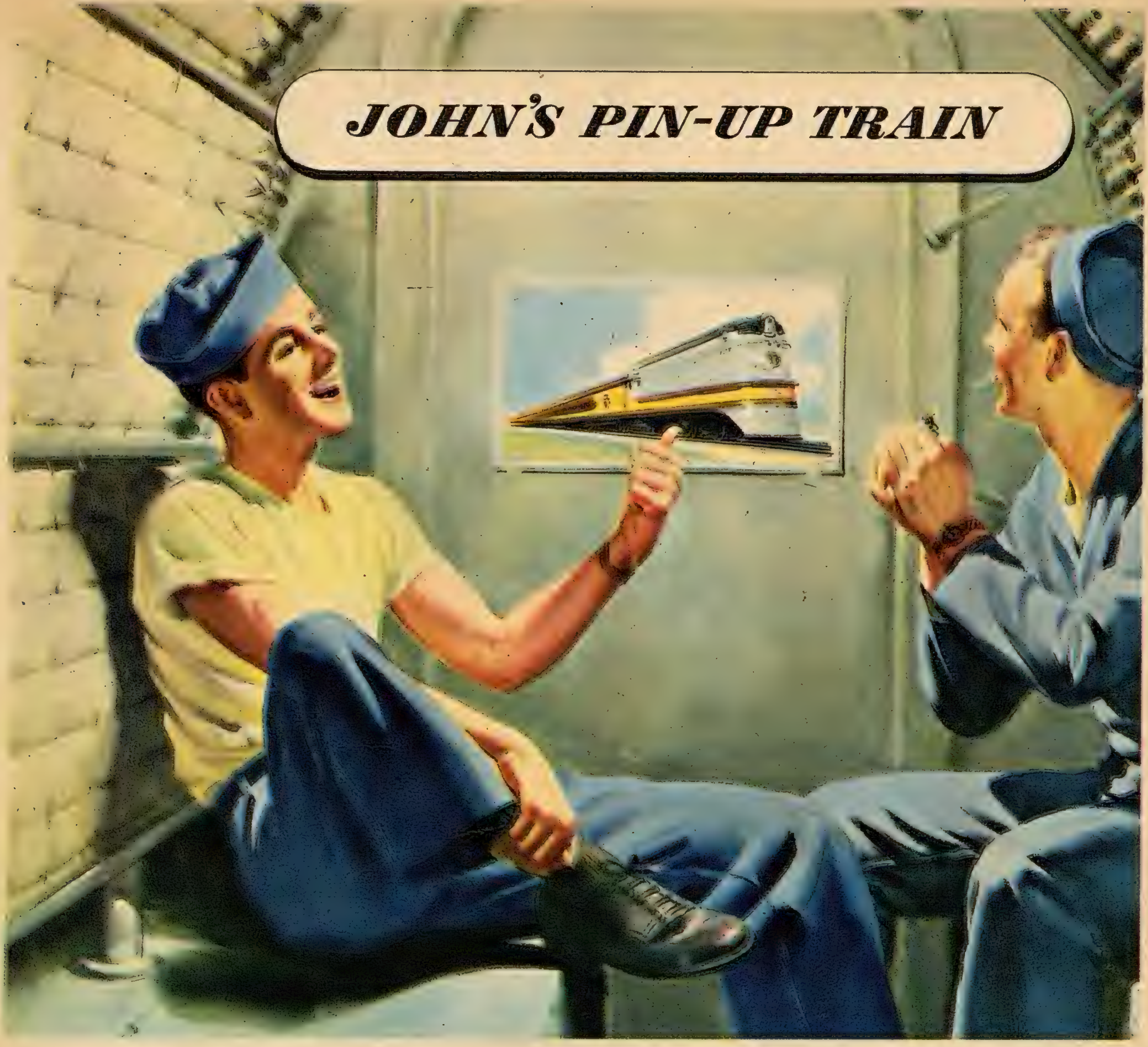
But she wasn't so sure after she and Andy had seen Elena off on the train. She took the picture of Phil off the bookcase, and looked around the room for the least conspicuous place to put it. And while she stood there, Andy left the radio and came across to her.

"Let's see," he said.

Silently she handed him Phil's picture. He'd never met Phil, but he knew who it

*(Continued on page 72)*

# JOHN'S PIN-UP TRAIN



"HOW is my pet Hiawatha coming along? Don't tell me—I know. Right on the dot, always . . . Every day the many onlookers lined up from Chicago to Omaha thrill at the sight of this brilliant splash of orange, gray and maroon as it flies down the main line . . . I saved that picture of my pet streamliner at Western Avenue so that whenever I get homesick I just break it out."

So writes John Geesaman, formerly a resident of Louisa, Ia., now radioman on a warship in the Southwest Pacific, to his mother, Mrs. Leo Geesaman.

The Milwaukee Road appreciates your loyalty, John. In your honor the Midwest Hiawatha gives an extra blast from its horn as it passes under the Louisa viaduct at your old stamping ground.

While you're away the Hiawathas will live up to your high opinion. They will carry on—serving your brothers-in-arms and your friends and neighbors—according to the best Milwaukee Road traditions.

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SERVING THE SERVICES AND YOU

(*Continued from page 70*)

was, of course. She waited now while Andy studied the picture.

"Looks like a good guy," Andy said briefly. He handed the photograph back to her without further comment.

Anne laid the picture on the bookcase, flat down. Andy stood it up again.

"Don't you want it here?" he asked her.

Anne wanted to say yes, but maybe Andy wished she would say no. She hesitated.

"Andy—" she said, and stopped, and still he waited.

"Do you happen to think of Phil sometimes?" she asked, trying to get something definite out in the open.

"Reasonably often," Andy said. "Don't you?"

So there she was, on thin ground again, wishing so desperately to have only firmness under their feet. Did he want honesty, or did he want reassurance? She wanted honesty.

Turning away from the bookcase, she looked up at him. "I wish I knew you better, Andy."

"That's one thing we got married for, isn't it?" Andy remarked. "To know each other better? We can't miss."

"I don't want to think of anyone but you," she said, trying to tell him that she was looking ahead, not back.

"We could make a song out of that remark," Andy answered, with one of his turns of mood. "You know, I bet all guys wish they could write poetry sometime in their lives. Anne, why don't you always stand under a light?"

She looked up at the glass-prismed chandelier. "It would be sort of unhandy to take around with me."

"Your hair comes alive under the light. Anne—you're lovely—"

Lovely—that was Phil's special name for her. That was the pay-off on trouble for that evening. She swung into practicality, like reaching for a tonic.

"Midnight supper?" she said. "Tomato sandwich?"

"Fried-egg sandwich," said Andy.

The sandwiches and the practicality were a success. It was stupid to let little things bother her.

That was before all the little things began to get swept together into their pile so it blocked her way. They came along faster the next week and the next.

She wasn't doing it, she told herself. It was Andy who was doing it. In that quiet way of his he kept bringing up some mention of Phil. As if he couldn't leave the subject alone, and yet he never gave her a clue of what he felt.

Sometimes it would be a question, so casually asked that she answered before she stopped to think. Sometimes just a reference to Phil.

"Did Phil like sports?" he asked her suddenly one evening looking up from the sports page of the newspaper.

"Oh, yes," she said. "He was teaching me to dive. And he could ski like a fast wind."

She looked across, but he was reading again, his face inscrutable. His question and her answer hung in space.

Sometimes it came closer to the personal. "Wish I were good at dancing," he said once, when the radio was playing. "I bet Phil liked to dance."

"Yes," she said.

"I'd like to have seen you when you were chasing around college," he said. "You must have been—" He broke off, and changed the radio station.

She couldn't go on telling about Phil when he changed the subject with such flat finality.

Another time he looked at her suddenly as he was lighting his pipe, the flare of light making his eyes very clear.

"You've put most of your stuff in that little sewing room," he remarked. "Your trunks and boxes. And that folded-up table."

"Yes, Andy." She and Phil used to eat breakfasts on that table. And she'd put all the pictures in the sewing room, including the one in the silver frame.

"Don't you want to spread the stuff around the house?" He let a puff of smoke swirl between them, and she couldn't see his expression. "You keep the things from your other marriage shut away, Anne. Anne—were you very happy?"

She said honestly, "I was happy, Andy. But not like this, darling. Not the way I am with you." She waited for his answer, for reassurance.

But he had turned away, looking at the war map on the wall. He said finally, staring at the map, "It's not always easy, Anne—"

"Yes?" she said when he didn't go on.

"Sometimes I wonder—" Then he stopped suddenly. "Skip it. I'm just driveling on," he said.

She remembered the way Jim always questioned Elena.

Andy kept talking on about Phil so many times—as if he couldn't forget Phil any more than she could.

The days went on and the questions went on. And all the little things that troubled her piled together, finally, one afternoon when Aunt Sarah came to tea.

AUNT SARAH was a round little person with a round smiling mouth that kept on talking. Anne gave her tea and Andy listened to the talking.

He contributed a little himself. "Anne and Andy Barlow. Nice, the way our names are alike, isn't it, Aunt Sarah?"

"Names are fascinating," Aunt Sarah said. "Names are all colored to me. Jessica is red with spangles. Now, you're a deep yellow, Andy."

"Am I?" said Andy, looking pleased.

Perhaps it was because Anne was thinking about names, or perhaps there was no reason at all. Anyway, it happened.

"Any more tea, Anne?" Andy asked her.

"Yes, Phil," she said.

And instantly knew she had done it; she had switched the names before she knew her tongue had spoken. She sat there burning with anger at herself, and felt Aunt Sarah's eyes on her hot face.

"Give with the tea, kid," Andy told her, holding out his cup, and she filled it carefully.

She went on making conversation with Aunt Sarah, and at long last walked with her to the front door. "Good-by, Aunt Sarah," she said, restraining her relief.

"Andy," she said, the minute the front door was closed—"Andy, I'm sorry I was dumb, mixing the names."

"Forget it," Andy said.

She followed him into the living room, but he didn't look at her. Did he think that Phil was always in her mind, ready to

(*Continued on page 74*)

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*(Continued from page 72)*

be mentioned with a slip of the tongue?

"Andy," she said with sudden determination, "is there something about Phil that's getting in between us?"

"Yes," he said.

She stood there, chilled and alone. Now she knew there was really trouble. Maybe if she could make him understand that she had been a different person then, that Phil hadn't known the real grown-up Anne—

"I was different when I knew Phil," she began. "I was so much younger—I couldn't feel the same. Wait—I can show you—a crazy diary I used to keep—"

She ran across to the suitcase under the couch, with all the papers she had to sort over. She pulled it out and opened it, fumbling through the letters and papers. She pulled out a bunch of them, and a bright streak of light flashed to the floor.

It lay there on the rug between them—Phil's ring. She let the papers fall, and the blue box, its lid hanging open.

Andy stared down at the ring. "For God's sake, Anne—"

Even her hands were cold. "I know," she said hopelessly. "It's my fault. I didn't know where to put it. And now—"

Andy moved swiftly, bending down to pick up the ring. "This is all wrong, Anne—"

She said, with bitter sincerity, "Andy, I don't know what you want me to do."

Andy looked at the ring and back at her face.

"You need a magpie box," Andy said.

"A what?"

"My mother had one," he said. "A big box she called her magpie box. She kept all the little stuff she liked there, that reminded her of nice things. It was all together, and she'd open the lid sometimes and look in."

LAUNDRY
HILLS LAUNDRY
LEO GAREL

"Are you sure you got the wrong shirt?"

He handed her Phil's ring. "It belongs some place like that."

His eyes were smiling at her. And she knew that now they could talk, all clear, as if someone had opened a window on a breathless room.

Anne slipped the ring in her pocket, and when she realized the casualness of the gesture, she knew the ring didn't trouble her any more.

"Andy," she said, "I can't forget Phil completely."

"Neither of us can," he answered. "But we haven't known how to talk about it. You never mention Phil, and that makes me feel queer. So I ask you things, but I don't know what to ask. It puts a strangeness between us."

"I hate the strangeness," said Anne.

"Why don't you bring your things down from the sewing room"—he asked her—"the table and pictures and all? They can live around here with my things from people I've known."

She liked that, his past years and hers together in the house.

"Elena told me you'd resent Phil," she said. "She told me not to talk about him, not to remind you. And I've been afraid to make mistakes—"

"Elena can go jump," said Andy. "Maybe some men would feel like that. I guess a lot of them would. But not me."

"Why not?" she said, and waited.

"How could I begrudge anything to him?" Andy asked simply. "He fought, same as we all did. We were all in the war together. He could have been a little way off down the line from me. Well, he didn't get back. How could I resent him?"

"I see," she said slowly.

"And I have you. That's the works, Anne."

She said with sudden fierceness, "I love you as I never loved him, Andy."

And he smiled then, leaning across to touch her. "I'm not too noble—to be glad of that, Anne."

"Everything's all right, Andy?"

"Everything," he told her. "This is our marriage."

"We're solid underneath," she said. "We just had to clear away things."

"Sure. We took the town a long time ago," said Andy. "This is just the mopping-up process." His arm was hard and secure around her shoulders. "Darling," he said, "I love you like hell, but aren't we going to have any dinner?"

THE END

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# NERVOUS IN THE SERVICE?

Continued from Page 21

The first days, when everyone tried to learn French, have passed. Both G. I.s and WACs speak a sort of jargon (90 per cent English, 10 per cent French) which causes a Frenchman suddenly hearing it great confusion. "Give me *beaucoup du lait,* please," "*Passez* the butter," "*Donnez-moi* your extra bread," "Parkez the jeep *ici,*" are a few of the weird phrases in current use. Americans aren't learning French very fast. But the French who come into contact with them have learned enough English to make communion between the two peoples fairly simple.

The sudden impact of Paris on the feminine soul hidden beneath the severe WAC uniform was startling. WACs flocked into dress and beauty shops. You'd see them trying on glittering but sleazy creations, getting the effect from the knees up, disregarding the cotton stockings and sturdy boots sticking out below. They'd ask the price, hurriedly translate it into dollars, deduct it mentally from Army pay, remove the dress, thank the clerk, and depart.

You'd see them sitting under hair driers, getting their nails done, sniffing perfume, paying exorbitant prices for powder, rouge, and lipstick. The Army finally stepped in and took over a first-class beauty shop especially for women in the armed forces.

WACs rushed for appointments, usually echoing Sergeant Dorothy Wilson of Gladewater, Texas, who confused the management by demanding "the works." The works meant facial, shampoo and set, manicure, pedicure, bubble bath, and massage. The shop had another speciality: dyeing eyebrows and eyelashes. One week-end 110 WACs from a certain billet had their brows and lashes dyed.

One reason for all this beauty culture was the extravagant praise American soldiers heaped on the cute little French girls they saw pedaling along Paris' flag-decorated streets with their frilly skirts billowing prettily. And a group of WACs suffered something of a shock when they started rehearsing for the G. I. musical, Com-Zee-Com-Zaa, just before Christmas. They realized how far behind them were the frills of civilian life when they first tried on dinner slippers in the night-club scene. And the thirty-inch Army stride was the downfall of more than one veteran. After a couple of years in field boots and service shoes they had to learn to walk on high heels all over again.

WACs are often faced with strange situations. Recently a tough battle-scarred Ranger strode into an orderly room in Paris, saluted Lieutenant Esther Corwin of Newfane, New York, and said, "Ma'am, you don't know me, but I want to talk to you. I want to talk to you for a solid hour. I've been away almost three years and I guess I use pretty rough talk. Now I'm going home and I don't want to shock my mother and my girl. I need an orientation course. I want to talk to you for an hour straight and have you clean up my language!"

WACs often shop for combat men who write from the front lines for gifts to be sent to their girls. They take magazines to the wounded in hospitals, and write letters for them. They roll bandages, entertain at Allied clubs, and sing in choirs. They accomplish all this after eight to ten hours of duty or on their few days off.

Commander of the WACs in the European theater is Lieutenant Colonel Anna W. Wilson, handsome, gray-haired, former physical-education director from Beverly Hills, California. Her command is the largest overseas and she strives to make it the best in the Army. The enlisted personnel regard her with respect, admiration, and not a little awe. She is always referred to as "the boss." Serving directly under her, and chief of all WACs attached to the Air Forces, is Major Mary A. Hallaren of Lowell, Massachusetts, known to most WACs as "Major Peewee."

It was a proud day for the WACs when, on October 4, 1944, Lieutenant General John Lee, commanding general, Communications Zone, pinned the Legion of Merit on Colonel Wilson in appreciation of the fine record the WACs had achieved in England and France.

WHAT is that record? Well, it's one of hard work, devotion to duty, ability to stick to the job. The WACs have proved they can take Army discipline—take it and keep their cheerfulness. They have proved they can keep a secret. All through the intense dramatic months when final plans were being made for the invasion of France, WAC secretaries, WACs working in Communications in ciphers and codes knew many of the top secrets. WACs did a large share of the preinvasion mapping of the Normandy beaches. Some officers—even generals—were court-martialed for breaches of security. There was never a case on the books of a WAC speaking out of turn.

In this war the WAC is a pioneer for American women. She has broken down the sharp prejudice against women in the armed forces. She has proved she can go overseas with as little fuss and as much endurance as many men.

How the WAC herself feels about the war is pretty well summed up by Staff Sergeant Jean Castles of Evanston, Illinois: "My feelings about the war have run the complete G. I. gamut since I joined two years ago. At that time there was perhaps a lot of star-spangled glaze in my eyes. Now, after two years—ten months of it overseas—the important thing seems to be to get the thing over with successfully, so we all can go home and start living again. The men at the front are doing more than their share. Those of us in rear areas hope we are doing ours.

"Peace, complete and functional, is our goal. We hope it will come soon."

And that the WACs are doing their best to make this hope come true there can be no doubt.

THE END

* * *

## BACK TO SCHOOL

BILL WEBSTER, ex-serviceman, is back in civilian harness and planning for the future. Last month he picked up his old job and he figures that with more technical knowledge he can hit the boss for a promotion. Under the G. I. Bill of Rights he's entitled to a year's training—or the equivalent in part time—while the Veterans Administration pays the costs. And he jumps at the chance.

On this week's cover he meets Nancy outside the trade school where he's taking night courses. Remember they got engaged Christmas Eve? Well, marriage is in the offing, and Bill's career is their chief project now.

* * *

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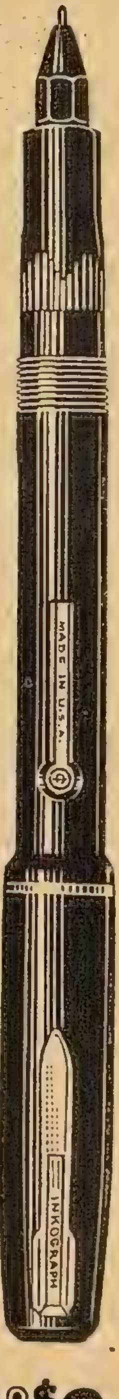


# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

A mysterious waiter (Helmut Dantine) intrigues the hotel's star guest (Andrea King).

## HOTEL BERLIN

*(Warner Brothers)*
*Helmut Dantine, Andrea King, Raymond Massey, Faye Emerson*

THIS jacked-up-to-date version of Vicki Baum's Hotel Berlin, 1943, has been rushed onto the nation's screens to tie in with the Allied push on Berlin. Actually, in spite of a juicy veneer of topical allusions, its melodrama is about as timely as a Graustarkian light opera.

Against the modern setting of a jam-packed luxury hotel, crowded with Germans frantic to get out of besieged Berlin, the time-honored tale of love-and-intrigue goes romantically on. A super-atmospheric musical score and the intermittent entrance of the Gestapo in full panoply contribute to the operetta atmosphere, which in its own way is rather engrossing. A full set of stock characters perform their functions capably and, in some cases, very creditably too. There is the suavely beautiful actress (Andrea King) who consorts with influential generals; her current suitor (Raymond Massey), an old-régime militarist caught in an anti-Hitler plot and ordered to commit decorous suicide; the blonde hotel hostess (Faye Emerson) whose exact duties seem to have been obscured by the Hays office, but who's evidently willing to do practically anything for a pair of shoes; and the desperate but personable young man (Helmut Dantine) of the German underground, who finds refuge in the actress' royal suite and has a terrible time getting out. The complications which arise from this set-up are impossible to describe, but among the strange people wandering about the hotel are such top-notch performers as George Coulouris, Helene Thimig, and Peter Lorre. Their brief characterizations, along with the outstanding work of Raymond Massey, lend considerable life to the tangle.

Any picture which seriously purports to touch on the problem of postwar Nazism and shows Germany's underground busily reprinting parts of a Roosevelt speech is evidently not meant to be taken lightly. Unfortunately, the only way to take Hotel Berlin is just that way—purely for the passing entertainment of its lavishly crowded melodrama.

## MOLLY AND ME

*(Twentieth Century-Fox)*
*Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy MacDowall*

MOLLY AND ME is not another Holy Matrimony—but it does recombine the solid British charm of Gracie Fields and the intractable humor of Monty Woolley in a nice comfortable little story geared to family taste. Roddy MacDowall is around too, looking quietly wistful, and there's an engaging and outrageous pack of servants whose undomestic antics provide enough merriment to keep the plot moving along at a leisurely pace. Adapted from a tale supposedly based on an incident in the life of Marie Dressler, the whole story has an ingratiating English atmosphere, not unlike that of a Barrie play—and though it never seems to get anywhere very much, it really doesn't have to.

In that heart-warming fictional world where all theatrical people (the poorer the better) are just one big happy family, likely to burst into song-and-dance at any moment, kindly Molly (Gracie Fields) decides to solve her economic problem by a drastic move. Slicking back her hair and donning specs, she applies for a housekeeping job in a swank London home. The mansion, of course, belongs to an irascible old codger in a gray beard, who appears to be in need of much sweetening up. Molly quietly goes about it by setting the household to rights and befriending the old gentleman's motherless son (Roddy MacDowall). Inevitably, in an emergency, all her old friends come in to help her with the work. The establishment is then completely staffed with everything from a Shakespearean maid to a dog in a derby hat, and life's more fun for everybody.

Reginald Gardiner is enjoyably comic as the butler who can put on a phony French accent as quickly as he can empty a bottle; Natalie Schafer shows proper befuddlement as a fan dancer married into high society; and Gracie Fields, known to her army of British fans as a singer and comedienne, gets a chance to warble for the American movie audience. She does it casually and lightheartedly, in pleasant snatches all through the picture; and nobody can help liking it—even the man with the beard, who eventually joins in.

Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields end a hectic domestic interlude with some close harmony.

### BY EVE STANLEY

Disgruntled WAC Lana Turner listens to some sound sympathetic advice from Susan Peters.

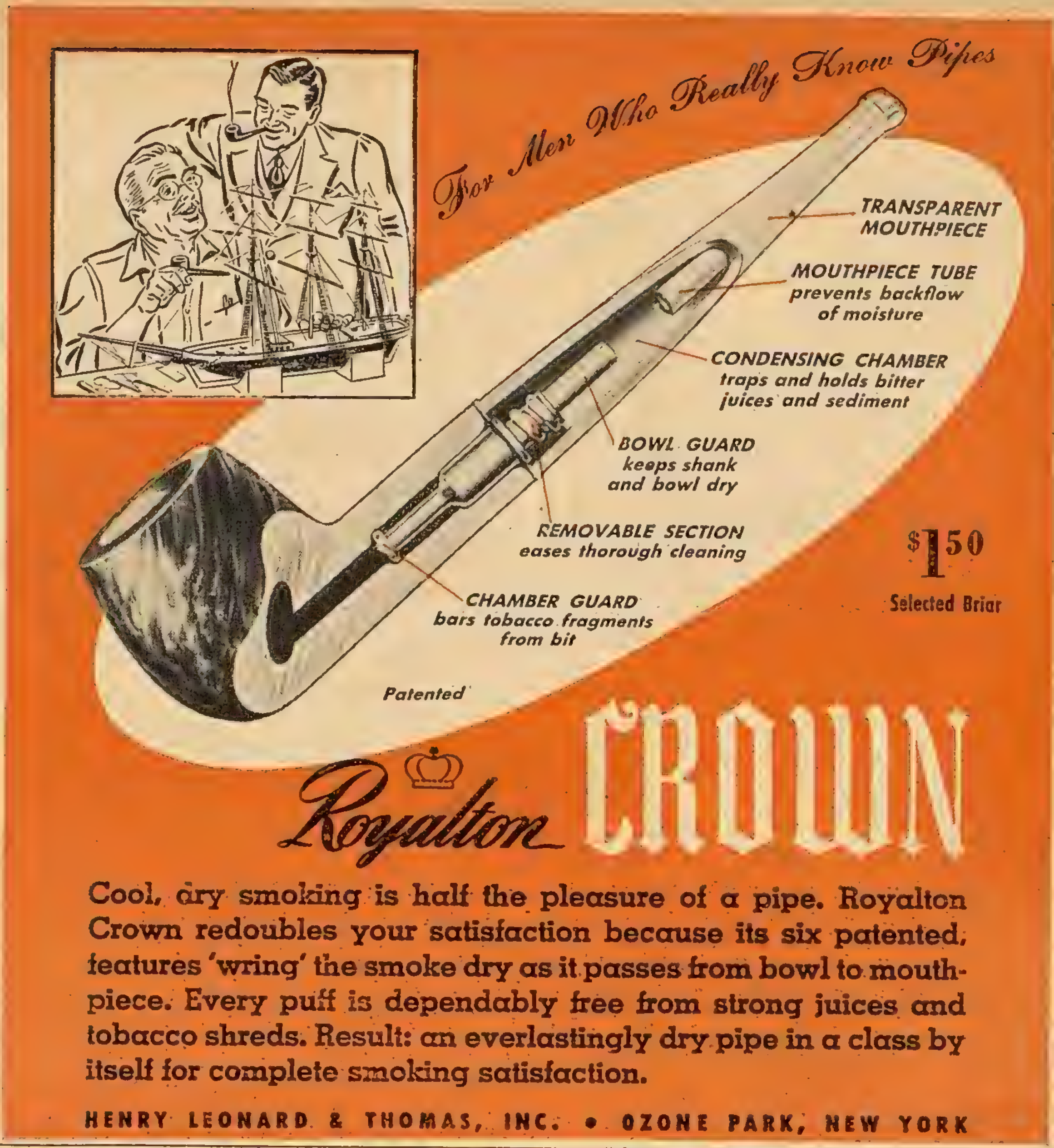
## KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY

*(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*
*Lana Turner, Laraine Day, Susan Peters*

LANA TURNER, Laraine Day, and Susan Peters go briskly into uniform in this yarn, which certainly isn't going to make anybody rush out and join the WACs. According to the goings-on portrayed here, the military gals spend most of their time squabbling, face-slapping, or just sitting around brooding. Lana Turner as a rich babe who joins up for the wrong reasons, and Laraine Day as a heckling, regulation-minded Army show-off don't even have a chance to be photogenic. But Susan Peters and Agnes Moorehead both turn in performances which, like the WACs themselves, are worthy of a better story.

## SPECIAL MENTION

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN (20th Cent.-Fox). Peggy Garner, Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn.
COLONEL BLIMP (Eagle Lion-U. A.). Anton Walbrook, Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr.
OBJECTIVE BURMA (Warner Bros.). Errol Flynn, Henry Hull, all-male cast.
THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE (RKO). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall.
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (M-G-M). George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield.
THE THREE CABALLEROS (Walt Disney-RKO). Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, Panchito.
TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia). Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair.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(Continued from page 64)

try who restricted their production reached an annual total of more than half a billion dollars.

It was such absurd policies as this—squandering billions of dollars to force the production at home of foodstuffs which might have been purchased much more cheaply abroad—that prevented most Europeans from having better food in the period between wars.

Co-operation between the United States and western Europe with regard to production and distribution of foodstuffs would be to the advantage of both. European land and labor which have been devoted to the grossly uneconomic production of cereal crops might better be employed in production of vegetables, meats, and dairy and poultry products—all perishable protective foods, the greater use of which would be beneficial to the health of the people.

If Europe would do this, the efficient grain-producing countries—the United States, Canada, Australia, and Argentina—would have a market for their surplus grain at favorable prices. In this connection it should be remembered, however, that Canada, Australia, and Argentina usually have lower-priced grain than we have.

Certain concessions would be required on our part. It would be necessary that America, including our agricultural population, be willing to accept from Europe enough goods (mostly manufactures) to permit Europe to pay for its purchases.

But North America and Europe do not comprise the major part of the world's population, and the food problems of some other parts of the world are quite different.

Of the 2,200,000,000 people now living in the world, more than half are in eastern and southeastern Asia and near-by islands.

The great mass of the population of India and China, totaling more than a billion people, is chronically undernourished and frequently faces famine. Both countries are predominantly agricultural, but agricultural methods in general are primitive and inefficient. Both countries are densely populated, and in India especially the population is increasing rapidly. In fact, between 1931 and 1941, the population of India grew from 340 to 390 million—an increase in a single decade that was approximately equal to the entire population of Great Britain. As is usually true in a densely populated agricultural country, population is increasing more rapidly than food supply. The problem in India is further complicated by religious taboos against certain foods. The Mohammedans will eat no pork, the Hindus no beef—while the sacred cows are fed the crops that, to Occidental eyes, might seem better utilized if consumed by the undernourished people.

CAN the situation in India and China be relieved by imports of food from surplus-producing countries? Unfortunately, not to any great extent. If the peoples of India and China are to be better fed, it will have to be largely through their own efforts, simply because there are so many of them. The entire normally exportable food surpluses of the rest of the world would not be enough to bring the food intake per capita in these two countries up to two thirds of what we eat in this country. Besides, the people of the Orient, especially of China, have nothing to give in return for large imports of food. Increase in agricultural and industrial productivity of these Oriental countries is the only sound way out.

The industrialization of these countries would improve the food situation for several reasons. At present the agricultural population is greater than can profitably be employed on the land. If industry were developed to the point where it could employ a substantial proportion of the surplus agricultural population, the farmers remaining could make a better living, and the increased industrial output could provide machinery and equipment for use on the farms, making them more productive. At the same time the enlarged income from industry would provide more buying power, both for the country's own products and for imports. Finally, there is good reason to suppose that as the proportion of the population living in cities increased, the rate of population increase would slacken, so relieving the pressure on food supply.

In the case of India, there are some special factors to be considered. As a result of the war, India, for the first time in its history, is a large creditor nation, in particular to Great Britain. India has on deposit in London a sum of short-term balances equal to four billion dollars. When the war is over, and the Western industrial nations again have machinery and equipment available for export, India can use at least part of these balances to help build up her own productivity, agricultural and industrial.

From here it appears as though this economic regeneration of India is inevitable, and that it will go far to bridge the political and ideological chasms which have made India one of the world's great unsolved riddles. Undoubtedly, in a country with such deep religious and racial cleavages, certain minority groups may offer considerable opposition to economic changes, but they must come about if the standard of living of the people in India is to be raised.

The food situation in China is probably

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Get ASTHMADOR today!

ASTHMADOR

even worse than in India. China has been at war with Japan for more than ten years, and before that there was a long period of revolution and civil war. There still is internal dissension in China. Unlike India, she has no large balances on deposit abroad. She will need financial help after the war if the program of industrialization which her leaders envision is carried out—a program which would be instrumental in improving the food situation, indeed essential to it. Probably when the time comes for a peace settlement, the way in which the other United Nations could best assist their Oriental ally would be to help finance a Ten-Year Plan for China, to curb the severe inflation and build the new China.

It should be pointed out, however, that Oriental countries are not the only parts of the earth's surface where population presses on food supply. The food problem of the Far East differs from that of the Levant and the Caribbean only in degree. Puerto Rico, under the Stars and Stripes, has a dense and rapidly increasing population with food supply lagging behind. The socioeconomic experiments tried there so far have not met with signal success. However, it is to be hoped that with the resumption of normal trade after the war and with increasing industrialization and improved sanitation, the food situation there will be improved.

IN America, Europe, and Asia alike, improvement in the nutrition of the people calls for more education—the dissemination of knowledge with regard not only to the production and distribution of food, but to the consumption of food as well. A general knowledge of the fundamentals of good nutrition, and the application of these fundamentals would improve the health of the population even in prosperous surplus-producing countries. Further, especially in backward countries, there is great need for more active measures for the control of communicable diseases of plants, animals, and human beings.

If the world is to be better fed, it is essential that the general level of food production be raised rather than lowered. The lowering of trade barriers would be more effective than the lowering of production in preventing burdensome surpluses.

What is here advocated is an orderly program for world development, in which better nutrition for the peoples of the world is only one phase.

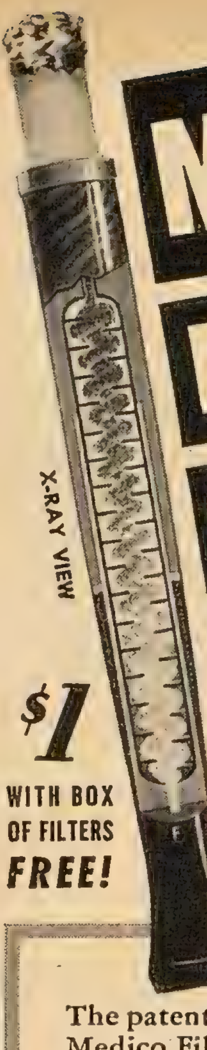
In western Europe, what is called for is not continuous assistance from the outside, but political and economic arrangements that will make possible the importation from the efficient cereal-producing countries of much larger amounts of grain and pork, while western Europe's agriculture concentrates on growing perishable protective foods.

In the Far East, continuing assistance will be needed over a period of years, so that productivity may be expanded both to enlarge food supply and to improve social and economic conditions.

In these ways the world can move toward the goal of more food, better food, and cheaper food as part of enhanced welfare. Welfare has many components—nutrition, housing, clothing, sanitation, education, transportation, and communication—all more or less interdependent within countries and between countries.

If the peace planners think of bread and butter as much as they think of guns and boundaries and the parliament of the world, you and I may live to see the day when all peoples will have more and better food because we live in a world well organized for peace.

THE END



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The patented filter is the heart of Medico Filtered Smoking. Its 66 mesh-screen baffles whirlcool smoke—retain flakes—and absorb moisture. When filter is discolored, it has done its job. Discard it and put in a fresh one—costs only ONE CENT. Enjoy the benefits of Frank Medico Pipes, Cigarette and Cigar Holders.

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Your Lighter Will WORK . . . better—with RUMIN Gold Coated FLINTS and LIGHTER FLUID

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Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

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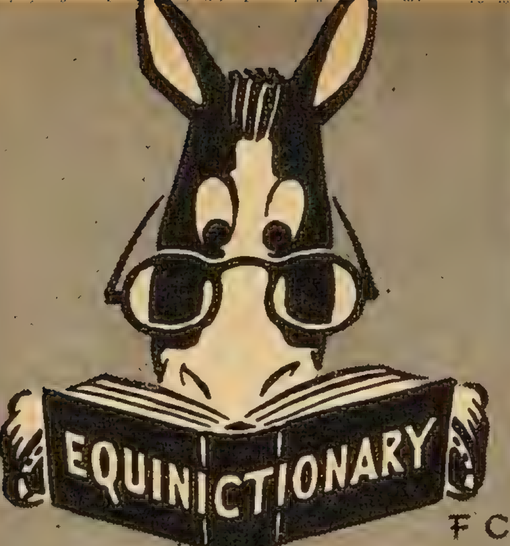

IT'S PLAIN
horse sense

Those unsightly flecks are a business and social handicap. Banish loose dandruff completely . . . relieve unpleasant scalp itching and keep your hair lustrous and easy to groom by massaging daily with

JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
at all drug stores and barber shops

Scoldy Lox
EXTRA FINE QUALITY
BOB PINS
THE PINS WITH
THE LASTING GRIP

- The pins with a lasting grip
- Smooth finish inside and out

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NEVER LET YOUR HAIR DOWN

Interested In
ALASKA?

Then you want the true facts—just off the press, February 5th—after the war possibilities, climate, industries, living conditions—all told in a 64-page hand book. Accurate, factual information on the Alaska of today—America's last land of opportunity—written by men who have spent their lives in Alaska.

**Send only $1.00 for "Alaska Facts"**
**P. O. Box 131, Juneau, Alaska**
[the capital of Alaska]
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## BLACK MARKET ON WHEELS

Continued from Page 25

trade-in, refusing to sell for cash, refusing to finance through the banking house of the customer's choice, demanding cash on the side, falsifying the certificates of transfer, loading financed deals with enormous carrying charges (up to 100 per cent), tying in an "oil lease in New Mexico" (a euphemism for all tie-in deals) as a condition of sale.

The list of twenty-five only scratches the surface, says OPA; there are many more, mostly too subtle and complicated to grasp without a short course in the secondhand-car business. Few deals, however, are as outrageous as the one in which a woman bought a car that laid its motor in the street like an egg before she got home; or that in which a truck, sold as being whole and sound, proved to be without an engine.

There is occasional resort to stratagems in advertising which may be legal but which to the sensitive have a slightly aromatic quality. For example, one dealer subtly implied in his radio appeals for cars that there were loopholes in the price-control laws, and that he alone knew what they were, the suggestion being that he therefore could pay more than his competitors.

IN answer to these accusations by the OPA, the auto men maintain that if a few of their number occasionally get off the beam, it is only because they are forced to do so by the strength of private competition. They feel that the OPA's failure to halt this competition amounts to discrimination against them.

The dealers deny OPA assertions that they have found a bonanza in the situation and are making more money than ever before—so much, in fact, that they can afford to chance a fine now and then. True, pickings were good in the first weeks of the ceiling, when they had respectable inventories of good late models in stock. But these inventories are now about gone, and they are not being replenished. The dealers do not claim that the margin allowed between their purchase price and resale under a warranty is unfair. They could have done well enough if they had been able to buy the usual number of good cars at ceiling prices.

To criticism that they aren't co-operating, the dealers recall that William E. Remy, newly appointed chief enforcement officer for the fuel and consumer goods division of the OPA, spoke well of their efforts during a swing around the country at the beginning of the drive.

They point out that they helped write the rules, that they volunteered a monthly contribution of one dollar for every car sold toward a fund which the OPA could use to help enforce them. This was refused. They say they don't want inflation, reasoning that this would cause them to lose money when the cars they now are selling come back to them in future trades.

They are proud that the first violation discovered in the Los Angeles area, a private deal involving some $4,000 over the ceiling, was reported by the industry itself only a few hours after the lid went on. The industry went on reporting violations to enforcement officers, but, say spokesmen, things got worse instead of better, and finally the dealers quit serving as tipsters for the OPA and turned their reports over to the Better Business Bureau.

In the matter of their own advertising, the dealers have a code that governs

KIRSTEN
PIPES
EARN
OVERSEAS
STRIPES
TOO!

All genuine KIRSTENS are now going *overseas* to PX and Ship Service Stores near fighting fronts, at remote outposts, and at overseas base hospitals. Only the *Kirsten* can give the cool, "no-bite" smoking pleasure which has made this pipe the favorite of thousands. When overseas requirements have been met, *Kirsten* pipes will again be available to folks at home.

Remember —a *genuine* Kirsten is worth waiting for.

**KIRSTEN PIPE CO.**
**Dept. 77**
**Seattle 1, Wash.**

Buy War Bonds and KEEP them!

THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
PATS. AND PATS. PEND.

SCRAP PAPER
is precious—the armed forces urgently need it.
Save yours! Keep it clean!

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
← GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

HOW RUPTURE MISERY MAY DISAPPEAR

Don't go on day after day suffering the tortures of a clumsy truss that presses on your hips and back, gouges your flesh, slips and slides and leaves your rupture DANGEROUSLY UNPROTECTED.

Get the truth about rupture care and how the newly patented Vita-Pneumatic Nature-Ade (U.S. Reg.) appliance with its unique features can help your rupture misery disappear. Write at once for FREE booklet containing much valuable information.

**PNEUMATIC APPLIANCE, 103 PARK AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y., DEPT. 29G**

Instant Relief
Corns, Sore Toes

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your corns or sore toes, tormenting shoe friction stops; painful pressure is lifted. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing corns. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Toiletry Counters.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

newspaper and radio copy. In published ads seeking cars, such words as "more" and "most" are forbidden, and radio copy is self-censored to preclude misrepresentation. In California, dealers are hedged in by more laws than anywhere else in the country. Before a man can set up shop he is checked and cross-checked and fingerprinted by everybody from the local police to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. And he must put up heavy bond on half a dozen fronts.

The dealers admit that once in a while one of the brotherhood may flout these restraints; but, they ask, is the entire medical profession condemned because one doctor breaks the law, or all lawyers because one is disbarred?

But let's take a look at what happened to one man who set out to buy a car in the Row.

The first dealer he called on, who has large signs painted on the walls proclaiming that the customer is not required to have a car to trade in, refused to do business without a trade-in.

The second emporium refused to sell for cash, then had the customer sign a printed form stating there had been no such refusal. The customer was obliged to pay over the ceiling. He paid for a warranty, though the dealer admitted he knew nothing about the car's condition. The customer was charged 3 per cent sales tax instead of the legal rate of 2½. He was told the carrying charges included insurance, only to discover later that they did not.

The car stalled on the way home.

MAYBE this deal, picked at random, was exceptional. In any case, whether he patronizes the public market or the private seller, the car purchaser should inform himself of his rights. His ration board will tell him the ceiling on the car he has in mind. Prices are determined by the date the chassis was built, and a new motor or a fancy custom-built body may not legally influence that price.

If the buyer is paying for a warranty, the dealer is obliged to pay half the cost of putting the car right should it fail to live up to specifications. No one without shop facilities may warrant a car.

There may be an extra charge for certain built-in accessories, but only at a fixed figure. And these accessories are clearly defined in the regulations. A radio and a heater, for example, are worth thirty dollars and ten dollars respectively, regardless of make, and that only if they are warranted. But a jump seat built into the back of a business coupé doesn't make the car a de luxe coupé and is worth nothing extra.

The buyer will beware of vaguely defined extra fees. Certain dealers add a charge for something they call Vendor's Reserve. What this is no one knows. There are others like it. And all legitimate fees must be computed within the overall ceiling. They cannot be added to it.

It takes two to play the chiseler's game, and if the buyer refuses to play he will be helping to sit on a lid that already is jumping from the inflationary steam built up under it. He can do that, or he can start getting ready to pay more for his milk and groceries.

THE END

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The glance that over cocktails
seems ethereal
May be less charming over
breakfast cereal.—*Anon.*

MUST YOU DISREGARD
*Fashion's Dictates*

BECAUSE OF—

PSORIASIS

Do you feel "out of place" in the company of other women because you are forced to disregard fashion trends and dress to conceal your psoriasis lesions? Is this your problem? Then try *SIROIL*. Perhaps *SIROIL* can help the situation for YOU as it has helped in thousands of other cases. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

**SIROIL** FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

*Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—*

**Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. L-56, Detroit 26, Mich.**
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

*NAME*____________________
*ADDRESS*____________________
*CITY*__________ *ZONE*____ *STATE*_______

RHEUMATISM

ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS - SCIATICA

Why continue to suffer the agonizing pains of these diseases when the usual remedies have failed. Learn about a new trustworthy, modern, non-surgical treatment method. This marvelous treatment is completely explained in the Ball Clinic's FREE Book. Write today. No obligation. **BALL CLINIC, Dept. 2300, Excelsior Springs, Mo.**

Join the War . . .
AGAINST WASTE

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS Sufferers: **PIXACOL** has brought relief when everything else failed. Use only as directed. Apply externally, dries quickly, convenient. Try regular $1 bottle without investing a cent! Write: **PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-28, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio**

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

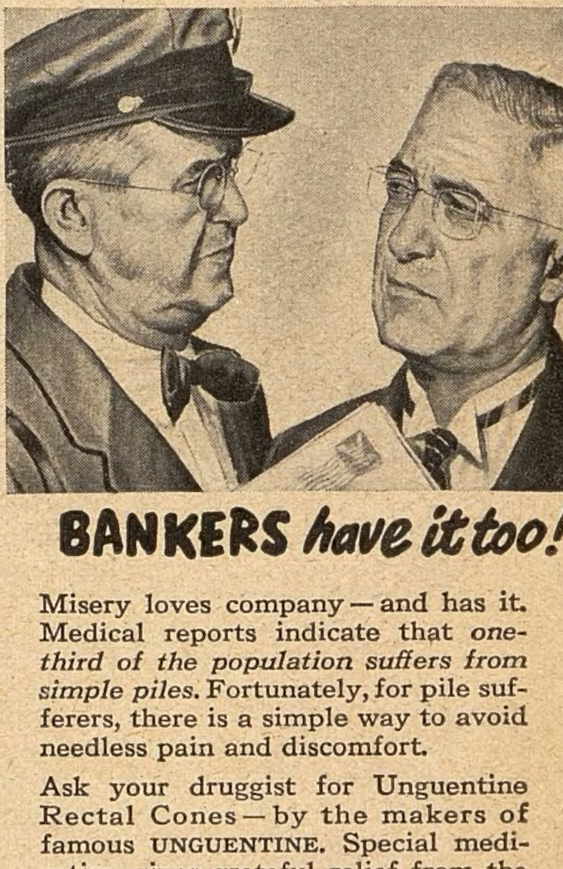
**Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste**

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

POSTMEN *have it*



**BANKERS** *have it too!*

Misery loves company — and has it. Medical reports indicate that *one-third of the population suffers from simple piles.* Fortunately, for pile sufferers, there is a simple way to avoid needless pain and discomfort.

Ask your druggist for Unguentine Rectal Cones — by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE. Special medication gives grateful relief from the pain of piles . . . helps guard against infection . . . and promotes healing.

***Unguentine Rectal Cones***
Use as directed. Your money back if not satisfied. Twelve in a package, 75c.

A Norwich Product Norwich

APRIL 14, 1945

**PAUL HUNTER**
*Publisher*
**EDWARD MAHER**
*Editor*

# A NEW DAY DAWNS IN DIPLOMACY

ONE doesn't have to be a skilled reader between the lines to realize that the recent Yalta conference achieved happy results only because a good deal of out-and-out idealism was intermixed with the realism which is supposed to govern international diplomacy. F. D. R., in his report to Congress, called the Yalta conference a turning point in history. The years ahead will reveal it was a major turning point, marking a new departure in international relations.

In weighing the results, we must bear in mind that neither Britain nor America could prevent Russia's doing exactly as she pleased in eastern Europe. Had Stalin chosen to be "realistic" and Communize the whole area, we couldn't stop him. Even those most suspicious of Russia's aims must admit Stalin proved more amenable than we dared hope, and willing to go along with most of the principles cherished by Americans. Somehow or other a surprising degree of mutual trust and good will was achieved at Yalta, and this undeniable fact is the most cheerful thing that has happened in the world for a long time.

There were many obstacles to overcome before this mutual trust and respect could be achieved. We must remember that up until twelve years ago we refused even to recognize the present government of Russia. Even now, there is continually a loud-voiced suspicion of anything Russian by large sections of the American and British press and even by government officials of both countries.

The Russians still remember, if we do not, how Allied armies invaded the soil of Russia in the last war in order to suppress their revolution. The Russians are not fools. They well knew of the encouragement British Tories gave to Germany in the interwar years when they hoped to make of her a bulwark against Communism.

Churchill and F. D. R., on the other hand could not forget easily Russia's proclaimed intention to bring about world revolution. They distrusted Russian manipulation in the Baltic states, in the Balkans, in Poland and Finland. They feared the use she would make of her Free Germany Committee. They suspected her refusal to allow Allied observers in her forward battle areas, and her single-handed diplomacy, which often seemed high-handed as well.

It is remarkable indeed that the leaders of the three countries could meet, resolve these suspicions, and come forth with agreements predicated more on good will and mutual desire for peace than upon coldly realistic considerations.

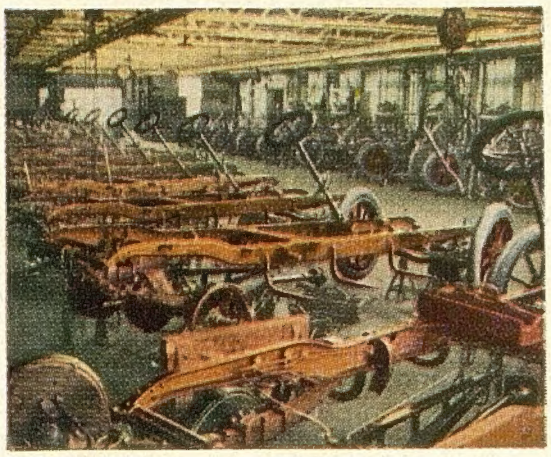
It is well known that suspicion breeds suspicion, whereas trust in turn breeds trust. Now that the affairs of the Big Three have been well started along the path of trust an friendship, the world can congratulate itself and pray matters will continue that way.

Paul Hunter

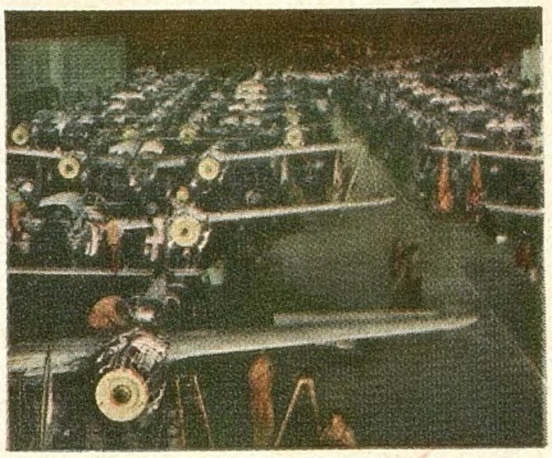
Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

# Who Invented Axis-Busting War Plants?

**1864** **THE VILLAGE** blacksmith was a prime factor in an America torn by war between the States. Through great effort, Northern production reached 612 gun carriages a year by the hand methods in use in Corby's sixth year of whiskey fame.



**1918** **ARMISTICE DAY** found our production in high gear. Americans had begun to sense the possibilities in assembly-line manufacture and interchangeable parts. This new science brought victory in Corby's 60th year as a grand old Canadian name.



**1941** **A NEW WORLD** war raises fantastic production problems as Corby's reaches its 83rd year of renown. New factories spring up, old assembly lines are re-made. Management and labor invent mass production methods where they have never been tried before . . .

LATE CITY EDITION
Times
ATTACK
175,000 Nazis Face Slaughter In Red Trap
Subservient To His Whims
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

**1945** **THE WORLD** finds that American methods produce unheard-of quantities of war materials. And as we all work for victory, you may find time to try Corby's, the light, sociable blend. For leisure moments, watch for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name . . . in your bar or package store.

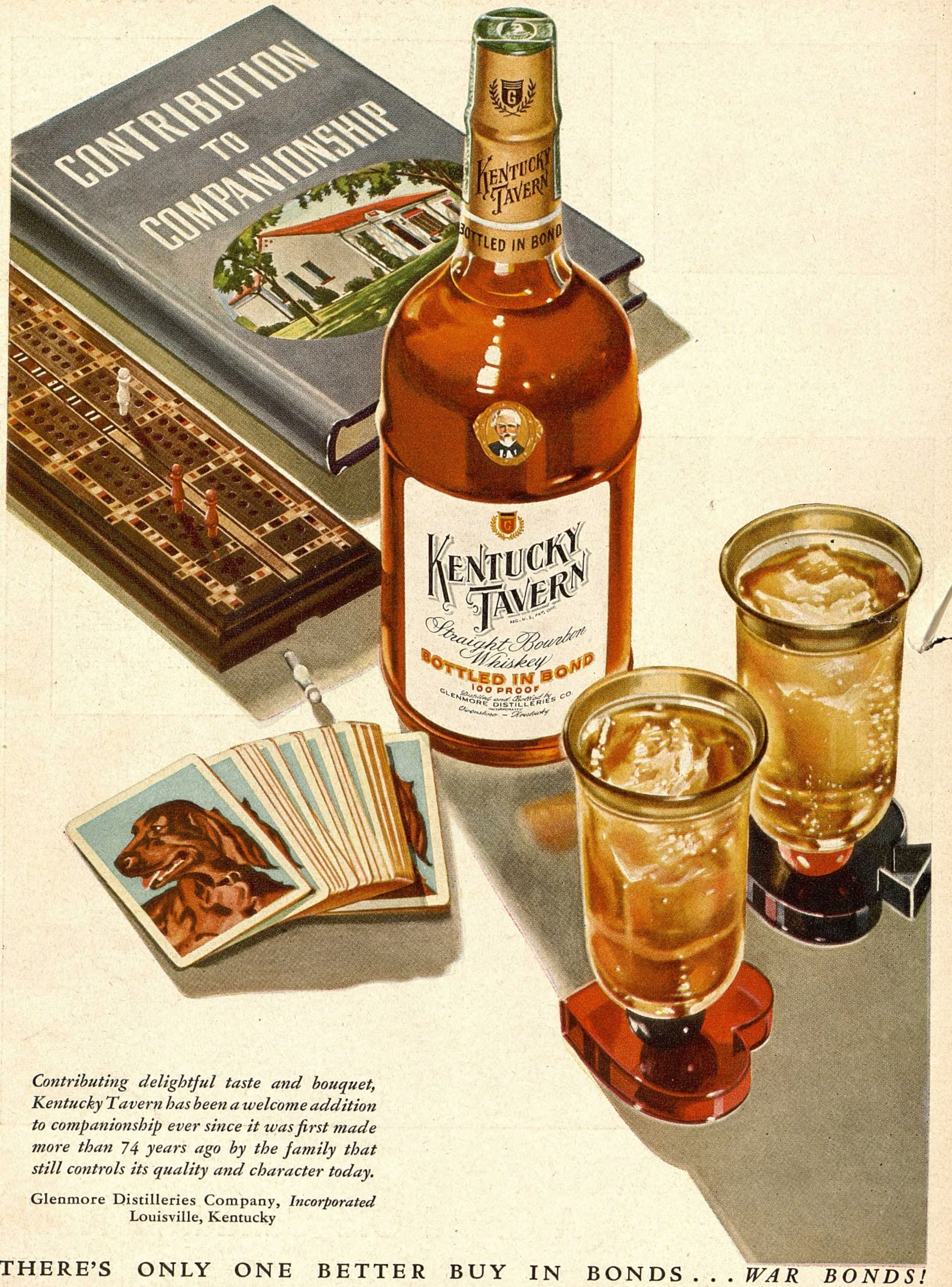
Look for me on every Corby's bottle

## CORBY'S

## A Grand Old Canadian Name

**PRODUCED IN U. S. A.** *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS



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Kentucky Tavern
Bottled in Bond
Kentucky Tavern
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
100 Proof
Distilled and Bottled by Glenmore Distilleries Co.
Owensboro – Kentucky

*Contributing delightful taste and bouquet, Kentucky Tavern has been a welcome addition to companionship ever since it was first made more than 74 years ago by the family that still controls its quality and character today.*

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated*
Louisville, Kentucky

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*